18 April 1981 US $1.25 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

WIN A WEEK IN NEW YORK WITH THE CLASH!

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

HOWARD DEVOTO
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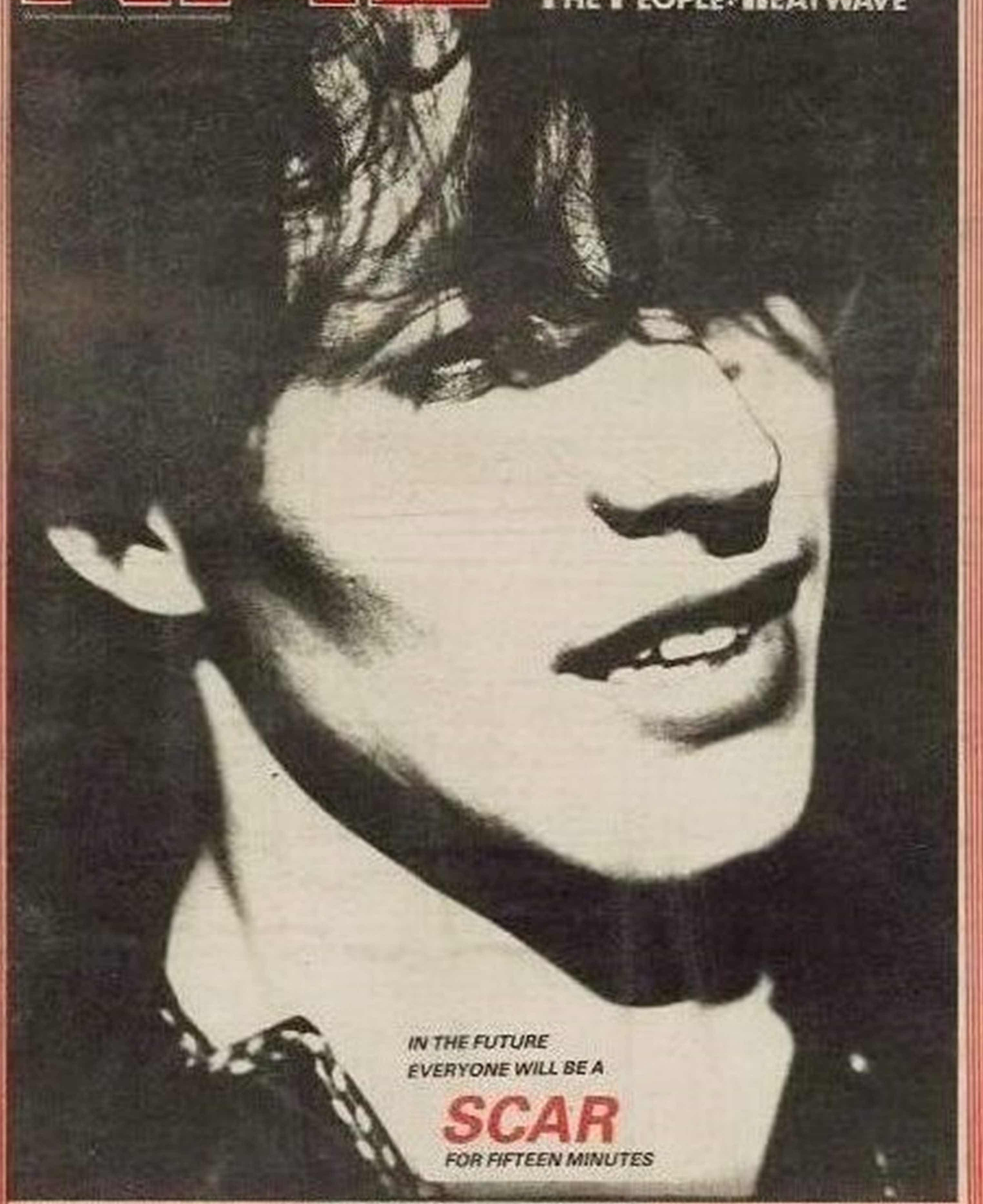
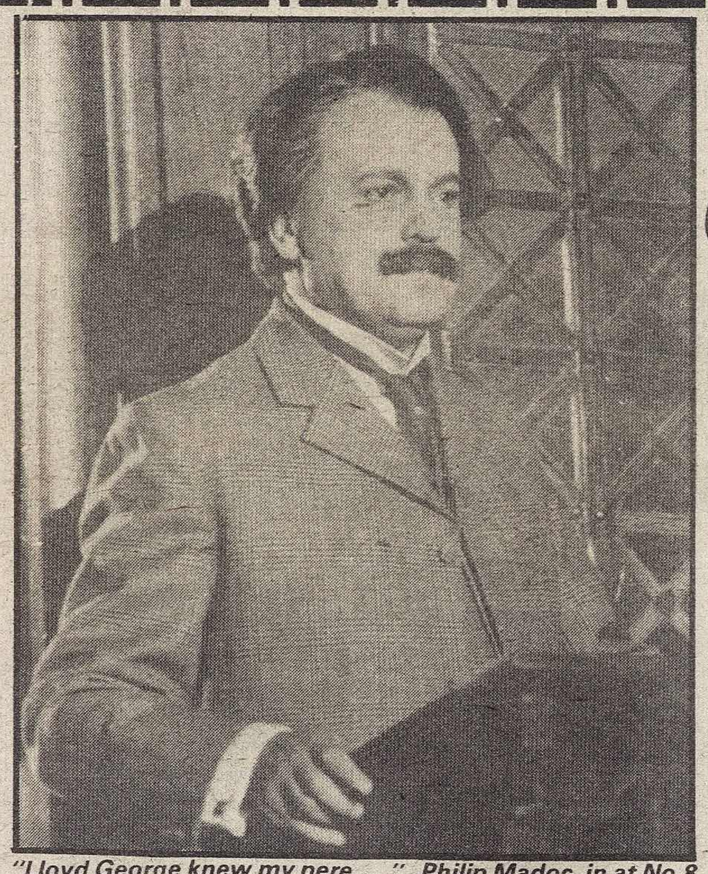
THE PEOPLE • HEATWAVE



BRIXTON REPORT

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
April 18th, 1981



"Lloyd George knew my pere. . ." Philip Madoc, in at No.8

"Oooh, you are a liar, boyo!" Pere Ubu, in at No.20

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(5)	**Making Your Mind Up**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	1
2	(1)	**This Ole House**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	1
3	(2)	**Lately**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	2
4	(6)	**Einstein A Go-Go**	Landscape (RCA)	4	4
5	(8)	**Intuition**	Linx (Chrysalis)	4	5
6	(3)	**Kids In America**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	6	3
7	(10)	**It's A Love Thing**	Whispers (Solar)	5	7
8	(—)	**Theme From Lloyd George**	Ennio Morricone (BBC)	1	8
9	(26)	**Can You Feel It**	Jacksons (Epic)	2	9
10	(17)	**Night Games**	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	2	10
11	(29)	**Good Thing Going**	Sugar Minott (RCA)	3	11
12	(12)	**What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted**	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (Stiff)	4	12
13	(7)	**Four From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)	8	2
14	(9)	**D-Days**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	4	9
15	(18)	**Attention To Me**	Nolans (Epic)	2	15
16	(4)	**Capstick Comes Home**	Tony Capstick (Dingles)	3	4
17	(24)	**Flowers Of Romance**	Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)	3	17
18	(21)	**Muscle Bound**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	2	18
19	(22)	**Just A Feeling**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	19
20	(—)	**And The Band Played On**	Saxon (Carrere)	1	20
21	(20)	**Planet Earth**	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	12
22	(14)	**Mind Of A Toy**	Visage (Polydor)	5	14
23	(15)	**Do The Hucklebuck**	Coast To Coast (Polydor)	8	5
24	(—)	**Don't Break My Heart Again**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	1	24
25	(—)	**Crocodiles**	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	25
26	(23)	**New Orleans**	Gillan (Virgin)	3	23
27	(—)	**Watching The Wheels**	John Lennon (Geffen)	1	27
28	(13)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who (Polydor)	6	8
29	(—)	**We Don't Need This Fascist Groove Thang**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	2	26
30	(—)	**Bermuda Triangle**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Is Vic There — Department S (Demon)
Hit And Run — Girlschool (Bronze)
Only Crying — Keith Marshall (Arrival)
Keep On Loving You — Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
I'm So Happy — Light Of The World (Mercury)
Return Of The Electric Warrior — Marc Bolan (E.P.) (RAM)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	**Morning Train (Nine To Five)**	Sheena Easton
2	(1)	**Kiss On My List**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
3	(2)	**Rapture**	Blondie
4	(8)	**Angel Of The Morning**	Juice Newton
5	(6)	**Just The Two Of Us**	Grover Washington Jr.
6	(3)	**Keep On Loving You**	Reo Speedwagon
7	(5)	**Woman**	John Lennon
8	(16)	**Being With You**	Smokey Robinson
9	(9)	**Don't Stand So Close To Me**	The Police
10	(12)	**While You See A Chance**	Steve Winwood
11	(13)	**Her Town Too**	James Taylor
12	(20)	**Take It On The Run**	Reo Speedwagon
13	(14)	**Somebody's Knockin'**	Terri Gibbs
14	(15)	**I Can't Stand It**	Eric Clapton
15	(7)	**9 To 5**	Dolly Parton
16	(11)	**The Best Of Times**	Styx
17	(19)	**Don't Stop The Music**	Yarborough & Peoples
18	(10)	**What Kind Of Fool**	Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb
19	(21)	**Ain't Even Done With The Night**	John Cougar
20	(22)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who
21	(23)	**Just Between You And Me**	April Wine
22	(—)	**Watching The Wheels**	John Lennon
23	(25)	**I Love You**	Climax Blues Band
24	(26)	**Time Out Of Mind**	Steely Dan
25	(29)	**How 'Bout Us**	Champaign
26	(27)	**It's A Love Thing**	The Whispers
27	(—)	**Too Much Time On My Hands**	Styx
28	(30)	**Sweetheart**	Franke & The Knockouts
29	(—)	**Living Inside Myself**	Gino Vannelli
30	(—)	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Hi Infidelity**	Reo Speedwagon
2	(2)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx
3	(3)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
4	(4)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
5	(6)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush
6	(12)	**Face Dances**	The Who
7	(5)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
8	(9)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood
9	(7)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
10	(11)	**Another Ticket**	Eric Clapton
11	(8)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
12	(13)	**Dad Loves His Work**	James Taylor
13	(16)	**Winelight**	Grover Washington Jr
14	(14)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
15	(10)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
16	(15)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
17	(19)	**Sucking In The Seventies**	Rolling Stones
18	(18)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
19	(20)	**Somewhere Over The Rainbow**	Willie Nelson
20	(21)	**Gap Band III**	Gap Band
21	(22)	**The Nature Of The Beast**	April Wine
22	(25)	**Being With You**	Smokey Robinson
23	(17)	**Captured**	Journey
24	(24)	**To Love Again**	Diana Ross
25	(28)	**Loverboy**	Loverboy
26	(26)	**The Two Of Us**	Yarborough & Peoples
27	(—)	**The Dude**	Quincy Jones
28	(30)	**Grand Slam**	The Isley Brothers
29	(—)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins
30	(27)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	21	1
2	(6)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	22	1
3	(3)	**Sky 3**	Sky (Ariola)	2	3
3	(15)	**Makin' Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	14	3
5	(9)	**Never Too Late**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	3
6	(4)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	6	2
7	(5)	**Face Dances**	The Who (Polydor)	4	5
8	(7)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	20	4
9	(16)	**This Ole House**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	9
10	(2)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	10	2
11	(10)	**Visage**	Visage (Polydor)	11	10
12	(13)	**Journeys To Glory**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	6	3
13	(8)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	35	3
14	(12)	**Intuition**	Linx (Chrysalis)	2	12
15	(—)	**The Flowers Of Romance**	Public Image Limited (Virgin)	1	15
16	(—)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	2	16
17	(24)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & The Ants (Do It)	9	17
18	(17)	**Very Best Of . .**	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	5	16
19	(29)	**Kilimanjaro**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	3	19
20	(—)	**390° of Simulated Stereo**	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)	1	20
21	(—)	**Come An' Get It**	Whitsnake (Liberty)	1	21
22	(11)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon and Yoko Ono(WEA/Geffen)	21	1
23	(28)	**From The Tearooms**	Landscape (RCA)	2	23
24	(—)	**Remixture**	Various Artists (Champagne)	1	24
25	(20)	**Flesh And Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	26	1
26	(18)	**Stray Cats**	Stray Cats (Capitol)	7	4
27	(—)	**The Adventures Of Thin Lizzy**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	27
28	(—)	**He Who Dares Wins**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSSS)	2	28
29	(—)	**Author Author**	Scars (Pre)	1	29
30	(—)	**Fun In Space**	Roger Taylor (EMI)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Skin 'Em Up — Shakin' Pyramids (Cuba/Libra)
Sucking In The Seventies — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
Thief — Tangerine Dream (Virgin)
Prayers On Fire — The Birthday Party (4AD)
Showcase — Aswad (Island)
Greatest Hits Vol. 3 — Cockney Rejects (EMI)

INDIES 33s

1 **390 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo** — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
2 **He Who Dares** — Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
3 **Potato Land** — Spirit (Rhino)
4 **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
5 **African Anthem** — Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls
6 **Bullshit Detecter** — Various (Crass)
7 **Stands For Decibels** — D.B.s (Albion)
8 **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
9 **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
10 **The Best Of Elmore James** — (Ace)

INDIES 45s

1 **Just Like Gold** — Azrec Caneera (Postcard)
2 **Candy Skin** — Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
3 **Rebel Without A Brain** — Theatre Of Hate/Burning Rome)
4 **Dogs Of War** — Exploited (Secret)
5 **Totally Wired** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
6 **Sorry For Laughing** — Josef K (Crepuscule)
7 **Work** — Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
8 **Ceremony** — New Order (Factory)
9 **And That's There's** — The Distractions (That)
10 **Land Of The Hornets** — Robert Calvert (Flick Knife)

Chart by: Armadillo Records, 23 Queens Road, Bournemouth.

REGGAE

1 **Good Thing Going** — Suag Minott (RCA)
2 **Go Dere Late Night Blues** — Roy Rankin (KNG)
3 **Let Me Be Your Angel** — Portia Morgan (Hawkeye)
4 **Mighty Love** — Pisces (Cha Cha)
5 **Be Kind To My Man** — Donna Rodin (Santic)
6 **Flowers** — Diana (Al)
7 **Love Is What You Make It** — Investigators (Inner City)
8 **I Dig You** — Alton Ellis (Castro Brown)
9 **Natural Collie** — Freddy McGregor (High Times)
10 **What A Feeling** — Greg. Isaacs (Taxi)

Chart by: Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

DISCO

1 **It's A Love Thing** — Whispers (Solar)
2 **Intuition** — Linx (Chrysalis)
3 **Can You Handle It** — Sharon Redd (Epic)
4 **Southern Freeez** — Freeez (Beggars Banquet)
5 **Time** — Light of the World (Mercury)
6 **Get Tough** — Kleear (Atlantic)
7 **Hangin'** — Gap Band (Mercury)
8 **Can You Feel It** — Jacksons (Epic)
9 **Jones v Jones** — Kool & The Gang (Delite)
10 **Hit & Run Love** — Carol Gianoni (Mate)

Rainbow Soul Roadshow 368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Save Your Kisses For Me** — Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
2 **Fernando** — Abba (Epic)
3 **Music** — John Miles (Decca)
4 **You See The Trouble With Me** — Barry White (20th Century)
5 **Jungle Rock** — Hank Mizell (Charly)
6 **I'm Mandy, Fly Me** — 10cc (Mercury)
7 **Pinball Wizard** — Elton John (DJM)
8 **Girls Girls Girls** — Sailor (Epic)
9 **Do You Know Where You're Going To** — Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
10 **Yesterday** — Beatles (Apple)

Week ending April 17, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

1 **Hot Love** — T. Rex (Fly)
2 **Bridget The Midget** — Ray Stevens (CBS)
3 **Double Barrel** — Dave & Ansel Collins (Technique)
4 **Theme From Love Story** — Andy Williams (CBS)
5 **Rose Garden** — Lynn Anderson (CBS)
6 **Walking** — C.C.S. (Rak)
7 **If Not For You** — Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
8 **Mozart 40th Symphony** — Waldo de Los Rios (A&M)
9 **Jack In The Box** — Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
10 **Remember Me** — Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)

Week ending April 21, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1 **You Don't Have To Say You Love Me** — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
2 **Somebody Help Me** — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
3 **Hold Tight** — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
4 **Sound Of Silence** — Bachelors (Decca)
5 **Bang Bang** — Cher (Liberty)
6 **The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
7 **Substitute** — The Who (Reaction)
8 **Alfie** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9 **The Pied Piper** — Crispian St Peters (Decca)
10 **Daydream** — Lovin' Spoonful (Pye Int.)

Week ending April 22, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

1 **Are You Sure** — Allisons (Fontana)
2 **Wooden Heart** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Lazy River** — Bobby Darin (London)
4 **You're Driving Me Crazy** — Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
5 **Blue Moon** — Marcels (Pye Int.)
6 **Exodus** — Ferrante and Teicher (London)
7 **Walk Right Back** — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
8 **Where The Boys Are** — Connie Francis (MGM)
9 **Theme For A Dream** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **Gee Whiz It's You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

Week ending April 22, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

London's Burning

Floyd dates confirmed

IT WAS officially announced this week that Pink Floyd are to present their epic 'The Wall' show at London's 15,000-capacity Earls Court for five nights, from June 13 to 17 inclusive — confirming *NME's* exclusive forecast four weeks ago. They played a similar season at the same venue last year, though on this occasion the concerts will be filmed for their upcoming movie *The Wall*. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

Tickets are priced £8.50 and £7.50, and are available now by post from Pink Floyd, GP Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only made payable to "GP Productions", ADD 30p per ticket booking fee, enclose s.a.e. and allow up to four weeks for delivery. Tickets are limited to six per applicant.

When applying, you are asked to write your name and address in the top right-hand corner of your letter IN BLOCK CAPITALS, stating date preference and second choice. Also mark day required on the back of your envelope.

ACTOR. POET. INTERVIEWER . . .

Richard Jobson — superArtist!

THE SKIDS have parted company with drummer Mike Baillie due to the usual "musical differences", and are currently recording a new single in Scotland with the aid of ex-Zones drummer Kenny Hyslop, though he is only a temporary replacement. The single is due out in late May, with an album to follow towards the end of the summer. The band aren't in any hurry to secure a permanent drummer, not only because they have no gigs in the foreseeable future, but also because vocalist Richard Jobson is busy with several projects of his own.

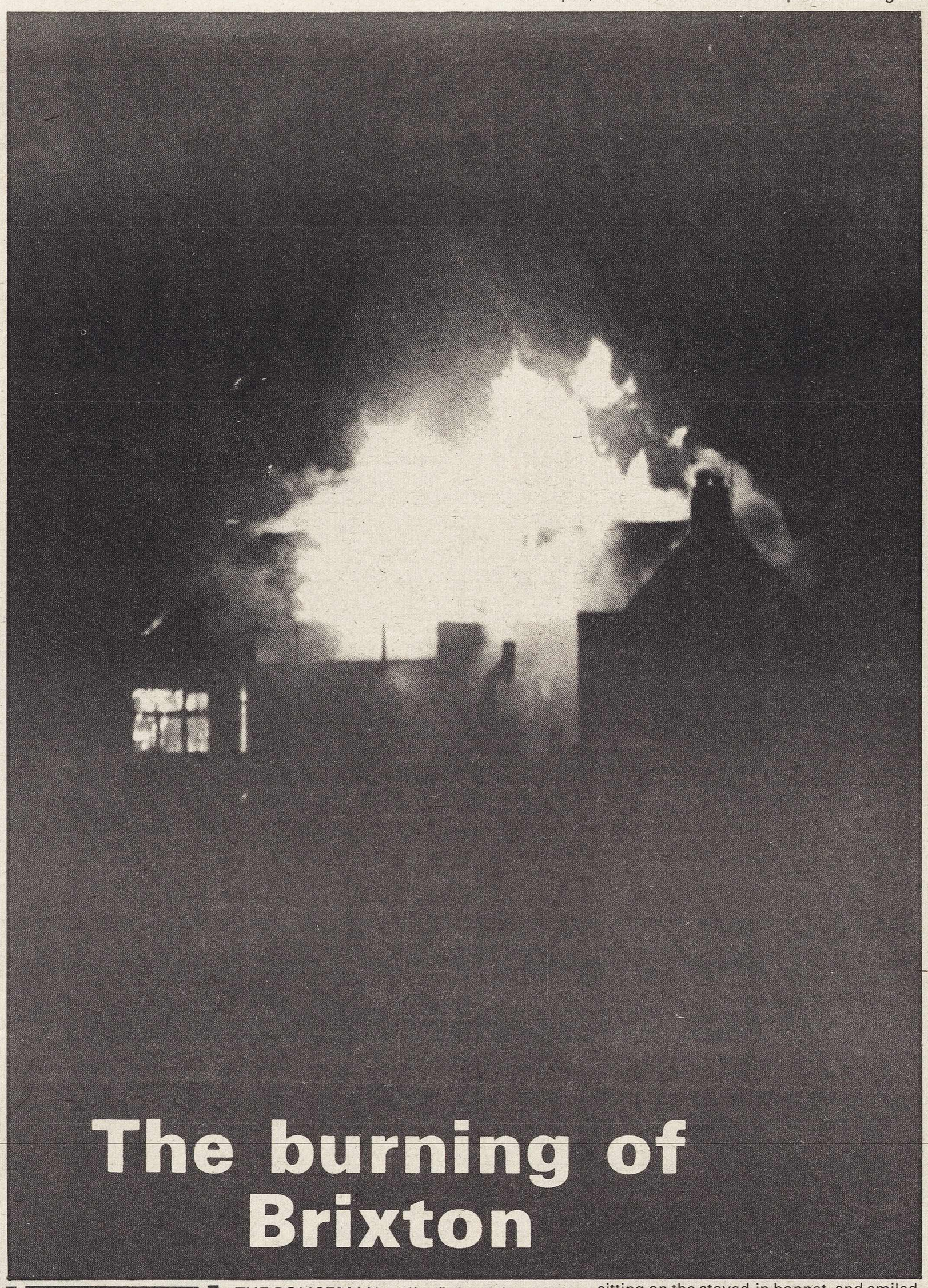
On April 28, Jobson makes his stage acting debut at London's Cockpit Theatre in a play called *Demonstration Of Affection*. There's a cast of four, and co-starring with Jobson — who comes to a sticky end in the plot — is Veronica Quilligan, who played Juliet in a recent National Theatre production. It's possible that, after its initial run, the play will move to London's prestigious Royal Court Theatre.

May 1 sees the publication of Jobson's first book of poems, title *Man For All Seasons*, to which Skids guitarist Stuart Adamson has contributed some illustrations. And Jobson has also undertaken a commission to interview a series of celebrities for a top European magazine, the first being actor Peter O'Toole.

Uhuru due

BLACK UHURU, one of the most renowned names in reggae music, are set to make their British debut this summer. The trio — Michael Rose, Ducky Simpson and Puma Jones — are undertaking a major European tour from the latter part of June through into July, and their schedule will include UK appearances. Details haven't yet been finalised, but it's already known that they'll be accompanied on the trip by those near-legendary kings of the Jamaican studios, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare.

As a prelude to their visit, a new Uhuru album titled 'Red' will be issued by Island in early June — recorded earlier this year, and featuring the cream of Jamaican musicians, including Sly and Robbie (who also produced in conjunction with the band). It will be recalled that their previous LP 'Sinsemilla' was not only voted No 1 album of 1980 by both *Black Echoes* and *Black Music*, but it was also placed at No. 4 in *the NME* Writers' Albums Poll.



The burning of Brixton

One Sunday in South London: the day they burned the Front Line.

By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

THE POLICEMAN walked gingerly up to the car, as if he feared it was about to explode — not unreasonable, considering the amount of home-made Molotovs that had been fireworking Brixton skies for the last couple of days.

It was a yellow Allegro, recent registration. Probably quite a smart car, till the insurrection exploded. Now it lay on its side, windows shattered, sides caved in like a speed freak's cheeks.

The policeman's clean shaven bloom suggested a newcomer to the Force — confirmed when he turned to the youths sitting on the stoved-in bonnet, and smiled as he said: "Nice car, innit?"

"It's yours for 600 quid," the youth next to me whipped back.

"No thanks," the cop laughed.

"You don't sound like you come from round here."

"No, I've come in specially from North London. I'm new, anyway."

"What! Special import!" All the youths crack up. Mostly black, a couple of white kids.

Suddenly the copper looked round, and caught sight of a great gaggle of his brother policemen standing solemnly with

■ *Continues over*

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $79.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

BRIXTON

■ *From previous page*

arms crossed on the other side of the street. All frowning in his direction. Behind them, two coaches packed with police; all looking his way.

A weak smile in the youths' direction, then the policeman walks back to his side of the corrugated iron, shrugging as shamefaced as any caught collaborator.

The Brixton streets are filled with solid phalanxes of police today. They block off end to end of deserted streets, dotted with gaping, smokey cavities. Blackened ribs of buildings loom like giant gallows from the cinders, the site of groceries and pubs. Virtually all the shells of premises were white businesses; often those known to be hostile to the Black Community. Record shops and hat shops remain untouched.

Whenever the action in a street seems to be slow, there's a sudden wild hubbub of whoops copped from Westerns, and police charge forward from both ends of the street, striking out at stragglers, cloudy riot shields bobbing, banging and jostling. Jousting at enemies, even if they have to make them.

But this is Sunday, the second day of Brixton's uprising — a mostly black, some white (Brixton's full of white fringe bohos and lefties) explosion of pissed-off people; a louder echo of Bristol's resistance at just this time last year. The first day was definitely a black military victory; it's crucial that the police put up a good show of strength today.

It's something to do with the sudden hot weather; perhaps also something to do with the ganja famine that means people with too much time on their hands can't cool out with their favourite illegal counter-revolutionary activity.

It also has much to do with certain statistics: although blacks constitute only 29% of the "black ghetto" population, they're 50% of the unemployed 16-19 age bracket. Plus, the police aren't all like the laudable Dixon of Dock Green friendly bobby sterotype. There's a remarkable lack of inhibition among the local police about demonstrating their negative opinion of "black bastards," and about creating the opportunity to make their opinions known.

Result: out on the streets, with an active brain to seethe at the daily petty degradations of stop and search, being treated like dirt.

"Yes," says Val, who's just left school and works in an office. "Now they've got rid of the Sus laws, they just pick you up on intent to steal."

He tells me a story about a fellow-student at a local School, who was beaten up in the school by policemen one day. It hasn't yet appeared in the newspapers. Val is glowing like he'd just won the Pools. The last two days have been a great release for Val — just the kind of thing he used to dream about all day at school: "I'd been longing for a bit of action."

Earlier in the day, he says, he saw a black policeman being stoned. "Not surprising, is it?"

He had laughed at a woman swanning out of a store, chic in a new (free) leather coat, imitates her dignified glide, then the panicked run of a youth clutching several pairs of (free) jeans, running to escape patrolling cops, straight into a TV news camera.

"But two days is enough," says Val decidedly. "We should cool it down. Two days is enough to show them that Brixton can stand firm; we don't have to take it."

VAL IS referring to a catalogue of assaults, that seem to have speeded up in recent months. Better known cases include the death of a young Brixton dread, Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell, just over a year ago; the 13 young blacks dead in the New Cross Fire, and the subsequent Day of Action demonstration; a general step up of racist National Front/British Movement activity — and then the most recent assault, last Friday.

There was a fight on Brixton's Railton Road, the 'Front Line,' and 18-year-old Michael Bailey was stabbed. As he staggered down the road, he was picked up by the police and bundled into a car. Some papers have made out that the youth resented him being looked after by the police; in reality, the other youth were concerned that the wounded man had been in the car half an hour, bleeding to death, with no efforts being made to get him to a hospital.

That was the start of the trouble. Next day, massed police gathered in the streets, as nerve-wracking for the wary local kids as the ominous birds in Hitchcock's film. A raid on a minicab office made other youths start reaching for the bricks.

"THEY'RE NOTHING but a bunch of hooligans," the middle-aged Irish lady said firmly. Her next door neighbour, an old Jamaican named Mr Smith, nods sagely beside her. He has locked up his two grown-up boys and wife so they can't roam the streets getting into trouble.

The night before, his wife hadn't got home till 2am, despite all his warnings; she'd been too excited looking at all the sights of the insurrection.

THE EARLY hours of the morning, after the second day of insurrection. The office of Race Today is full of workers and associates, including Frank Critchlow, who controls Ladbroke Grove's black nerve centre, the Mangrove. Two of the people are white — contrary to the rumours of Race Today operating in any hostile-white fashion.

It's a room ful of weary warriors, still on the alert. When one youth goes out to buy a soda and is questioned rather vigorously by waiting police, the Race Today women storm out like a troop of Valkyries to stamp on the liberty-taking. Darcus Howe observes their teamwork and discipline with satisfaction; his people have been learning how to operate on the street over the years.

Darcus, a burly, powerful man in a T-shirt that says "Unite to struggle — Dare to win", refers to the introduction he wrote in December 1980 to the *Race Today Review:*

"Only the most short-sighted of political pundits would blind themselves to the fact that the Irish struggle will in time be the source through which all social relations in British society are transformed. The similarities between Derry and Moss Side, between Belfast and Brixton, are too pressing to be ignored."

Darcus finds it more than a coincidence that today, of all days, Bobby Sands, IRA gunman, was voted MP for Fermanagh and South Tyrone — on the 42nd day of his hunger strike in the Maze prison, with medical opinion giving him two weeks to live.

While in Brixton, as Darcus puts it, "Pop goes the weasel. In 1985, we'll be having a post-mortem on 100 of these. All those reggae songs have come home to roost . . ."

NOT LONG after, the phone rings. It's Linton Kwesi Johnson, in Amsterdam giving a poetry reading with Oku Onuru, wanting to jump on the next plane home. Howe advises him to stay, and brings him up to date: Coldharbour Lane wrecked, all the pubs in Railton Road. The Front Line burnt.

"The George?" Howe says, responding to LKJ's inquiry about a particular pub, "What George? It's gone to the cleaners. King, the t'ing's just a-bubbling and backfiring . . ." quoting Johnson's own lyrics back at him.

Howe puts the phone down; he's told LKJ that now his old poems' prophecy has been fulfilled, amazingly accurately, he'll just have to write a new set for '85.

Howe's not the only one to see Brixton's insurrection as a crucial link in a nationwide chain of fires that may yet blaze in Manchester, or Birmingham.

Pop goes the weasel.

VALERIE IS a student hairdresser. She couldn't get a job, and she was determined to do something with her time, not end up the way they'd intended her to be: a loser. The soundtrack to our conversation is wild — horses galloping past, loud as a factory floor, sirens whooping, the incessant mosquito buzz of helicopters. Irregularly, screams from distant corners.

Every so often, there's a sudden rush of runners pelting down the street. Ambulances, bright green SPG vans and regular police vans cruise continually, sometimes mounting the pavement like they do in car chase flicks.

She grabs my hand, suddenly tense.

"What are they doing over there? With those kids? I swear if those policemen think they're going to pick them up — they won't know what they've let themselves in for. There's been enough killing already."

Over on the other side of the council estate lawn, there's a group of youths, with one tall fat character who specialises in ripping down walls like old wallpaper and smashing the masonry to handy throwing size on the pavement. "Where's the vans?" I'd heard him mutter impatiently as I walked past minutes ago. Now they're coming into sight, and there's an almighty bomb of a blast — the giant's playing bowls, and the cop car picks up speed till it almost flies past us down the road, street-lights flashing off a crater in its side.

She says: "I'm just smiling because we're getting our own back. Black people have been cleaning up this country for tuppence ha'penny for too long."

Valerie sees the weekend's events in a historical context; England's been brutalising colonies and stripping them of their assets with the sensitivity of a bulldozer. It cannot continue indefinitely.

"You just can't go right on beating up people and taking liberties. Mind you, it's the same they've been doing with Ireland. That's why the Irish people round here are fighting alongside us. They live in the same lousy conditions we do, with no jobs and no money. We get along sweet.

"But I can tell you, I moved here from the country, and I still can't believe the aggro. Pure police, picking you up, specially the boys. Then when they throw the boys into jail — well, their girlfriends get very angry."

She laughs as the sirens banshee past again. "This is just the beginning, you know that? If they want to call in reinforcements from North London, or from Birmingham — well, so can we! You know what that means. War.

"My gran's over from Jamaica, she's inside the flat. She doesn't like what's going on. But she's used to her time. We're a different generation. We're not going to say 'Yes sir?' 'No sir?."

"How many rivers do we have to cross
Before we can talk to the boss? . . .
That's why we're gonna be burning and
a-looting tonight,
Burning all pollution tonight,
Burning all illusions tonight . . ."

('Burning And Looting', Bob Marley)

"Fratricide is only the first phase,
With brother fighting brother stabbing brother:
Them jus' killing off them one another,
But when you see your brother's blood jus'
flow;
Futile fighting; then you know
That the first phase must come to an end
And the time for the second phase to show . . ."

('Down The Road', LKJ)

"Now yu si fire burning in mi eye,
Smell badness pan mi breat'
Feel vialence, vialence, bursting outta mi;
Look out!
It too late now:
I did warn yu."

('Time Come', LKJ '75)

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b) Seven nights accommodation in the same hotel as The Clash.
c) Backstage passes to all seven of their Broadway shows.
d) A fist full of dollars as pocket money.

Winners will be expected to own a full 10-year passport — a vistors visa will not be arranged.

Now this part ain't a joke, this is very serious: Persons with extensive criminal records might find it extremely difficult to obtain an American visa. The rest of you, get filling in that form!

Pic: Pennie Smith

Post this coupon to: NME/SEVEN MAGNIFICENT INSULTS COMP, Levington House, 25 Levington St., London SE1 0PF.

Here are my Seven Magnificent Insults:—

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Should I be chosen as the outright winner of this competition, I hereby declare that I don't know of any impediment that might result in my being refused an American visa.

Signed .....

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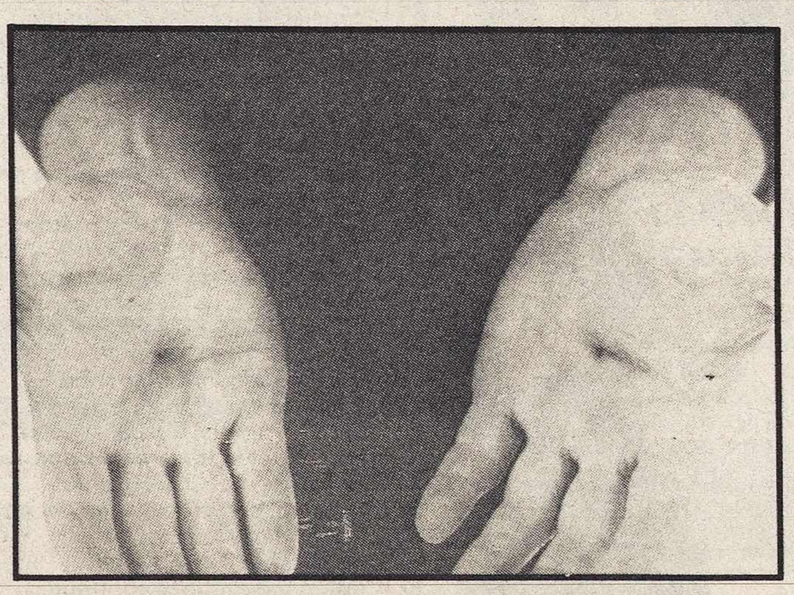
Right: Chris Burden performs Trans-fixed — literally nailed to the roof of a rented Volkswagen. Below that: Burden's hands afterwards. The condition of the car is unknown . . .

Nail me to your car and I'll tell you who you are



Performance artist Chris Burden — Bowie's 'Joe the Lion' — is a man who suffers for his art. He's been shot and crucified, he's starved and given his money away, and he's survived to tell his tale to CYNTHIA ROSE

AT 7.45pm on November 19, 1971 in Santa Ana, California, artist Chris Burden was shot "by a friend". He had asked to be grazed near the heart, but his wife Barbara persuaded him to settle for the left arm (he and Barbara are now divorced). The event had a title: *Shoot.*

On September 12, 1973 a near-naked Chris Burden writhed down fifty feet of a Los Angeles parking lot which had been liberally strewn with broken glass, to perform a piece called *Through the Night Softly.* "It was only seen by a few passers-by and the local black gang who patrolled the area," says Burden. "The glass was like stars or something — it had a malevolent side but also a second character. I was exploring some of the dualities of it."

On November 15, 1973 in his Venice, California studio (a converted hotdog stand on Ocean Front Walk) Chris Burden pushed two live electric wires into his chest. They crossed and exploded, saving him from electrocution and giving the world *Doorway to Heaven*

On May Day, 1973, Chris Burden had himself hung naked and upside down in a tall loft at Oberlin College. As the ropes which suspended him were severed, he filmed his own fall for *Movie on the Way Down* (a 1½ minute epic).

On April 23, 1974 in a rented garage on Speedway Avenue in Venice, California, Chris Burden had himself nailed in a crucifixion pose on top of a rented Volkswagen car which the driver then backed out into the driveway in front of "ten or fifteen people". The piece was entitled *Trans-fixed.* "I was fascinated by the high-pitched scream of the VX exhaust," says Burden, "and I was only visible for about 30 seconds out there — a kind of apparition. It was as if the car was screaming for me."

Chris Burden is an American, born in Boston, raised in Italy and resident in Los Angeles. He trained as a sculptor and still applies his training to what he does now, which is 'performance art'.

Burden is probably the most famous — certainly the most notorious — conceptual artist in the world; as renowned for his acute Warholic business sense about his art as for the works themselves, which number upwards of eighty performances in the past ten years.

He is also Bowie's 'Joe the Lion'; the one artist in his esoteric field whose name pops up over and over again in the public conversations of folks like Martin Scorsese and Paul Morrissey, The Ramones and Blondie, Richard Hell and Genesis P. Orridge, Alan Vega and Marty Thau. Iggy Pop has claimed *he* influenced Burden (a retired Pop was lying low in Venice at the time of *Through the Night Softly).* Certainly during his promotional tours for 'The Idiot', Iggy had himself dumped onto the stage of New York's Palladium out of a bag "a la Chris Burden".

Today Burden is in Birmingham of all places, for a stopover at the Ikon Gallery sandwiched between a stint as Visiting Artist at Hull School of Fine Art and an appointment to perform in Paris at the Pompidou Centre. Downstairs in the gallery basement is his installation *(Diamonds Are Forever),* where you can follow a handrail through pitch blackness in what seems like a maze until suddenly a tiny spot of piercing light leaps before your vision like the beep of an electrocardiogram. It's not a real diamond, because that might easily get nicked. But Burden has *purchased* a real diamond "to back up the integrity of the installation".

Joe didn't show the night before, for the opening of his first English exhibit ever, and he's three hours late for his scheduled talk today. Yet the few visitors who float in and out of the Ikon are not unaware of his presence — one gleans from conversations overheard in the cafe that he has figured in a number of their dreams the night before. And one gallery assistant keeps an especially eager lookout at the large glass window. "He's coming! He's coming!" he keeps murmering under his breath.

This buy has met (and likes) Chris Burden, but the rest of us — just like Bowie, Scorsese, Pop, Vega, Dee Dee Ramone and all the rest of *them* — have not. Almost everyone, in fact, knows Burden's work only through rumour and hearsay. He does make the concession of recording such events for posterity, but is careful to avoid any accusations that he is a showman performing *for* the documentation. Each piece involves only a small (and usually random) number of witnesses and the records he keeps are deliberately casual ones blurred photos or grainy videotapes. No piece is ever repeated; it is through his approach to his acts and thorough the fantasies they call for as images and concepts that Burden's art has reached such a wide audience.

When Burden does arrive, it is in downbeat threads and with no fanfare. He is stocky and in fact has a slight paunch, but he *does* have a certain presence.

Chatting before his 'lecture' (for which he has come equipped only with one carousel of slides and a large torch), Burden tells me he doesn't even own a record player and has never met David Bowie, Iggy Pop or any other real rock luminaries. "Those guys just know my stuff," he says mildly.

He did not know he was the model for Joe the Lion — no one's ever mentioned it to him — but he says Brian Eno has been persistently trying to rent his studio and he does know who Eno is. "Is it true he steals things?" he wants to know. He is not about to let anyone rent his ex-hotdog stand anyway. "My studio is like — a sanctuary."

Uhlike Eno and Bowie, the Hull students he has been tutoring for a week do not know him as Joe the Lion either. I ask what they knew about his work and he makes a circle of his thumb and index fingers. "Zero! Zilch! Nothing!" As Chris goes for a glass of wine, Bill Beech (Hull's Head of Fine Art) intercedes. "Actually, they do. Some of the performance students are big fans of his. But he shook them up; they kept asking why he was looking at their work when all he did was criticise it so severely and he just kept saying 'Because I'm paid to — why do you think?'."

Burden's seriousness about his work and its value is absolute; his lecture is delayed another hour while he extorts the exact £173 owed him by the gallery for his earlier diamond purchase. "No money, no talk," he states blandly to the flustered young curator.

"This is why rock groups get ripped off!" he exlaims. "This is why you can buy a video of *Star Wars* for five bucks!

"I've had so many people try

■ *Continues over*

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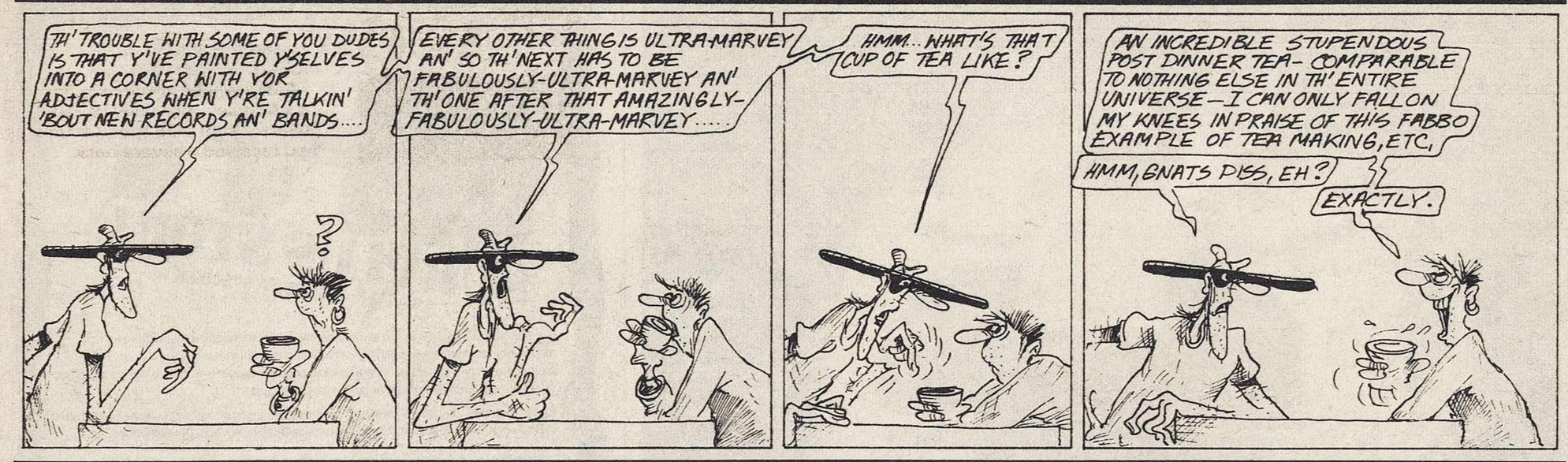
THE LONE GROOVER


TH' TROUBLE WITH SOME OF YOU DUDES IS THAT Y'VE PAINTED Y'SELVES INTO A CORNER WITH YOR ADJECTIVES WHEN Y'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT NEW RECORDS AN' BANDS....
?
EVERY OTHER THING IS ULTRA-MARVEY AN' SO TH' NEXT HAS TO BE FABULOUSLY-ULTRA-MARVEY AN' TH' ONE AFTER THAT AMAZINGLY-FABULOUSLY-ULTRA-MARVEY.....
HMM.. WHAT'S THAT CUP OF TEA LIKE?
AN INCREDIBLE STUPENDOUS POST DINNER TEA- COMPARABLE TO NOTHING ELSE IN TH' ENTIRE UNIVERSE—I CAN ONLY FALL ON MY KNEES IN PRAISE OF THIS FABBO EXAMPLE OF TEA MAKING, ETC,
HMM, GNATS PISS, EH?
EXACTLY.

Joe the Lion

■ *From previous page*

not to pay me that it's just — *creepy*. I do the work and then some guy always starts to think, 'Well now, that wasn't worth *this* much." He grins. "I'll probably only leave it at Kennedy Airport anyway. I once left a suitcase with a thousand bucks sitting in a taco stand in downtown LA."

Burden's current asking price for a piece is £2,000 plus air fare and 'materials', which Burden keeps. (In this case he'll pocket the diamond; in Paris he will walk away with the inch-high solid gold Napoleon he plans to cast by centrifugal force). Burden has said he'd like to be paid in stocks and bonds, but there is clearly another side to his fascination with money as power and status.

It can be found in some of his recent pieces. Like *Money Doesn't Grown on Trees,* where he glued $100 bills all over the leaves of a palm tree in LA, then drove off and left it. "A lot was still there after 24 hours — people couldn't believe it was real because money *doesn't* grow on trees!"

Burden is not as unaware of rock as he claims. In February and March of 1975, in New York's Feldman Gallery, he fasted immobilised and unseen for three weeks while situated on an open white shelf ten feet above the gallery floor. This piece was called *White Light/White Heat* and it came about partly as an extension of an earlier endurance piece where he stayed silent but visible in a bed at one end of a California gallery for 22 days. That one was called *Bed Piece,* 1972, and it's unlikely it was totally unconnected to the Lennon-Yoko Ono Bed Peace vigil of 1969.

The nearest mentality to which the general public can relate Burden's deliberate acts is that of Evel Knievel — or perhaps Sacher Masoch. But Burden himself is more explicit. "These are not impromptu things," he told the small audience at his Birmingham lecture. "They are all things I've thought about for a long time."

Some of the more drastic acts obvously alter the climate surrounding the artist and his spectators — introducing elements like guilty, anxiety, voyeurism and prurience as well as involving some serious risks (pain, violence, humiliation) for their perpetrator. "But it's not a moment at a party where I try and embarrass someone," Burden stresses. He says he has now desisted from the most extreme manoeuvres precisely becase they earned him a media reputation for 'sensationalism'.

Technology fascinates Burden, but he subjects all the major elements of it around him, like television, to what the Ikon's Hugh Stoddart calls "a really stubborn kind of personal re-appraisal". In 1975, he made the first of his television commercials: *Poem for LA.* it was ten seconds long and consisted of three statements which he repeated ("Science Has Failed", "Heat is Life" and "Time Kills"). "I get on TV on my own terms," says Burden. "I pay my money so I can look how I want. It's not like going on some chat show."

More notorious was another commercial — a 10-second loop which repeated itself twice an featured the names of the five 'most famous' artists in history (Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Van Gogh and Picasso). As each name apeared in block letters, Burden's voice read it out to the viewers and, after Picasso, Chris Burden popped up on the screen. "It got a lot of hate mail on both coasts, but if only I'd had unlimited funds to continue it indefinitely and you'd have asked any schoolchild who the six most famous artists in history were, I'd be among them!"

Chris Burden is an indisputably direct guy who believes that "art is about ideas rather than things! what makes it art is the materialisation of the idea". It's true Burden's ideas tend to materialise at the further extremes of human activity, but he seems a natural enough fellow; the extremely sharp posessor of a wickedly unconventional wit.

Yet when we're discussing Reagan's assassination attempt, Chris confides something else. "You know, I worry about someone taking a shot at me too. I mean. . .look at David Bowie thinking he knows all about me. There could be *any* weirdo out there, just reading about me in those art magazines."

Diamonds Are Forever, Chris Burden's first English installation, will be on show at the Ikon Gallery, 58 John Bright St., Birmingham, from 10-6 Mon-Sats and Thurs Until 8pm through April 25. Admission is free.

CHRIS SALEWICZ talks to Charley Anderson about The People's choices

RATHER THAN the uptight social worker stance of vocalist Pauline Black or the schoolmasterly tone of guitarist/songwriter Neol Davies, for me it was always bassist Charley Anderson who was the dominant visual presence in The Selecter.

In musical terms, the true strength in The Selecter came also from Charley together with drummer H, with Desmond Brown's Booker T-like organ the conduit between this rhythm section and the group's front line.

One wonders whether this somehow perversely assisted Pauline's decision last summer to give the kiss of death to the red-haired dread bassist and his soul brother Desmond. The way the pair were purged seems most unseemly — they were peppered, they claim, with petty abuse from young Pauline because they prefer spiritual solutions to the cliched student politics she espouses.

In a cut-rate Fulham studio, where Charley and Desmond are recording their first single as The People for Brad Special's Race Records, the bass-player smiles ironocally. "That break-up was over *money,* and it seems so stupid that it had to be caused by something like that.

"The real argument was between me and Neol. But we'd known each other for *years:* we used to play together in a soul/reggae band called Chapter 5. But when I was in this group Hardtop 22, along with The People's guitarist Chris Christie, Neol wasn't doing *anything,* although The

Dexys disputation

A LEGAL wrangle appears to be brewing between EMI and Dexys Midnight Runners.

The band announced last week that they had quit the label, claiming that matters had come to a head when the company issued their single 'Plan B' against their wishes. EMI responded this week by issuing their own statement:

> **"EMI Records (UK) wish to make it clear that Dexys are contracted to EMI. We would also point out that the decision to cancel the proposed tour was taken by the group and their management, and that the recent single 'Plan B' was released by EMI with the full knowledge, co-operation and active support of the band and their management."**

The argument apparently hinges on whether or not EMI took up their option on Dexys' contract on January 1. The band's manager Paul Burton claims the company did not, and he holds a letter from Queens Counsel which says: "I consider that the agreement was not validly activated for the first option period, and that they (Dexys) are not required to supply any more singles, albums or performances."

Burton also produced a copy of a letter he wrote to EMI, dated February 11, giving formal notice that the option had terminated — and asking the company's assurance that the band's recent recording "would not be exploited."

It's now evident that Dexys cancelled the bulk of their tour not because EMI withdrew financial support — indeed, the band already considered themselves to have left EMI when it was set up — but because negotiations with another company didn't prove fruitful. Explained Burton: "We were expecting to sign with Phonogram, who would have subsidised the tour, but it fell through at the last minute."

But the band are now playing one more date, in addition to their gigs at Chelmsford (tonight, Thursday) and London (Friday), announced last week — it's at Birmingham Odeon this Saturday (18).

pic: David Corio

DOMINANCE & COMMISSION

Specials' 'Gangsters' had already come out with 'The Selecter' on the B-side.

"So I went round to his place and said, 'Let's get a group together', and we took the nucleus of Hardtop 22 to make up The Selecter, and got Pauline in."

'The Selecter', Charley points out, was written by Neol in conjunction with Brad Special: "So it's ironic that we end up working with him now."

After a year of existence, and despite considerable UK success, The Selecter by last summer were hugely in debt. "The Selecter were earning *nothing*. Everything was going into paying for the costs of touring — we didn't mind too much, because we thought we'd get really strong foundations, and in the end we'd be a really powerful band. Mind you, it seemed a bit ridiculous when we got a cheque in for the album for something like £85,000, and we still had debts of £9,000 left.

"So it was obvious that the only money was to come from publishing. But the only person who would really benefit from that would be Neol, who writes most of the songs. It seemed like everyone else was just a session musician, helping him make money. I told him that he ought to divide it equally with the rest of the group. He didn't agree," he laughs.

Though Neol refused to go along with what the bassist was saying, Charley wouldn't let the matter drop. This fundamental disagreement came to a head when The Selecter returned to Coventry's Horizon Studios to begin work on their second LP.

"The others told me and Neol to go outside, out of different doors. Eventually, they asked me to come back in. But none of them could tell me. Pauline's the strongest of them, though: she was the one who said it. I felt like going berserk and smashing the place up — though I'm glad I didn't."

A few weeks previously, in Los Angeles at the end of The Selecter's first US tour, Charley had received a severe back injury during the "fight" sequence that was a featured part of the group's act. Eventually, unable to move in his room at the Tropicana Motel on Santa Monica Boulevard, he was cured by an acupuncturist who Marsha Hunt insisted should treat him.

"I really felt, though, that that back injury was a sign that something wasn't going right: I thought I was putting out too much energy and not getting much back. Also, my bass-playing was getting very hard and aggressive. Now it's much softer and more sinuous."

"That Selecter break-up was about money . . . I felt like going berserk"

— CHARLEY ANDERSON

The People's music, which also features the playing of ex-God's Toy drummer John Hobley, is as all-embracing, sumptuous and powerful as the group's democratic name. As opposed to what the likes of The Basement 5 are talking about trying to be, The People really *is* punk reggae.

With three alternating lead vocalists in Charley, Desmond, and the quiet Chris, the group enters with an ample set of permutations. And from the way The Selecter are currently faring, one wonders if they haven't already realised their mistake.

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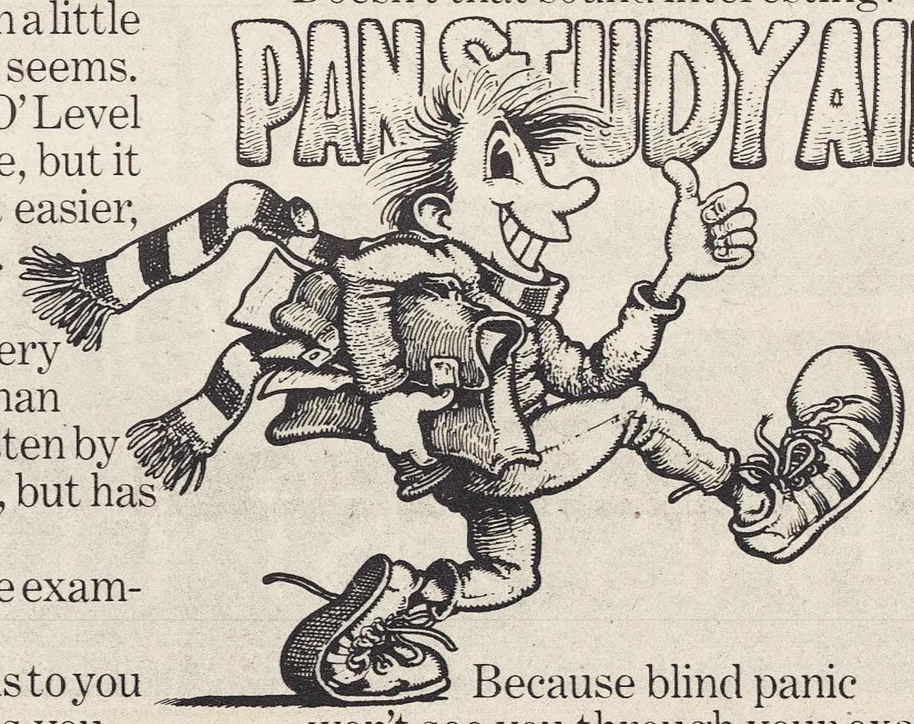
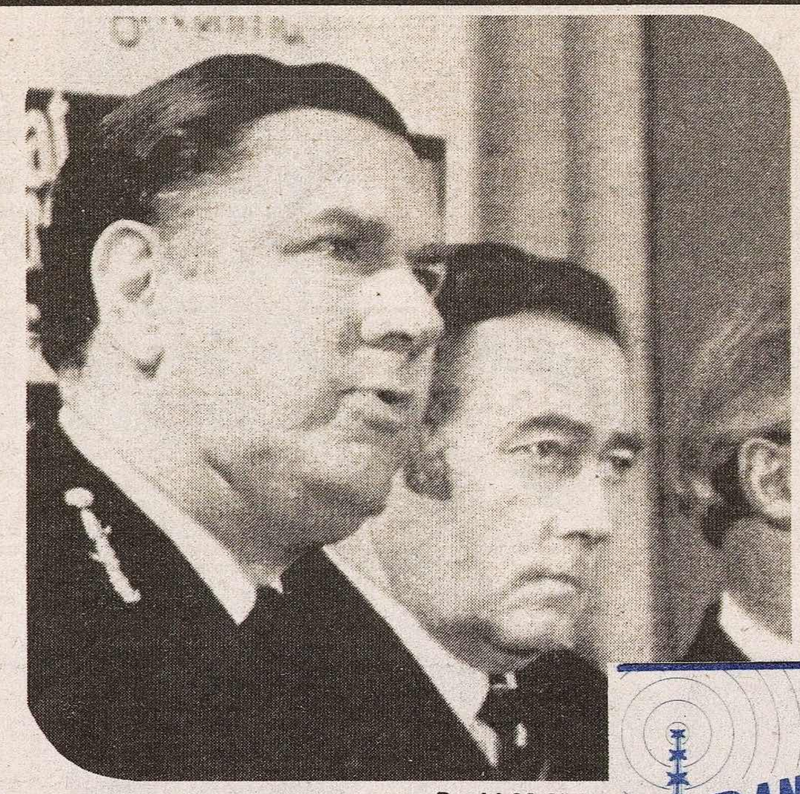
Using Pan Study Aids is a lot easier than trying to muddle through on the day, which, as you know, can be very hard on the nerves.

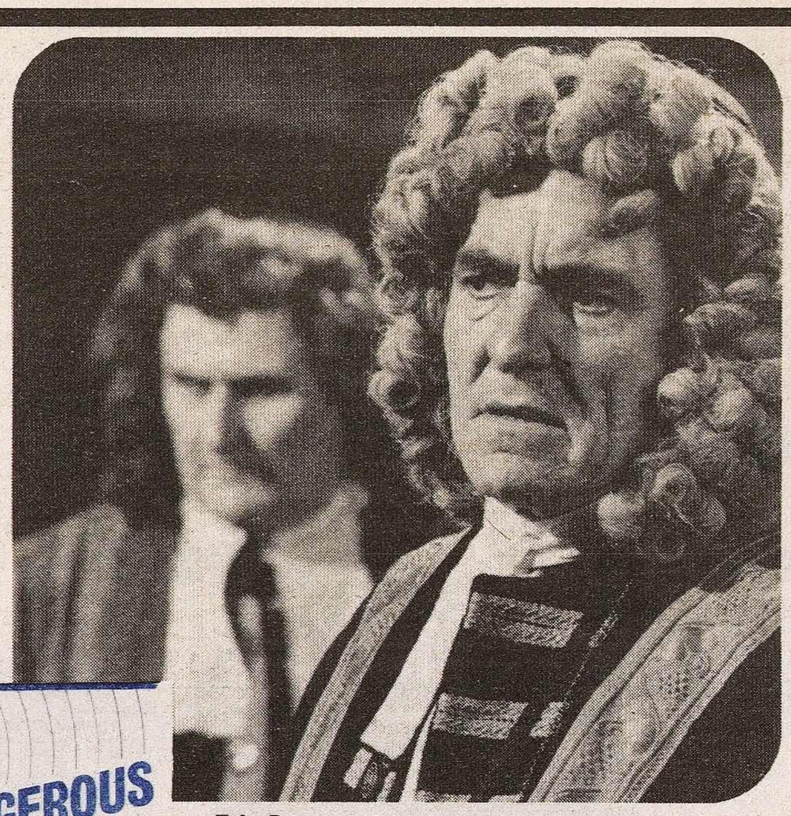
Doesn't that sound interesting?



Because blind panic won't see you through your exams.



David McNee



Eric Porter

DANGEROUS VISIONS

BURNING ISSUES

By GRAHAM LOCK

"WE BURN a hot fire here, sir. It burns down all concealment." The words of Judge Danforth (a haggard Eric Porter in ***The Crucible,*** BBC 1 Sunday), as he blithely condemned to death 72 people falsely accused of witchcraft, took on a more bitter irony coming only minutes after a BBC News programme had shown Brixton aflame and riotous.

Comparisons were ominous and unavoidable. The cowardly preacher Hale, defending the Salem witch-hunt with his cry of "the Court is just" was immediately echoed by Home Secretary William Whitelaw urging people to "support law and order" — incredible but tragic proof that people still believe blind faith in authority solves more problems than it causes.

Even more chilling was the smug sanctimony and recourse to "correct procedures" shared by the Salem judges and Police Commissioner Sir David McNee, who droned on about people having other ways to express their grievances. Such hypocrisy is hard to stomach: it must be obvious to anyone who's ever watched TV or read the papers that the black community has been complaining about police harassment for *years,* while the police themselves consistently refuse to admit a problem even exists.

Even now, they're looking for scapegoats. They can't blame witches nowadays, so instead we hear dark mutterings about "outside agitators", to whom similar attributes of "evil" and "wicked" deeds will doubtless be ascribed with the same righteous and vindictive zeal in defence of authority that prevailed in Salem.

In 1952, when Arthur Miller wrote *The Crucible,* America was in the grip of McCarthyism, that hysterical anti-Communist movement on whose coat-tails cheats and liars like Richard Nixon rode to power; and his play is less to do with witchcraft *per se* than with that political situation. There's little doubt that Miller's picture of authority becoming entangled in its own folly, of an (un)holy conjunction of the inflexible, the unscrupulous and the frightened conspiring to cause havoc and blame it on their victims, is both deadly accurate and widely applicable.

They play is brilliantly dramatic and gripping without ever simplifying the many complexities its subject-matter entails. Don Taylor's direction was admirably unfussy, though the consensus in our household (1st, 2nd and 3rd persons in full accord) was that Daniel Massey's Hale and Michael Harbours' Proctor (the goodie, not the Goody) tended to be a little too wild-eyed and hammy, especially at the end.

One disconcerting aspect of *The Crucible* itself is that it gives a totally distorted picture of the witchcraze phenomenon. This may seem an unfair comment as Miller wasn't trying to produce an historical documentary, but it's still unfortunate that one of the few major works of art to use witchcraft as its basic material ends up so unrepresentative of historical fact. The European witchcraze of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries was a barbaric and bewildering atrocity in which an estimated nine million people, 85 per cent of them women, were murdered — not because of the adolescent games, sexual jealousy and misguided dogmatists of *The Crucible* — but because of a deliberate campaign of terror waged by the male, Christian ruling-class against the pagan female peasantry.

Strangely enough, some of the causes of this persecution — sexual repression and oppression — and one of its probable results were much in evidence earlier in the week. ***Some Of The Nicest People I Know Have VD*** (Man Alive, BBC 2 Thursday) took a dubious tack on its topic, declaring on one hand that social stigma and shame were no longer attached to STD (Sexually Transmitted Diseases — the pox, the clap, etc) but asserting on the other that this was partly because even "innocent" people could catch them. "Innocent", it turned out, meant monogamous, so you were left in little doubt as to the underlying moralism of the report(er?).

Shame about sex and the language of sexual repression extended to the doctors, notably one man who inquired of a woman patient "Have you ever been examined . . . er . . . downstairs?", and who later remarked, while discussing oral sex, that diseases could be transmitted "upstairs or downstairs" — a moment of unintentional comic relief matched only be the opening Disney cartoon in which armies of syphilis and gonorrhoea germs were headed by a virus with an uncanny resemblance to Alexander Haig.

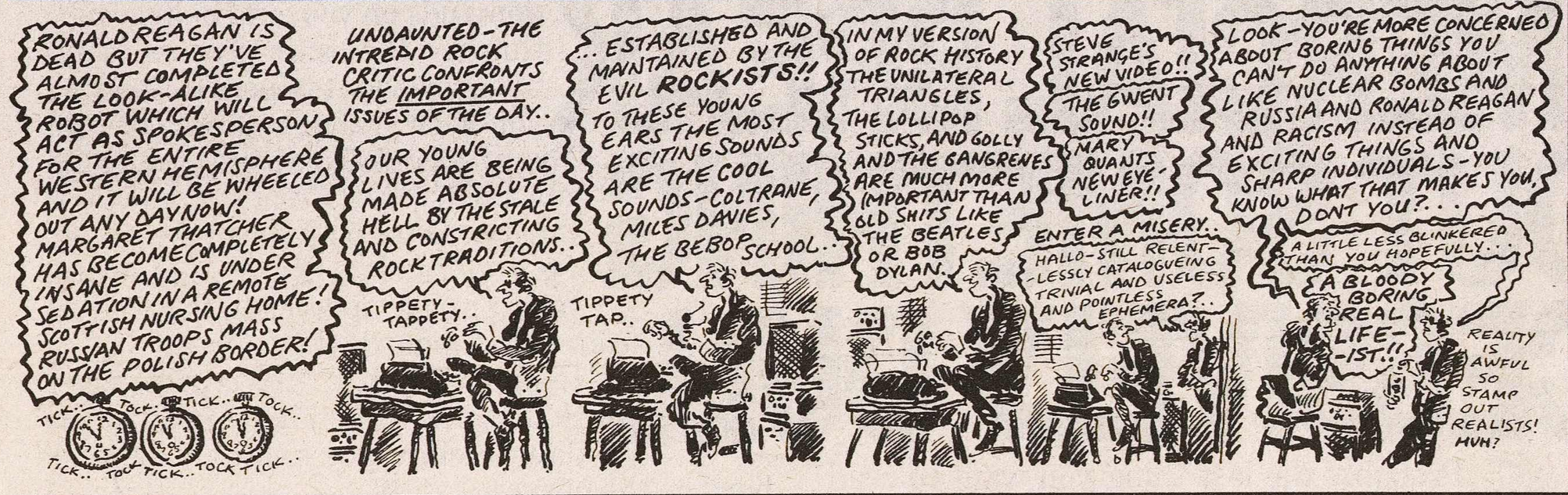
The primary concern over STD — which *Some Of The Nicest People did* make clear — is that although they're rapidly increasing, and already comprise one of the country's commonest out-patient complaints, some medical schools don't mention them on *any* of their courses while sex education in schools is especially inadequate on this topic. Nice people can now *have* VD, it seems, but they still can't talk about it.

The situation is made more desperate by recent epidemics of diseases like genital herpes and NSU, for which doctors have found no cause and no cure. One likely reason, as feminists have pointed out, is that female illnesses, especially vaginal infections like herpes and NUS have consistenly been ignored or denigrated by a medical profession that is predominantly male. And that, in turn, is because female healers were burned as witches in the middle ages and medicine established as a virtual male monopoly.

It seems unforeseen consequences can creep up on us from the most unexpected places. Have *you* looked downstairs lately?

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL

LOWRY


RONALD REAGAN IS DEAD BUT THEY'VE ALMOST COMPLETED THE LOOK-ALIKE ROBOT WHICH WILL ACT AS SPOKESPERSON FOR THE ENTIRE WESTERN HEMISPHERE AND IT WILL BE WHEECLED OUT ANY DAY NOW! MARGARET THATCHER HAS BECOME COMPLETELY INSANE AND IS UNDER SEDATION IN A REMOTE SCOTTISH NURSING HOME! RUSSIAN TROOPS MASS ON THE POLISH BORDER!
TICK.. TOCK.. TICK.. TOCK.. TICK.. TOCK.. TOCK TICK.. TOCK TICK..
UNDAUNTED - THE INTREPID ROCK CRITIC CONFRONTS THE IMPORTANT ISSUES OF THE DAY..
OUR YOUNG LIVES ARE BEING MADE ABSOLUTE HELL BY THE STALE AND CONSTRICTING ROCK TRADITIONS..
TIPPETY-TAPPETY..
... ESTABLISHED AND MAINTAINED BY THE EVIL ROCKISTS!!
TO THESE YOUNG EARS THE MOST EXCITING SOUNDS ARE THE COOL SOUNDS - COLTRANE, MILES DAVIES, THE BEBOP SCHOOL..
TIPPETY TAP..
IN MY VERSION OF ROCK HISTORY THE UNILATERAL TRIANGLES, THE LOLLIPOP STICKS, AND GOLLY AND THE GANGRENES ARE MUCH MORE IMPORTANT THAN OLD SHITS LIKE THE BEATLES OR BOB DYLAN.
STEVE STRANGE'S NEW VIDEO!!
THE GWENT SOUND!!
MARY QUANTS NEW EYE-LINER!!
ENTER A MISERY..
HALLO - STILL RELENT-LESSLY CATALOGUEING TRIVIAL AND USELESS AND POINTLESS EPHEMERA?..
LOOK - YOU'RE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT BORING THINGS YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT LIKE NUCLEAR BOMBS AND RUSSIA AND RONALD REAGAN AND RACISM INSTEAD OF EXCITING THINGS AND SHARP INDIVIDUALS - YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MAKES YOU, DON'T YOU?..
A LITTLE LESS BLINKERED THAN YOU HOPEFULLY..
A BLOODY BORING REAL LIFE-IST!!
REALITY IS AWFUL SO STAMP OUT REALISTS! HUH?

EXACTLY 118 BPM!

(That's Beatles per minute, shlubbo . . .)

EVERYBODY AND his brother is stretching out and getting funky these days — or perhaps limping onto the bandwagon would be a more suitable description.

In an attempt to tie up the connections between present day disco and early '70s black music, we have recently witnessed 12-inch re-recordings of 'Be Thankful For What You've Got' by William De Vaughn and 'Have You Seen Her' by The Chi-Lites. Originally warm and soothing soul singles, the new versions sound sluggish and indulgent.

The Chi-Lites' record emerged just this month, after lead singer Eugene Record persuaded the rest of the group to join him in coming out of retirement to record the 'Heavenly Body' LP, while the William De Vaughn record was similarly re-recorded with a new backing band with a new verse added. The new 'Have You Seen Her' looks set to follow in De Vaughn's footsteps, by giving the group a hit for the second time around.

Another approach — that of remixing original tracks with dubbed disco stomps on top — appears to be a more popular and a more blatant example of the current disco-at-any-cost fixation. CBS Records did this some years ago with Sly Stone, releasing an album called 'Ten Years Too Soon' which according to the sleeve 'discofied' his old material with added guitar and drum parts. Sylvester Stewart himself played no part in the package.

The most recent example, perhaps the genre's prime piece of hackwork, is the just released 'Stars On 45' — also on CBS, and seemingly destined to be a big hit.

'Stars On 45' in fact follows hot on the heels of a Canadian bootleg series. Called 'Bits And Pieces': three volumes of primetime pop faves flowing fast and furious with a massive thump of 118 bmp's (beats per minute!) dubbed over every track. Good for parties — but the snag was the whole exercise was illegal. So to emulate its success, CBS have had to get sessionmen to play the material, including a whole slew of old Beatles songs; most of it having strangely already been on the 'Bits And Pieces' series.

The end result is in fact positively hilarious, as 'I Should Have Known Better' seques into 'Nowhere Man' and 'Drive My Car' — all to an absurd disco beat.

And of course it's irresistible to DJs. Indeed, one American jock put together a medley of old Supremes hits last year, and Motown were so taken by the idea they put the tracks together on an official release.

— GAVIN MARTIN

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The fire behind the Heatwave

Gavin Martin meets Johnny Wilder, paralysed leader of Heatwave

Above: Johnny Wilder. Top right: Bob Bramlett, Johnny and Keith Wilder. Pix: Peter Anderson.

HEATWAVE HAVE been a reliable source of dancehall favourites and hit singles for the past few years with records like 'Mind Blowing Decisions' and 'Boogie Nights'. But their greatest is 'Gangsters Of The Groove', a 45 which was taken from their most impressive album, 'Candles', released earlier this year. It's something of a miracle, though, that that album was ever made.

In 1979 Heatwave founder member, singer and energetic frontman Johnny Wilder Jr was in a car crash in Dayton, Ohio, which paralysed him from the neck down. In a few terrifying moments his head cracked back across the driving seat and his spinal chord snapped.

Doctors held out little hope for his survival, let alone the continuance of his career.

But Wilder's determination coupled with the support of his friends, record company employees and fellow group members pulled him through — and it's a cheerful optimistic character who has come to London specifically to promote the 'Candles' album.

"There was never any thought of Heatwave splitting completely, it was just a matter of time. The band was waiting, supportive, and I was recovering hurriedly. The group haven't been on the road since the accident but we've started preparing a new show with a new lead singer taking my place onstage. In my heart I miss it but I'm still part of what we're doing.

"I don't think the time is right for me to introduce myself back onstage in a wheelchair yet. In the proper setting with the right equipment maybe, but not just yet."

Wilder manoeuvres himself across the room with controls operated by lip and chin movements. I'm unable to shake his hand when we meet. The thing he misses most about his paralysis is being able to embrace members of his family and his young daughter Clara. But his strength and capability are borne out by the fact that he not only composed four songs on the LP but also shares lead and background vocals with brother Keith and longtime friend, English born J. D. Nicholas.

To sing, Johnny had to practically learn from square one as he had no control over his diaphragm. Yet his style and prowess are still well intact and the group have benefited from the additions and experiments in the vocal department.

Johnny makes his comeback seem so natural.

"The LP was different to make. We had to spend two months rehearsing before we recorded it. I'd been out of rehabilitation for a while but it took me a long time to get my breathing back to normal, especially breathing with enough power to sing.

"J. D. was a friend of ours when we had worked in England and luckily he was available to come over, more or less on the next flight when we needed him. He's a very good singer, just as capable, if not more so, than I am. There's a bit of difference with the old material but people know the hits and they know the situation, so we'll get by."

JOHNNY'S WHEELCHAIR was specially adapted so it could be plugged into the mixing desk and he shares the production on the album, the firmest, most flexible and fully realised production since their 'Too Hot To Handle' debut. The group's former keyboard player Rod Temperton has become a very prolific figure in American R&B, his biggest success being Michael Jackson's 'Off The Wall' album which he produced with Quincey Jones.

"The great thing about Rod's affiliations with other groups is that one of his big ambitions was always to be a writer. It's been beneficial not only to other artists but us as well because he can now devote all his time to writing and the standard of the material has improved."

Johnny always placed a great emphasis on Heatwave's live act, with his own performance being the acrobatic focal point. He now works as a co-ordinator for a stage show which will be "high on energy and high on entertainment". In America the group play large 20,000 seater venues but he refutes any suggestion that this could lead to loss of contact with the audience.

"If the artist can't make the connection between the music and the audience no matter how big the venue then he's at fault and should go back to a different type of circuit."

The night before I spoke to them, Johnny and Keith had been to see a new Britfunk group called Inversions about whom they both enthused. The new British upheaval excites rather than threatens them.

Keith: "England has always been a place with a lot of musical talent as far as I'm concerned. I just hope the new bands try to create their own sound rather than play American funk. Then they'll be making real British soul music."

EERILY ENOUGH, Johnny Wilder's accident is not without precedent in

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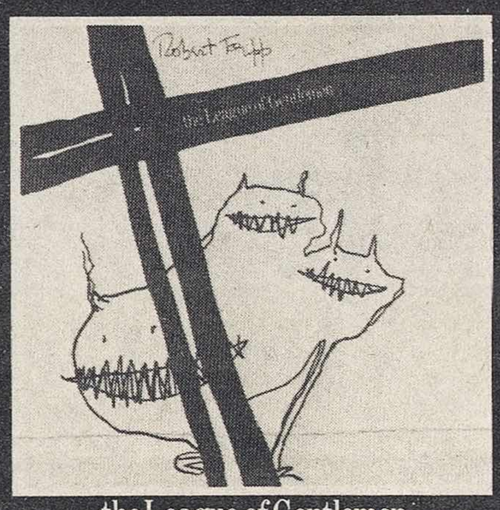

the League of Gentlemen

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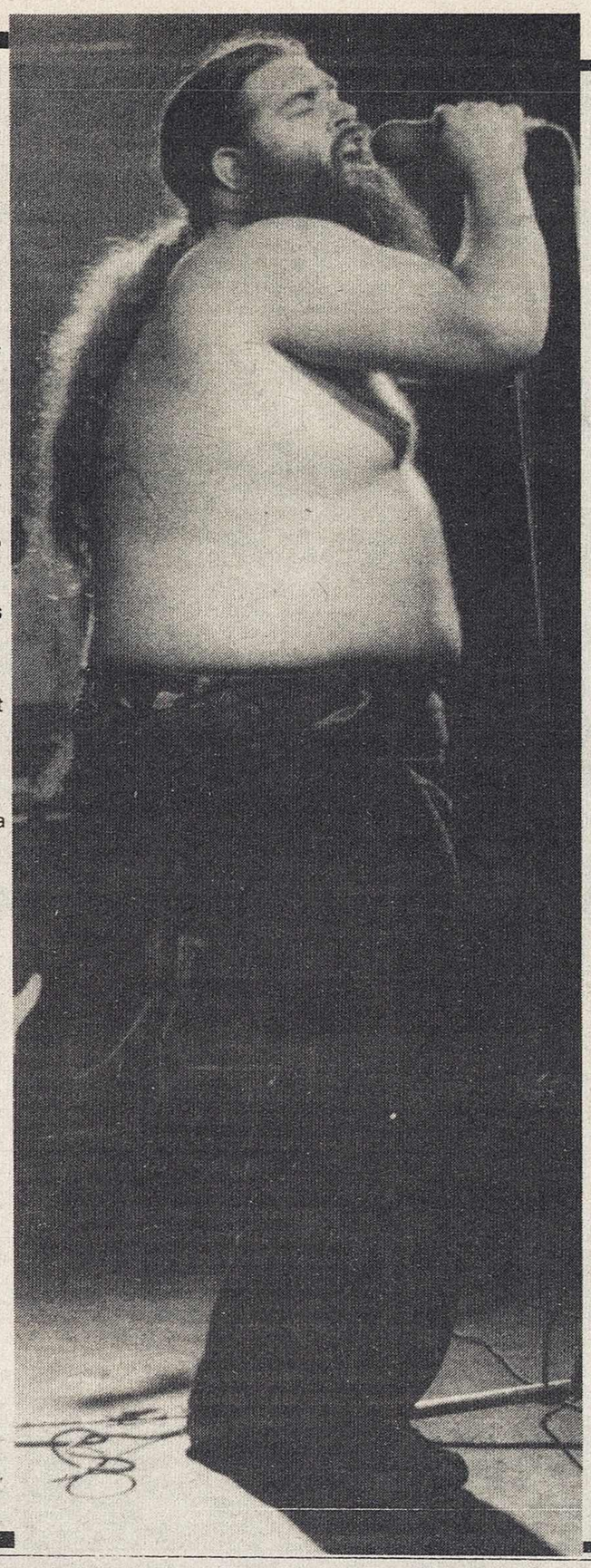
Heatwave. A similar accident meant Mario Matese their last bassist had to leave with an extreme form of paralysis which left him with a blood clot on the brain and an inability to control his finger movements.

Wilder's determination has a spiritual resolve which would be dumbfounding were his whole attitude not such a shining example of unselfish resilience. When he says he praises his Lord for leaving him with his mental faculties intact, I'm slightly stunned by the deep-rooted nature of the man's devotion. As it's such a personal, serious thing I can only ask him if Heatwave are playing a part in the campaign led by Stevie Wonder to make the late Martin Luther King's birthday a public holiday.

"The most active part we can play is when it comes to legilsation and one can vote," he says philosophically — and then adds: "I think most people would vote for it in America if it meant another holiday."

He lets out a long loud chuckle and you're left feeling Johnny Wilder is a man who shames 90% of your favourite pop stars — not to mention a fair portion of the human race.



Don't do it, Di!

IN THE grand Willie Hamilton tradition of STUFF THE JUBILEE buttons, ***Spare Rib*** *magazine has produced a handy lapel-sized comment on the Royal Engagement: the DON'T DO IT, DI! badge pictured here. Your own for only 30p including P&P in lovely Cartland lilac lettered in tasteful white type, via Spare Rib extras, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1R 0AT.*

Blues for the Bear

BOB 'THE BEAR' HITE, singer with American blues'n'boogie group Canned Heat, died of a heart attack in Hollywood last Sunday, aged 38.

Hite's death comes almost on the eve of an Australian tour which the band were about to undertake, to be followed in July by a visit to Europe — when they were sheduled to appear at various festivals, as well as at the Venue in London. Only recently, Canned Heat had completed a studio LP and a live album featuring both John Lee Hooker and The Chambers Brothers.

Canned Heat — who, apart from Hite, presently comprised of Henry Vestine, Ernie Rodriguez and Mike Halby — had been working constantly in the USA, although their last UK show was at the Lyceum three years ago. It is thought highly unlikely that the group will continue without their long-standing frontman.

Always acknowledged as a blues purist and expert, Bob Hite helped Canned Heat become perhaps the most influential of all the white blues bands. As well as appearing at both the Monterey and Woodstock festivals, the group had major successes in this country with 'Goin' Up The Country' (featuring the late Al Wilson), Wilbert Harrison's 'Let's Work Together' (later interpreted by Bryan Ferry) and, of course, 'On The Road Again'. In their time together (Hite began his career in 1966) Canned Heat notched up 16 European tours and a total of 15 LPs — doubtless, with more to follow.

PAUL DU NOYER

The man who raised management to a fine (pop) art

KIT LAMBERT, who managed The Who during the late '60s and early '70s, died last week.

His death occurred at his mother's home in London and was apparently the result of head injuries sustained from a fall down stairs. He was 45.

It was as an assistant director in the film business that Lambert came across The Who. In 1964 he was searching around London's clubs and dance halls to find a pop group for a feature film he was planning and chanced upon The Who playing their regular Tuesday night gig to a packed audience of mods at a club in the basement of the Railway Hotel pub in Wealdstone.

He and his partner, Chris Stamp, decided to abandon their idea of filming a pop group and took on the management of The Who. The group had changed their name from The Who to The High Numbers, but after a short time Lambert relaunched the band as The Who.

His public school accent seemed out of place among the clubs of Shepherds Bush and the dance halls of Acton and West London, and he knew nothing at all about managing a band, but he made up for his lack of knowledge of the music business with his determination and complete belief in The Who. Eventually the group had a hit with their first single as The Who, 'I Can't Explain.' Lambert began producing their records, starting with 'substitute' in 1966, then 'I'm A Boy', 'Pictures Of Lily', 'I Can See For Miles' and 'Pinball Wizard'.

He was the son of the composer, Constant Lambert, and it was Kit Lambert who originally came up with the idea for The Who to write a 'rock-type opera'. Probably his greatest achievement with The Who was as producer of 'Tommy', on which he worked with Townsend on the producer of 'Tommy', on which he worked with Townshend on the storyline as well. Pete Townshend said soon after Tommy's enormous success: "Kit's real contribution will never ever be known because of course it wasn't production at all, it was far deeper."

Apart from The Who, Kit Lambert also managed and produced records for The Merseys (formerly The Merseybeats), The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Thunderclap Newman. In 1967 he and Chris Stamp started Track Records which, apart from The Who, also released Jimi Hendrix and Marsha Hunt.

In 1974 Track Records folded and about the same time Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp parted company with The Who. He still continued to produce records and was involved in the early punk scene in London. He last produced records for Chelsea and Razar.

RICHARD BARNES

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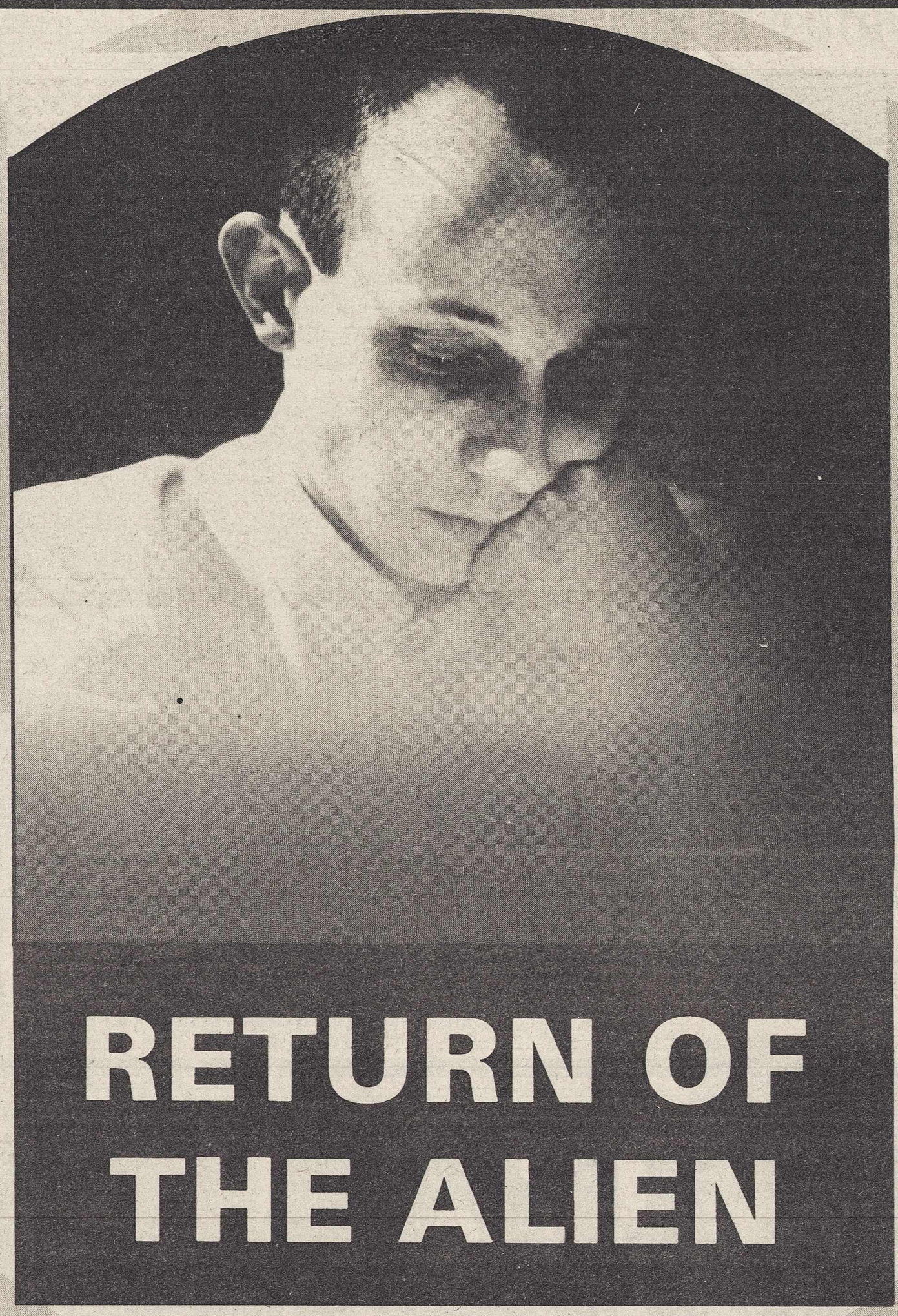
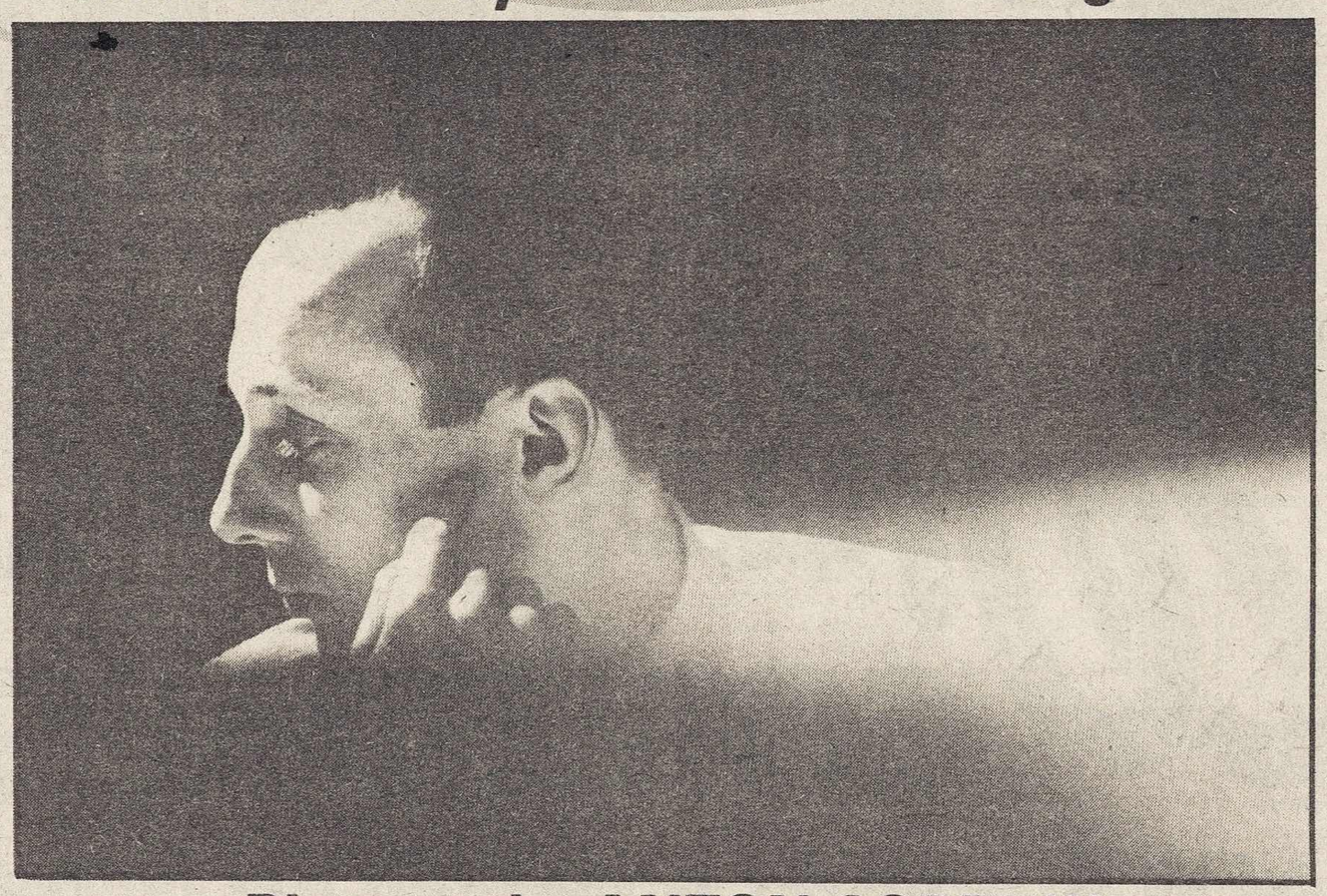


RETURN OF THE ALIEN

LYNN HANNA and HOWARD DEVOTO discuss the significance of Theodore Reich & Arthur Askey in the work of Magazine



Pictures by ANTON CORBIJN

"EVERYTHING BEGINS with anxiety. In a way, it's the very meaning of being human, that you live in some degree of fear. Probably it all comes down to fear of death. I can't fail to believe that most people find the world weird. But they can't find a way to think about it, or they'd feel stupid talking about it. It scares them and they just push it out of their lives. People who are creative have found a way of releasing some of that and not feeling bad about it. Feeling positively good about it, maybe."

HOWARD DEVOTO is sitting in a small room at the top of a Soho studio with a bottle of warm white wine and two cans of cold beer. Two floors below him the rest of Magazine are recording the tracks that will surface as their next few singles and new album. For the past six hours, Howard himself has been mixing a song called 'The Honeymoon Killers', a lilting waltz tune with bright John Barry appeal. "It's ghoulish," he says, "in a glamorous sort of way."

Howard's happy in the studio; playing the same phrase over with fractional alterations, hearing the songs take on a tangible shape. Although far from finished, the results so far have produced a sense of quiet satisfaction.

When Magazine formed they were hailed by some as the elusive future of modern music, although inevitably they've since been denounced as pretentious and obscure. During the last year they've recorded one of 1980's very finest albums with 'The Correct Use Of Soap', but even Magazine's most devoted admirers can't help but feel cheated that they haven't yet had their full impact. They've somehow been shunted into a comfortably-sized cult status, a slightly rarified side-line position that they may even have given the impression of enjoying.

As it turns out, my night in Soho is spent dispelling Magazine myths. Complacency is one of the first to evaporate. In fact, Magazine's frustration is a topic that Devoto discusses with suppressed passion.

"Certainly we want to sell more records. We feel our potential is at least equal to a lot of people who exist and flourish better than we do. If you're just selling to the same number of people you don't have a feeling of *getting* anywhere. It's not necessarily and totally a matter of money, but just, well, is that it? Is that how many people speak your language? And are you going to be content with that?

"I don't know whether it's an extension of just wanting to be liked by, if possible, the whole world. Preferably America, Japan, Germany and Britain, in that order. Otherwise you're — what are you?"

Howard muses. "You're perverse in a way. What really counts is how far you bend to achieve that. Where does self-indulgence end and compromise begin?"

"With the 'Soap' singles we thought, if we release all these, surely *one* will make the big splash."

Nevertheless, as drummer John Doyle explains, Magazine feel no lack of creative success, and some of their current optimism is based on the spate of chart bands who owe something to their influence.

Dave Formula, whose keyboards collaboration with Visage has made its mark, adds that part of their feeling of fulfilment stems from their way of working. "We seem to have the ability to feel inspired a lot of the time. To tour for a year and then record another album and take that out for a year would be horrible."

Yet Magazine wax almost lyrical about the challenge of performing, and they're surprised when I suggest that they may consider it a chore.

"I've always had this thing about it," says bass player Barry Adamson. "It's like a little world that you're creating for that time, building it up as you go along."

"It's another inspiration," adds Dave. "You pivot around the ideas. It's like publishing a book and then amending it."

After the self-confessed blow of John McGeogh's defection to the Banshees six weeks before Magazine's American tour, and then Robin Simon's subsequent departure, for their forthcoming May tour they also have to incorporate the style of genial new guitarist Ben Mendelson. Ben, an old friend of Howard's who was originally asked to add violin, has an exotic blend of Tex-Mex, jazz, African pop and Turkish influences which should add a very different dimension to Magazine's sound.

"I feel you could safely hit the dance floor with this stuff," he says of the album. "Go to a dance floor and hear it and groove."

"It's not stated but a little less obvious dance music," adds Barry. "The ideal is to get to the stage where you're thinking I'm going out tonight, I'll just slap this on the record player. And you're bouncing around while you're drying your hair."

"TO BE creative as a writer or whatever; poet, novelist, songwriter, I think you just have to feel, I must *tell* people about this. It's having forcible impressions.

"Maybe some people have them and think — that was quite interesting, and then forget about it, while others have to write them down and think about them. Maybe they just never learn to have fun."

Howard Devoto looks almost alien. His skull shines through his closely cropped hair. His exaggerated oval of a face with its strong slant of cheek bones and indoor complexion combine with a rather fragile appearance to give the impression of something reared in too little light.

The quiet composure and the detachment he radiates are faintly disconcerting. He circles each question, conscientiously revolving around his views and scrutinising his opinions dispassionately. Nevertheless he does show signs of a dry sense of humour and his calm conversation is frequently illuminated by his wry, suave smile.

"The kind of things that you want to tell people are not necessarily those that you can put into a conversation at the pub or at work or somewhere like that. You'd have to have huge long pauses, which," he adds with a hint of self-mockery, "is something I'm frequently accused of. It would be like two Buddhas on a mountain top who say one sentence every fortnight to each other."

Magazine, said Dave Formula earlier, are not calculating. And when I ask Devoto whether he thinks Magazine operate well within the accepted rock structure, he admits that there are certain things that the group don't do.

Magazine don't tour incessantly, they are not seen in the right places, neither do they project themselves as personalities. Devoto feels that video detracts from the music and he dislikes working in the medium intensely. He also places a high value on his privacy, and neither he nor the rest of the band have a glib facility for easy answers, although they stress that they don't understand the reasons for their defensive reputation.

All of the above means that Magazine exude a certain mystique which can seem exasperating to some observers, and Howard Devoto is often portrayed as a pedant or enigma.

Are Magazine smug, lazy and pretentious, as their critics suggest?

"*Lazy?*" Devoto dismisses the claim incredulously.

"And if we're pretentious, then what are we pretending to be?

"Smug?" he says thoughtfully. "I know I come over as arrogant, especially perhaps on stage."

Is that a form of nerves?

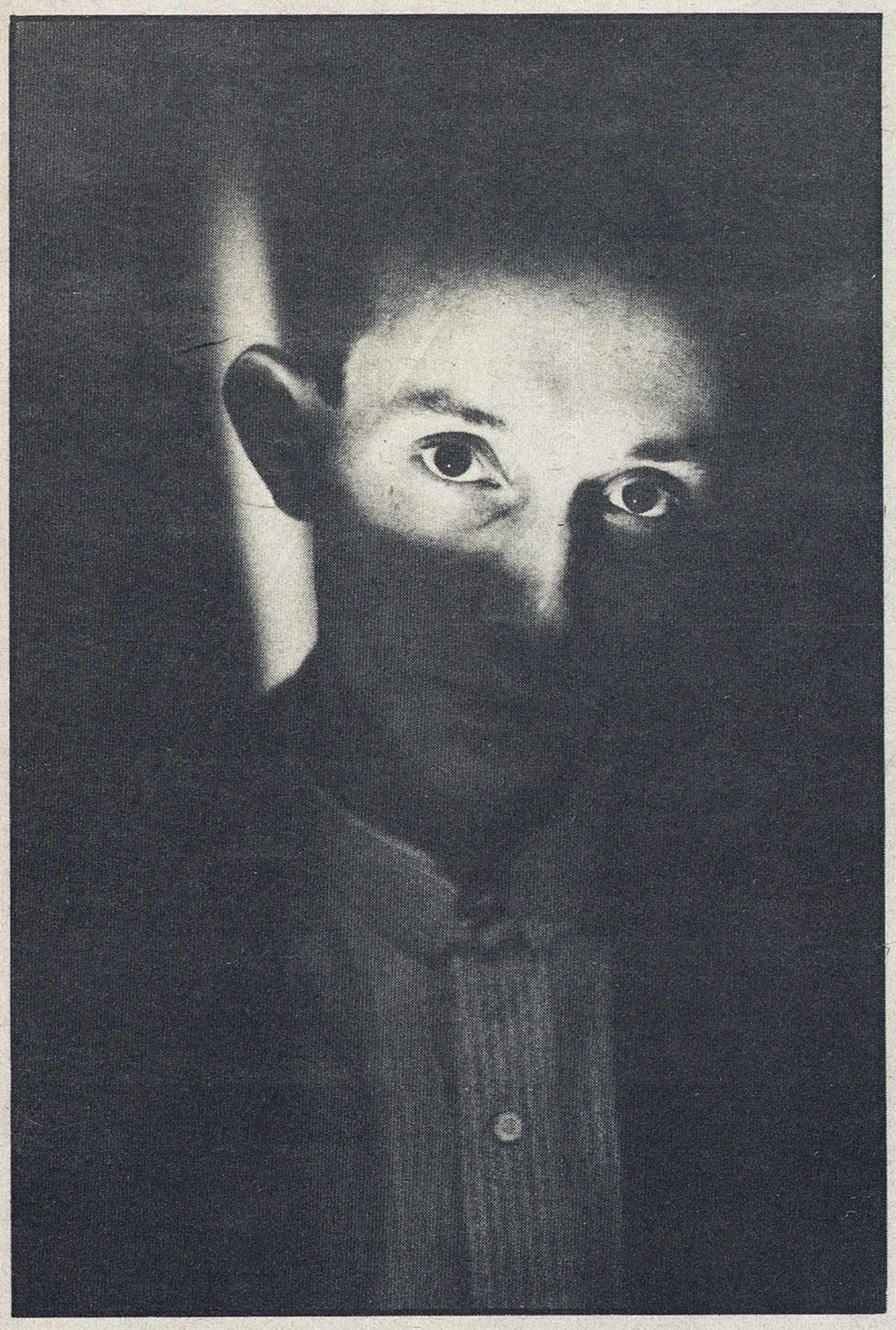
"Nerves can be very secretive things. There's no way that you can walk on to a stage in the same way that you walk into a grocer's shop."

Perhaps self-consciousness would be a better way to describe it?

"Well, yeah," he smiles. "But where does self-consciousness end and smugness begin? I don't know whether I dislike giving that

■ *Continues over*

HOPELESSLY DEVOTO'D TO YOU . . .



■ *From previous page*

impression anyway. I'd rather be arrogant that patronising.

"Maybe some people tap something in themselves that enables them to switch into the natural mode. I don't have the common touch. I don't think it's suitable for what the songs are about anyway. It just wouldn't work for me to be Arthur Askey."

And are you arrogant?

"I think a lot of people think I am. I'm distant, which people, perhaps quite rightly, take for arrogance. But there again, is arrogance inverted insecurity, insecurity expressed in the wrong way?

"I just have a few ideas on things. No, mainly I'm confused so I have to hold my head up so that I'm not easily thrown off course. It's just me and my way of saying, No, of course I'm not confused."

What, I wonder, drives Devoto these days. And what gave rise to the exhilarated perception and sharp sense of fear that characterised 'The Correct Use Of Soap'?

Part of the answer to the album lies in a collection of essays on love and lust by Theodore Reich, a book which Howard found largely unsatisfactory, apart from a theory that you are susceptible to love when your world has been shaken in some significant way and you feel insecure.

In 'The Correct Use Of Soap' love appeared to be a saving grace or peak experience, even some sort of solution.

"I don't know. It was certainly questioning. But it does seem to me that what most people mean by love is a kind of refuge. And okay you might dive into a cave for refuge, but that doesn't mean you want to live in a cave all the time."

THE NEXT album will be different, he feels, in that it will be less personal. It was not originally planned to have Martin Hannett's production stamped on the songs. There had been some suggestion that they were trying to secure the services of John Barry, but Howard admits this was something of a frivolous idea. Magazine started speculation early in their career by covering 'Goldfinger', and a stack of Barry soundtracks that Howard has just acquired are handed round the studio.

"All I knew at the time was that the song was something Shirley Bassey did, and a James Bond theme, of course. After that we picked up on him for ourselves. I do like him a lot."

In fact shortly after our conversation, Magazine had a few days break spent listening to the tapes, and decided that the songs were so diverse they needed a producer with a distinctive touch. "I feel as if I'm back pedalling," says Howard apologetically from Hannett's Strawberry Studios. "But everything's going ridiculously well."

Devoto can't distinguish a real theme or direction for the next album, and both he and Magazine stress that the changes which have been apparent with each album evolve naturally. But there is a consistency of imagery in the new songs: magic, murder as the murderer's means of imposing his identity on the world, a particularly apt topic in view of Lennon's murder and the attempted assassination of President Reagan.

"And the weather," adds Howard.

What sort of magic had he in mind?

Devoto shares some obsessions with the writer Colin Wilson, particularly his views on perception; the pin-head of consciousness that we all necessarily inhabit and the possibility of a sudden switch into a startling intensity and breadth of vision — a peak experience.

When I ask Howard if he has any personal peak experiences, he solemnly consults a notebook from a battered black briefcase.

"The one that comes to mind is looking out of an aeroplane window and seeing another plane go past. I find looking out of an aeroplane quite amazing anyway, in a privileged position as it were. The other plane passed very quickly, you really could have missed it if you'd looked away. But it was the size of it. I suppose the plane was about half a mile away. That was an exquisite little part of an obsession I've had with trying to feel the physical size of the world. I can't explain it much more than that. It's something imbued by travel I suppose. I find travelling magical.

"I once had a vision of getting hold of the road, just pulling it off like a very elaborate elastoplast. And of course every road would be connected to another road so you'd have the complete network of Britain in your hand. When you're travelling they happen a lot more. It's being prised out of the habitual round and routine."

"The newcomer arrives / possession and guilt in his face / apologises to the customs man / for the gaping hole in his suitcase / I'm ditching an empty suitcase / I've been in storytown / I've been swimming in poisons / I've been blown about for years / on my way to you / I still turn to love / I want to burn again" ('I Want To Burn Again', 'The Correct Use Of Soap.')

"I can find it possible to believe in dishonesty sometimes. Anyone has to. If you're too easy in thinking 'O how honest I'm being' then you're leading yourself up the garden path. It gets confusing when you see lots of possibilities."

DOWNSTAIRS in the studio, most of Magazine are back at work as John Doyle records the percussion track for the next song. In the foyer Ben Mendelson is eating apples in front of a television. Howard Devoto is considering the chances of a Soho restaurant that still sells curry.

"In a certain way you never reach the phantom potential that you have in your own head — The Perfect Song, perfectly produced and every performance a perfection. But I think we've written some great songs," he says almost sadly. "I don't want to be naive about it, but I have all the hope in the world for their success."

Magazine's achievement on 'The Correct Use Of Soap' has been both to confront fear and to transform the experience into something alive with possibilities. Rather than demonstrating a dead end, it uses fear as the basis for exploration. It's a brilliant celebration of the liberating effect of uncertainty.

"My fear is my finest hour . . ." — Howard Devoto.

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The Scars are forgotten heroes of the Great Scottish New Pop Explosion. But at last they are ready to retaliate

First loves and last laughs

CROWDED AROUND a candle-lit table of a bar in the apparently imperturbable city of Amsterdam, the young Scar boys are drinking and chatting through the early hours of a Monday morning.

They're five days into a European tour with Pauline Murray, and enjoying it unreservedly.

Twenty-year-old vocalist Bobby King is the obvious symbol of the group's impaling enthusiasm: bewitching and twitchy, manic and involved, his rolling eyes and sharp frantic face communicate The Scars' enjoyment.

Rob

Bobby is convinced pop works!

At this late hour nothing seems too daft to talk about. I ask him if he's ever been in love.

"Yeah!" His accent burns hairs off the back of my hand. "It's great . . . I like being in love, and it's not all the soppy drippy thing. Naah! I enjoy the romance of it all, and not just in love but in friendship.

"That's what I'm saying in Scars songs . . . I enjoy making sure people notice what's happening in our songs. Like in 'David' and 'Your Attention Please', they are both quite hysterical songs, and for that reason I really enjoy putting them over.

"You cannot bore anyone with your ideals. You have to be firm, and you have to reason. You can't be happy all the time, but neither can you worry all the time . . ."

The diminutive King checks himself, and an inconstant face explodes into the expression of the damned and any creeping sentimentality is rinsed away.

"Our LP is the best of the year, of the decade, and you remember that!!!"

His face is threat. His eyes are smile.

THOSE WHO'VE fretted for Scotland's destined, disordered Scars, as an extravagant spark was sedated by Charisma Records' sluggishness and the group's own chronic laziness, can now laugh.

"We were laughing when we were making the LP. All the time! And we are now."

Laugh long, last and ludicrously, for The Scars' debut LP 'Author! Author!' is the sun after rain — anxious, fervent pop music produced out of a confusion of disgust, cynicism, celebration and romance.

"I enjoy being alive," confirms Bobby King. "I have fun every night. I cannae complain. You do your work . . . and you have a good time.

"I don't think we're escapist. When I write a song I don't do it to escape, I do it to confront. When you ask a question, you want it answered, and when I write songs I'm asking questions. I'm not preaching. And all the answers I get are going to be different!"

AFTER A TOUCHY go-go Scars show at Amsterdam's precious Paradiso, the group along with aides, media, new friends and Dutch record company individuals are packed into the bar of a nearby hotel devoutly commencing a slide into no fit state. I'm ribbing guitarist Paul Research about his cheeky stage presence. He claims it's not as bad as it has been.

"I'm trying not to grin as much on stage as I used to because my cheeks are so fat that when I do I can't see my guitar. This is the truth!"

Yet onstage, whenever Research glances over at King's antics, a grin spreads fit to

Steve

burst. "Well, Rob's a laugh, innee?"

King retorts: "Everytime I look at Paul playing I laugh. He's doing it again, I think, fucking up again."

I tell King he looks pretty demented on stage — three times as overwrought as he looks sat here drinking his beer.

"He is demented!" points out Research, graciously.

"I'm not," King vainly attempts to persuade me. "I'm quite a straight guy. I'm straighter than just about anybody else."

This is a lie.

Bass player John Mackie says of King: "I like him. He is so totally forward and at times he is really rude and he makes a lot of friends. He's totally brash in every way. I can never see him being tactful."

Drummer Steve Chik McLaughlin says of King: "I have a great amount of faith in him. I watched him as a fan in 1977 being years ahead of people and I still think he's ahead."

"Showing off," says Bobby King, "is very much part of The Scars. Why not? Everybody shows off."

Were King's parents normal?

"Very normal," he snaps. "And very good parents. I've got great parents."

Does your mum like Paul?

"She thinks he's a snobby middle class kid. And his mum thinks I'm a coarse working class yob."

Are you, Rob?

"No. I'm just me! I'm all love and kisses. Ye know, a lot of people think we are happy young people, and because we're happy then we must be gaga or something. Well, we're having the last laugh on everybody who has ever laughed at me because while they were laughing we were doing something. We were working, we were moving forward. Yeah!"

IN AN AMSTERDAM hotel room, flushed by Buck's Fizz's Euro-success and enthusiastic about all manner of European debris, I'm reciting for Research and King unpublished sections of my review of 'Author! Author!'.

"New pop, the matter-realism that is today's heroic retaliation, has the imagination and conviction that profoundly boosts its mode as entertainment. It screams to the outer limits, dreams to the inner limits, its themes are maudlin and magnificent and its effect is both ephemeral and complicated. 'Author! Author!' is such a spectacle. The Scars are for now, for you, for good reason."

They've also just received news of a five star review in *Sounds* magazine.

They're not comfortable with this April shower of enthusiasm. "If the reviews are this good, then how bad are the slaggings going to be? You have to protect yourself — we refuse to be smug, we must not become over-confident.

"We can't get too excited about reviews and responses because people change their opinions. The big push we're getting at the moment, all the writers who want to talk to us, all the whole fuss — well we made the LP for ourselves because we had to and we didn't expect over-the-top reviews for it at all. We even thought the thing could be the last nail in the coffin. It reached the state where we didnae care if no one bothered. Now it's a bonus to find people raving.

"With the record company the LP was like our last chance. That was never openly stated but we definitely sensed it.

"We were down, we were out, and we've come back!"

April's august reviews, the big budget backing, the full page adverts and proliferating rumours, are a shock to the Scars system. Months ago, just a sour short time, The Scars appeared defeated. They'd missed out. Scotland was the fashion, but no Scars.

"We weren't jealous, just really envious of groups like Orange Juice and Josef K. We used to play gigs with them and they would be supporting *us*. Then we were thinking, shit, what are we doing wrong? They were getting all the attention, and it was terrible. We don't begrudge them it, they deserve it. But still . . ."

The Scars are the same teen or a bit more age as Juice, K, Fire, etc, but have been together since 1977 — formed by brothers Paul and John. They're the last of the punk tweakers.

"We were a punk group," smiles the soft Research, bending the word punk with wishful irony.

King conned his way in using mouth, credibility and credulity.

"The only punk ethic that I think we followed through was that we paid attention to Johnny Rotten's request to

Paul Morley finds himself Scarred to dance in Amsterdam's Paradiso nightclub. Post-punk new serious pictures by Peter Anderson

on the long road to Scardom

form a group that was different . . . creating excitement and stimulating people." King is not so soft.

Early Scars songs were called 'Skid Kid', 'Problems', 'Bedsit Boredom', 'White Rockers'. How was the group different?

"We just refused to play the kind of music that was going down at the time. People were dressing in leather, so were different and we wore glam rock gear. Our immediate goal was to annoy people. Our main objective then was to shake and wake up people. Everything under the sun was hurled at us at one point for the way we looked and what we were wearing. Now you see all the groups and audiences wearing those clothes. Well . . ."

Research eases in: "That sounds as though we were doing the Spandau thing back then. It was nothing like that. Instead of wearing T-shirts with safety pins we had glitter on the T-shirts. Really just minor variations. We probably looked like everyone else, but we thought we were different."

King: "No, we did look different! I wore skintight pink trousers with a pink cardigan over a white T-shirt. Plain clothes but with wildly different colours. People loved us or hated us. We played noise and it was really unmusical."

They always wanted to be 'A big pop band'. Their noise was the primitive stirrings of a paramount pop group, scratchy, wretched, tetchy like the fashionable pop music would be years later. Fast Product, puffed up with prestige after networking Gang Of Four, Human League, Mekons, financed a single. This was 'Adult/ery' backed with 'Horrorshow' — essential and relevant in the post-Rex/VU/Sex pre-war scheme of things. The Scars, past idolisers of Bolan, Bowie, Ferry, were marking up a love and labour pop myth, and working towards mass acclaim. They signed to Charisma Records' new music label Pre. Everything looked honey; the stars seemed close; nothing happened.

During the end of 1979 and 1980 The Scars recorded a couple of non-essential singles, lacked the funds to escape Scotland, and their trendiness faded away.

Research: "I got back into working again, a day job. I was thinking, the group isn't going too well at the moment. We were rehearsing twice a week, working new songs, but I began to think that there were other areas of my life to pay attention to other than The Scars. There was no need to give the group 24 hours a day like there is now."

King: "I never had a job for a year. I thought the Scars were going to do something after that initial burst and then nothing happened. I was just like hanging around the pubs of Edinburgh from 12 till eight every day. Then I thought, Christ I'm not doing this anymore — you have to be industrious."

Does he blame Charisma/Pre for the fall and fade?

"I blame both of us. It was up to us to play gigs and work, and we lost impetus, and Pre's promotion was non-existent. We were like Charisma's token punk group. I'm glad they've woken up. I get the feeling at first they weren't taking us too seriously. They thought we were young kids from the sticks — give them six months and then they'll be back working in the factories, stuff like that. Now they have confidence in us, they can identify with an LP . . ."

Mackie: "But it got really bad.

● The worst it got was when we were ringing promoters for gigs and they were out. Even when they were in they were out! They wanted nothing to do with us. No one did. We were universally ignored."

Research: "Let's get rid of this negative talking!"

■ PERCEPTIBLY IT TOOK The Scars two years to organise their LP.

Research: "I was walking around work for months just imagining how we were going to produce every song on the record. This is what we are going to do! This and this. That and that, this this! And then we'd made it, and finally had the playback, and after all this time, and all the personal traumas we'd gone through whilst making it, we were sat

Paul

there glaring at each other. Then the music came through and we just exploded. It was so good!"

It's a wonder they don't sound exhausted.

"We kept going! We really like playing the songs, we are so into the music we make and we like each other's company. That is very important. We spend a lot of time together. A turning point was Mac (original drummer) leaving. He was holding us back a little, his attitude was take it or leave it. Chik's is completely committed. He knows what he wants."

Chik: "The way I see it, the Scars is a group that is moving forward and it's really great being in there. The Scars make me feel emotional and I've seen it do that to other people."

Research: "We want to carry on being a group for as long as possible. One of the good things about the group is the democracy. Everyone is fighting for attention! It's not two guys controlling with two guys at the back playing bass and drums. The only way to have a real group is to have everyone contribute.

"The four different individuals coming together, it creates tension, and we try to do that visually as well. All our favourite groups have a strong visual tension and force. Everyone interacting and not being bland! I mean, we like to boogie in down!!! There's no doubt about it! We play shit-kicking music! We like to enjoy it and let people know that we enjoy it."

■ IN THE AMSTERDAM bar, to a soundtrack of Redding and Sinatra, King is supporting the more inflamed parts of the new glam.

"Send my love to Gary Kemp! 'Glow' really makes me feel happy. I think Spandau are great. Crass but cool.

"I prefer Bow Wow Wow — they're the best after us! Put us alongside them, cos we're really happy on stage and that's what they are. I think young people are happier than old people. The older I get the more seriously I take things. I get really frightened of losing my happiness, and all that kind of stuff."

In The Scars Chik is the romance, John is the reason, Paul is the refine and Bobby is the rave. What keeps him excited?

"I don't know! But whatever it is I'd like to bottle it and sell it. I'd make a fortune. I get really bored with falseness. It's a joke. I never want to be self-conscious. I love showing off. Yeah!"

■ 'AUTHOR, AUTHOR!' was produced by Robert Blamire, ex-Penetration and now a freelance, on a debut ride that is simply exceptional. He achieves the space and focus U2 didn't get on 'Boy', that Penetration almost got on 'Moving Targets', and Pauline Murray came closest to on 'Invisible Girls'. The new romance: the devotion dance.

King: "We left him a tape and he really liked it. He was the only person to phone and say he really liked what we were doing and could he produce us. We thought if he's that keen . . .

"He was inexperienced and it was a 100% risk and at first we thought he might try to change the music. But once we started working we lost our fears."

Research: "I didn't! I thought Robert was going to make us sound bland. I thought, I'm not enjoying what's happening here! I wanted it to be more noisy, shrieky, trebly, but fortunately everyone managed to talk me out of it."

The tension in The Scars' music comes from the balances between the innocent and the sardonic, between delicate impulses and hard-headed concentration, between joyfulness and seriousness. The

John

Scars' dynamic is delightfully degenerate, their pop vision/version particularly contemporary. 'Author! Author!' is a fragile contemplation and a tough expression of speed, motion, chance, dance, mystery. It captures the sense of timelessness and time passing. The fear of darkness and the darkness of love.

King: "I don't notice those things!"

Research: "What you're saying, it's the product of other people's imagination. I know that we're special but it's for other people to decide what makes us special. We have this faith, that much I know."

King: "What happens when I write a song, usually I'm in bed at three in the morning and cannot get to sleep and I think, well what can I do? And a word will come to my head and I'll write it down along with a few others and then I'll go to sleep. I wake up in the morning — hey presto, it's another song, left by the magic fairy!"

Research: "Maybe this tension you're talking about is the natural tension between four young guys who are out to impress each other as well as everyone else. We're not that much of a team that we don't want to outdo each other all the time. We want to show each other that we're really good!"

■ IN THE HOTEL after the show King tells me that for only 20p more the cassette version of 'Author! Author!' features two extra songs — including a cover of David Essex's 'Silver Dream Racer'. "The best single in 1980, I think."

Turn to page 57

Dream machine

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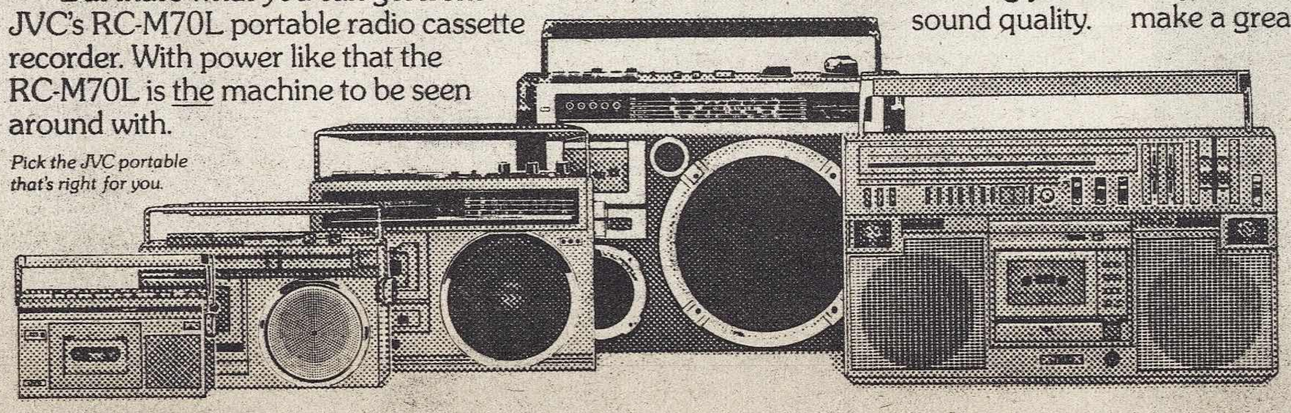

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SINGLES

HAPPY DAYS! Some weeks the art of the singles reviewer is to make a lousy pile of records look like a decent one, sifting out the hidden gem that gives a forlorn bunch of 45s that added sparkle and spice. Some weeks the classics are a little more obvious. This week, however, is special.

A truly peerless week for singles. Even in the context of another Year Of The Single, this week is a one-off. This week has it all. Just look! Madness! The Beat! Ze! Funk, Costello! Stray Cats! An astonishing import! A stunning independent! Girls At Our Best! Fire Engines! A real treat!

Painstakingly selecting one or two measly Singles Of The Week would be a pointless exercise in a week like this. Just pick your own from the devastating dozen below. Just open up your ears and mix 'n' match!

Sassy!

CAROL JIANI: Hit 'n' Run Lover (Matra Canadian import) *And that will do!* From the deeps of an untapped Canadian hit factory comes this week's most blistering shot of soul power. From the heart of French-speaking Quebec to the heat of a dance floor where actions speak louder than words, this is it!

'Hit 'n' Run Lover' is nine seething minutes of searing sax 'n' sex, crashing cymbals and bubbling electro-rhythms, and Synths blending into a melting pot of irresistible bodymusic. The nearest thing I can put it to is Evelyn King's 'Shame' screamer of a couple of years ago, although Carol Jiani's vocal talents are of a far dirtier, raunchy breed.

Having already topped London soul store Groove's pulsebeat of a chart, this record is now beginning to make inroads into the national disco listings, so it is unlikely to slip straight back into Cannuck obscurity. Groove-fodder like this deserves all the success it gets. Use it up! Wear it out!

Gritty!

ESG: You're No Good (99 Records/Factory) And so to the hard stuff! Any group who are touted as a cross between Public Image and Tamla Motown deserve to be heard. A group who actually live up to such a lofty billing are something special indeed. Meet ESG!

Hailing from the tough south Bronx, ESG — that's Emerald, Sapphire And Gold — are four sisters and a talented young male congo player by the name of Tito. They play stylish minimal funk, rich, rhythmic and with an emphasis on heavy bass and shuffling percussion. And it works a treat! ESG are the finest group to fight their way up through the New York clubs since the Bush Tetras.

Tony Wilson saw them over there and was besotted. The direct result of that is this debut single, a joint venture between Factory and New York's rapidly rising independent 99 Records. Martin Hannett controls the mixing desk and sensibly avoids dressing up the ESG groove thang with the gothic production that seems to be his hallmark. Instead, he sticks to basics and allows their soul to shine through with just a hint of echo on singer Renee's hiccuping vocals.

Meet ESG and marvel at their raw rhythms! Meet Emerald, Sapphire And Gold, precious mettle indeed!

Nutty!

MADNESS: Grey Day (Stiff) In which the nutty boys take one more step beyond and temporarily abandon their traditional comic cheer to deliver their most haunting single to date. After the schoolboy pranks of 'Baggy Trousers', the family farce of 'Embarrassment' and the sheer whackiness of 'Return Of The Los Palmas Seven', this comes as quite a shock.

On first hearing, *not* as immediate or catchy a tune as usual, 'Grey Day' quickly becomes one of the finest Madness moments yet. As the strident new horn section of Chas and El Thommo provide some full-blooded brass backbone for Clive Langer's ingenious production, Suggs' vocals cry out in quiet desperation: *"It's well past midnight as I lie/In a semi-conscious state/I dream of people fighting me/Without any reason I can see. . ."*

Madness are remarkable. Such diversity! Their eighth hit single is a formality. Now take sides! Give them some real credit!

Classy!

GIRLS AT OUR BEST!: Go For Gold (Happy Birthday) Happy Birthday! But don't stop the party just yet. There's so much happening. With two of last year's better independent singles — 'Warm Girls' and 'Politics!' — behind them, Girls At Our Best! are looking ripe for their perfectly-timed stab at the big time.

Since they crept away from the wing of Rough Trade a few months ago, the Leeds group have acquired themselves a smart deal with the newly-launched Happy Birthday label, played their first live date and now return on record with a crisp new sound.

'Go For Gold' could be a film soundtrack. A bit like Lori And The Chameleons' 'The Lonely Spy' in terms of mood. But whereas 'Spy' is an obvious espionage thriller, 'Go Fo Gold' would be more of a spaghetti western, all cowboys, smiling senoritas and desert romance. A wall of jangling guitars and tumbling drums lead into an Olympian backing vocal chorus although the real action and appeal lies in Judy Evans' brilliantly bittersweet voice. A hit please!

Saucy!

THE WAITRESSES: I Know What Boys Like (Ze US import) Funky and chic! The growth of New York's Ze label over the past two years has been as remarkable as it is now spectacularly satisfying. From sordid roots in nihilistic no-wave and Lower East Side punk, Ze has become *the* Stateside label in terms of simple style and finesse. In the slipstream of the pioneering August Darnell family tree — Kid Creole, Coati Mundi, Cristina, Gichy Dan, Don Armando, Stoney Browder — has come the brash heavy metal funk of Detroit's Was Not Was and now Akron's Waitresses.

Originally issued as a track on the compilation LP 'Bowling Balls From Hell', this has been out as a single in the States since late late year. Why Ze's British outlet Island haven't picked up and put it out over here totally baffles me. It's such an obvious off-the-wall hit. Radio One would love it to death.

The song is a semi-serious sideswipe at the giggling vamp vocalist who cutely chants her calculated *come-ons* over a rasping yakety sax backdrop.

"I know what boys like/I know what guys want/I see them looking/I make them want me/I like to tease them/They want to touch me/I never let them . . ."

And then the rub.

"I feel sad now/Sorry I teased you/This time I mean it/Anything you want/I really want to/How would you like it! You can trust me . . . SUCKER!"

Well, you were warned.

Ire!

THE BEAT: All Out To Get You (Go-Feet) Since they left 2-Tone to set up shop at Go-Feet Cental, The Beat have been continually moving away from the skabeat, each single they release edging closer to the classic disco stomper that lies latently inside them. It almost burst out with the sublime 'Too Nice To Talk To' and nearly does so again with 'All Out To Get You', another shimmering dance floor winner. The Beat really are a *great* singles band. Such consistency!

As with their last few singles, 'All Out' is not as instant as the likes of 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine'. You always have to *listen* awhile to The Beat. When you do, their charm and exuberance destroy any lingering doubts.

In their songwriting, The Beat are at their most effective in the panorama of personal politics and petty paranoia — 'Too Nice', 'Best Friend', 'Mirror In The Bathroom' and now 'All Out To Get You': *"You're so scared to death/You don't know how to live!"* Say so, Roger!

Fuuuunky!

THE DISCO FOUR: Move To The Groove (Enjoy! US import) Cut the crap and start the rap! Walking in rhythm and talking in song, the rappers are back! Though it's been going for years, the rapping craze that is sweeping the New York discos shows no sign of relenting. The Disco Four are the latest protogees of Bobby Robinson's Enjoy! label — the home too of the cool talking Grandmaster Flash — and here they are caught liver than most rock bands can ever hope to be, jivetalking their way over some meaty bass and drums and a guitar sound so darned *hot* it is a wonder the vinyl didn't disintegrate as the record was being cut.

But who the hell *are* the Four? I reckon we'd best leave them to make their own introductions via their loquacious lunacy. For some reason, they insisted on throwing in some astrological jive too.

One! *"I'm too hot to burn/Too cold to freeze/I'm Mister Troy/I'm a dancin' Aries!"*

Two! *"My name is Judge Green/And I'm easy to please/And my zodiac sign/Is also Aries!"*

Three! *"My name is Cool Gee/I got a lot of finesse/'Cause my zodiac sign/Is Sa-gitt-arius!"*

Four! *"And I'm Roddy Dee/That's what you wanna know/Young ladies in the place/'I'm a Scorpio!"*

Greasy!

THE STRAY CATS: Stray Cat Strut (Arista) Action! The Runaway Boys return with the third single from the 'Stray Cats' LP, slappin', bangin', strummin', howlin' and croonin' their way through one of those mellow moods on a hot summer night. I'd have been happier with a newer song, though the Dave Edmunds-produced 'Stray Cat Strut' *is* one of the best moments on an LP which largely fails to showcase the Cats at their most exciting.

The previously-unreleased 'Drink That Bottle Down' is on the flip, recorded live in Newcastle and sung by bassman Lee Rocker. A lazy, lolling blues, it catches the band at their sloppiest, meandering on for five minutes with no particular place to go. But that, I guess, is the blues.

Canny!

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS: Watch Your Step (Columbia US import) Elvis Costello's language — English at a guess — is sometimes so dense and riddle-ridden that any lyrical *messages* are sometimes muddled by the metaphors he uses to convey himself. But sometimes, well sometimes he just seems to have a way with words: *"Think you're young and original?/Get out before they get to watch your step."*

Snuck out by his American label Columbia to capitalise on the interest shown in the song after Costello's performance on Tom Snyder's west coast television

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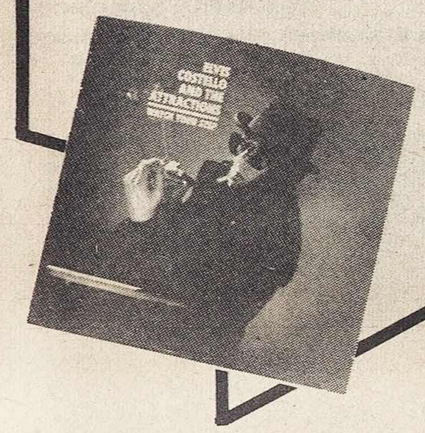
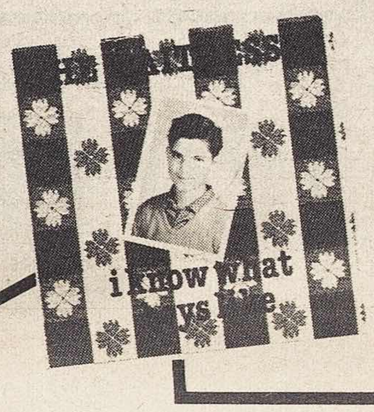




SINGLES

chat show, 'Watch Your Step' is a far more inspired single choice than its current British counterpart 'From A Whisper To A Scream' as the latter's failure to dent even the Top 75 would seem to prove. For a song which was written over five years ago, 'Watch Your Step' is still uncannily pertinent.

Creamy!
ALPHONSE MOUZON: By All Means (Excalibur) First, the prejudice! Jazz-funk has always been a bland and unholy hybrid, a fusion that somehow manages to suck the fire and frenzy from both its component parts, leaving the pair of them all the worse for the alliance.

Second, the backsliding! This is a magnificent record! Jazz-funk or not! We don't need that faction groove thang! The mysterious Mouzon is joined by Herbie Hancock on keyboards and his bassman Paul Jackson along with a host of other soul-blooded sessioneers for an extended instrumental.

Despite the superbly muted horns and some bristling hooks which poke through the mix like currants in a cake, the real thunder is stolen by Hancock's haywire piano interjections, peppering the proceedings like a transistor radio jammed between two different stations. Smooth!

Fiery!
FIRE ENGINES: Candyskin (Pop Aural) *Can you believe it!?* Apologies to White Hart Lane's dismissive Rockin' Sidney for dragging this one up again, but this single really deserves a decent plug. From a piercing opening guitar riff down through some driving whiplash snaredrums and David Henderson's caustic vocal, this is the Hungry Beat at its most brash and incisive, complete with a fully-fledged string arrangement! Already something as ground-breaking and radical as 'Get Up And Use Me' has been outmoded by this latest model.

The increasingly press-paranoid Pop Aural people are aiming their latest single shots — this and Restricted Code's 'Love To Meet You' — at the heart of the 'real' charts rather than their cosy 'alternative' counterparts. And rightly so. The extent of their success, though, will be down to outside factors — radio play — as much as their own committment and the record's undoubted excellence. Wish them luck.

Wirey!
B MOVIE: Remembrance Day (Deram) Whoops! Another one overlooked by the *NME* singles collective. Another belated recommendation. This time for Lincoln's *Some Bizzare*-ist B Movie who certainly caught *me* off guard and wiped out another blind spot. Pop!

Produced by one time Wire producer and live performer Mike Thorne, 'Remembrance Day' begins in startling fashion with a screeching organ motif straight from the Del Shannon songbook. The momentum is chillingly maintained throughout as B Movie recount their vivid anti-war tirade. What a turn-up!

A Right Bunch of Charlies!
ELMORE JAMES: Done Somebody wrong (Charley)
TARHEEL SLIM: Wildcat Tamer (Charley)
JOHN HAMILTON AND DORIS ALLEN: Them Changes (Charley)
LEE DORSEY: Get Out Of My Life Woman (Charley)
PROFESSOR LONGHAIR: Going To The Mardi Gras (Charley) Back to mono! West London independent Charley Records launched their R&B series last year with 25 three-track EPs. Now the second instalment is due and it comes in a much more palatable bunch of five.

Not nearly as awesome as they might at first seem, this series is splendidly worthwhile. Don't be intimidated by the dull purist-only tag that much of this music seems to attract. I'm certainly no aficinado. I just know what I like and that most definitely includes stuff like the late Prof Longhair's

sweet, shuffling 'Mardi Gras', Tarheel Slim's watery 'Wildcat Tamer' and the strident, brassy 'Them Changes' duet. Music with soul, power and true grit. Lee Dorsey and Elmore James leave me much cooler but you can't expect to fall in love with the lot. But if the chance to investigate comes, take it!

Just Can't Stop The Beetle Bug Bop!
THE BLUE CATS: Wild Night (Charley)
THE METEORS: Meteor Madness (Ace) First came the Strays. They were rapidly followed by the Poles and Cheshires. Now the latest freewheeling quiffabilly felines are upon us in the shape of Croydon's Blue Cats. Of all the capital's current hepcats, the Blues, though still in their teens, are not only the most experienced but also the most authentic. Their very authenticity, however, may eventually prevent them from crossing over into the pop market *aux* Stray Cats. But 'Wild Night' is a worthy enough single, if a little ordinary, propulsed by some voluble double bass slapping and a smart steel guitar.

The Meteors are a different vase of voodoo rhythm altogether as evinced by these four tracks from their *Meteor Madness* filmette which went out with *Dance Craze*. They take their comicbook horror cue unashamedly from the psychobilly bop of The Cramps, although their chaotic maniac rocker stance is hardly as chilling. Live, their show is more akin to the inspired shambles that is a Revillos performance and they are arguably all the better for that. They rip the Madness art dept. off something rotten on the sleeve though!

They Say You Got A Bad Reputation!
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS: The Act Became Real (McDonald-Lydon Records)
RABBIE BURNS AND THE TICKET TOUTS: We'll Be There (McDonald-Lydon Records) Whatever other accusations might get levelled in his direction, the roguish Jock McDonald is nothing if not prolific and opportunistic. His McDonald—Lydon label is currently in overdrive with three releases in the past month.

These two latest releases tie in nicely with the Reagan assassination attempt and the forthcoming England v Scotland soccer international, the cover of one showing Reagan flanked by the Stars and Stripes, the other sleeve portraying some advance troops of the imminent tartan horde including one John Lydon. Somewhat incongrous that, seeing as Lydon hails from County Cork via Finsbury Park!

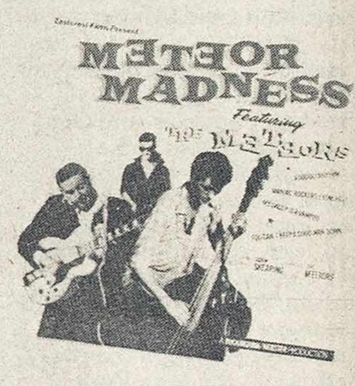
The colourful Bollock Bros are far less *realpunk* than their name would suggest, angling instead for a vaguely futuristic groove on their account of the Republicans' election landslide. Not really my cup of tea.

Jock's Rabbie Burns guise is a more interesting one, an animated tale of a Scottish football supporter's vain attempt to obtain tickets for the Wembley international from which the Scot fans have been short-sightedly banned as a result of past excesses. *"We'll still be there"*, he taunts. I don't doubt it.

The Tip of The Iceberg!
ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: Shine So Hard (Korova)
THE MOONDOGS: Imposter (Real)
NINE BELOW ZERO: Ain't Coming Back (A&M)
HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS: I Wanna Go Home (Virgin)
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY: Shall We Dance (Arista)
SAD AMONG STRANGERS: My Kind Of Loser (Brave Tales) Of course, not *all* of this week's singles are classics — I'm just being a positive thinker in picking twelve *SOTWs!* But just to redress the balance, here's half-a-dozen of the draggy dregs, just the tip of a floundering pile of blubber littering my bedroom floor.

Most disappointing is the live Bunnymen effort. Four tracks — 'Crocodiles', 'Zimbo', 'All That Jazz' and 'Over The Wall' — from their forthcoming film, this EP is impoverished and indulgent, a far cry from those zany Zoo days. Wake up, Bunnymen! You're doing it all wrong! You could be up there with the dozen greats, not down here in the gutter.

The usually likeable Moondogs thrash about like The Undertones minus all their gall and gumption, not to mention Feargal's larklike larynx while the wazzocks Zero, Holly, Bram and the SAS blunder their way around blindly like rats in a basement. Some of them will probably bluff and fumble their way into the lower reaches of the real charts, but never *my* heart. With a bit of luck, they'll keep their distance. What was *that* word again?



ROKKIN' THRILLSY'S DANSETTE CITY STOMPERS

1. Life In Reverse ..... Marine (Crepescule)
2. Wheel Me out ..... Was Not Was (Ze/Antilles)
3. The Magnificent Seven ..... The Clash (CBS)
4. Three Babylon ..... Aswad (Island)
5. It's A Love Thing ..... The Whispers (Solar)
6. Intuition ..... Linx (Chrysalis)
7. Reeferbilly Boogie ..... Shakin Pyramids (Cubra Libra)
8. Ceremony ..... New Order (Factory)
9. Me No Pop I ..... Coati Mundi (Ze/Antilles)
10. Burn Rubber On Me ..... Gap Band (Phonogram)

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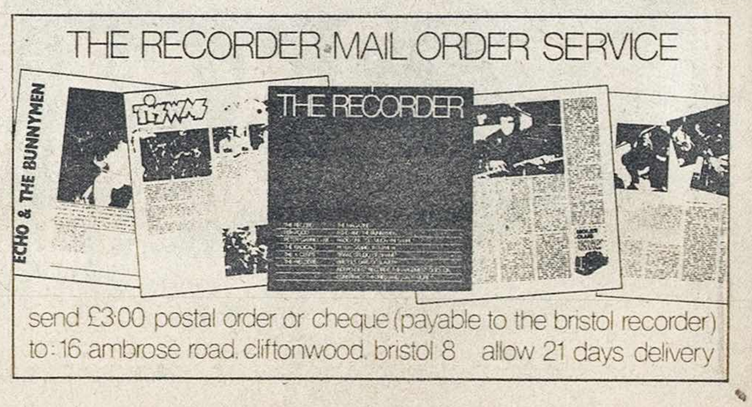

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ENCORE, AUTHOR AUTHOR!

IN THE space of one month, Barrie Keeffe has been placed on a wobbly pedastal by the critics for *The Long Good Friday* screenplay — and then brisquely kicked off it after *Chorus Girls* hit the boards. ANDREW TYLER counts the bruises.

BARRIE KEEFFE slept through the worst of the first night reviews of *Chorus Girls* but when he awoke mid-afternoon there they were waiting for him, in duplicate, in the office of the Theatre Royal, Stratford.

Ten days later the mud was still being slung from the presses, only now the production — with a full complement of songs by Ray Davies — was no longer an object of scorn but of ridicule; and Keeffe himself had turned a miraculous 180 degrees from genius author of *The Long Good Friday* to April's sap of the month.

Did it hurt? With his dark eyes and skinny looks he seemed the type to bruise easily.

"We've had ovations and encore, encore, and 2,000 tickets . . . if there'd been a national newspaper strike the cast would never have known they were in a shoddy, bad-taste, appalling ignorant whatever it is . . ."

You have to listen carefully, for the voice is not only small and scared-sounding, but there's a tendency to chop up the ends of what he's saying. There's also a fan going in the plastic diner we're talking in with a waitress and chef screaming and squirting ketchup over each other.

"If I was sitting on my own," says Keeffe, "I'd think I was still pissed. But it's happening, isn't it?"

"Yes it is," I answer. "And that's funny for a place like this what with its decorous, sort of Pancake House ambiance."

"Don't say ambiance," he cuts in. "Someone'll punch you. They'll think you're taking the piss. It's a caff-ay."

It's the world of the underground troglodyte and the miracle is that anyone down here feels like gambolling as though it was the old East End or something.

The Theatre Royal is a maroon and cream pavilion-style building only just saved from the bulldozer ten years ago. It survives in the middle of a landscape for which the word *alienating* has been coined. There are car parks and motorway on and off ramps and iron stairwells that spiral up and down to dead ends or more car parks.

And there's an expanse of wired-off industrial ironwork, pylons, cranes and what look like docks in the far distance. The only way to walk here without dying under a truck or a high speed Escort is to go underground. There's a life underground, smelling of Dettol and fish, of supermarkets and every other convenience.

Arrows tell you which way. This way to "High Street Area". That way to Theatre Royal. And for special effect, an old couple are selling papers and some kids on roller skates flash through the pre-directed flow.

This is the area where Keeffe grew up so I asked him if he thought it "normal" for areas to be reshaped in such a way. He called it "hateful" but added: "I think it's great though the way people here have got on top of it. Environments can change personalities and lifestyles but I don't think it has here.

"But if people realised what was happening when these sort of places were being made they would have fought a lot more. I think a lot of money was made out of these centres. All that building explosion. It happened very quickly in the late '60s. The Civic Pride thing. The Civic Pride Theatres where Sheffield had to have a bigger one than Nottingham.

"It was the '60s great to be young and whizzkid thing. Everything modern. Fantastic. And you couldn't challenge it. This phony excitement of future.

"And when it had been exposed as with T. Dan Smith in Newcastle . . . the corruption that was involved, I could always imagine then that a lot of money was changing hands in Town Halls."

Smiling through all the bad reviews — Barrie Keeffe, above, and below with Chorus Kink Ray Davies. Top pic: Peter Anderson

We're onto a favourite Keeffe theme; the villainy and bullying stupidity of those who wield power, be it the headmaster, the copper, the businessman or the elected Town Hall official. These are his badmen in plays like *Sus, Frozen Assets,* the *Gimme Shelter* trilogy — he's got almost 30 titles to his credits.

He invariably sets against them some kind of heroic scum-of-the-streets outrider, someone like himself with ambition, a bit of wildness, which *is* there despite the trembling voice.

The Long Good Friday is a twist or a refinement to this familiar line of attack in that the hero — a gangland overlord played by Bob Hoskins — has actually gained his portion of power. Here is a man dabbling with the mighty. Is mighty.

KEEFFE himself has also come some way since *Only A Game* in 1973, what with an up-town address in Berkeley Square and a professional relationship with the Lew Grades (he financed *Friday*) and Robert Stigwood (he might pay for the next).

Long Good Friday was a triumph in Keeffe's eyes not for what he calls the "overblown" critical reaction or even the box office good news but for the way in which director, star, writer and producer came together and defeated the forces of mediocrity.

"I was really pleased the way we stuck by our guns. We knew the film we wanted to make and that it presented problems in raising the money. It would have been straightaway, you know, if you get Elizabeth Taylor and Alain Delon. But that wasn't it.

"I suppose for the next one they'll be saying *Friday* was a fluke and you've got to do it this way because that's how it's been done for 20 years."

For *Chorus Girls,* Keeffe turned back not to his own East Ham origins but to Aristophanes the Old Greek.

The piece bears the same name but no other resemblance to a little something written by Keeffe and Davies for the National Theatre three years ago. The Mark One version was ultimately rejected by the National's director Peter Hall who happened to figure in the piece himself as a reactionary, dressed in women's clothing.

The new model is crude and anarchic in authentic Aristophanic style. A giant phallus is slung about the stage in time to a Davies tune and there's a lot of mocking of the powerful and foul language.

Most of Fleet Street found the thing "fatuous . . . smutty" and even . . . "dreary tosh."

For me it was loose and out of joint, lacking the confidence to hold back on the dirty words. In fact there was something patronising about the way it showered its East End audience (half of whom were actually *Time Out* Trendsetters from the North and West Side) with hard-nut bawdiness as though this was what was required to win their allegiance.

The story is set in the Theatre Royal itself, on its last night as a showplace before being walloped flat into Europe's biggest Job Centre.

Witnessing the final performance is HRH Prince Charles who, on an unscheduled walkabout on stage, plunges through a trap door to a cellar below, where he is held captive by the women of the cast.

Hereafter the road is clear for an unrestricted assault on all the perversities of the modern age, among them privilege, sexism, unemployment, Ronald and Margaret, bad and bigoted cops and even the slatternly wives of borough mayors.

The problem is the way Keeffe and Davies stoop to their targets. By taking an intellectual Aristophanic decision to be men-of-the-people, the case lot seems contrived. And by deserting instinct for a diddling interest with feminism, we end up with unconvincing mush.

Davies has rightly earned praise for songs like *Up In A High Rise Block* and *Glorious Sight,* but was it he who wrote the lyrics for *Everybody Needs A Body* in which the women of the *Chorus* are made to suddenly gulp down their agitprop slogans and their feminist pride just as they seemed set up for victory? The ending is very queer, sentimental and flag waving; judged perfect, perhaps, for a sentimental, flag waving East End audience.

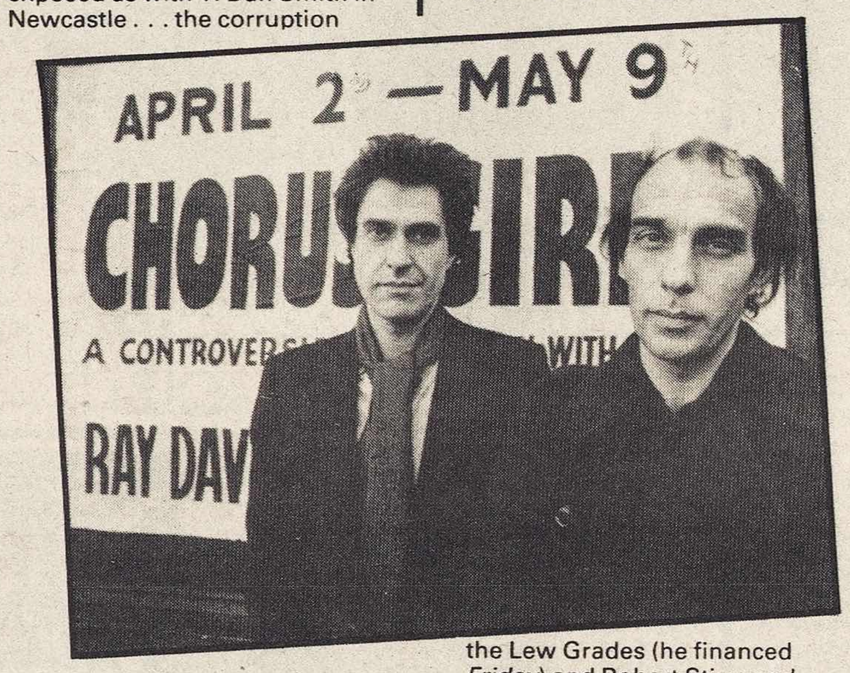
Keeffe knows the show is short of perfect but he's right to be happy with his first collaboration with Kink Davies.

For Keeffe there's also the Stigwood movie, suddenly on the boil again for reasons that might have something to do with the progress of *Long Good Friday;* "flavour of the month", he calls himself.

The Stigwood film is projected as a "psychological revenge thriller. It's based on the novel, *While My Guitar Gently Weeps,* in which a musician has his playing fingers hacked off by Hells Angels.

If he gets it right and wins he'll again turn up as flavour of the month. Otherwise it's more raspberries from his Fleet Street betters.

"You learn to get better," he says. "It's a profession, an apprenticeship. Only it's not done discreetly but with the public watching."



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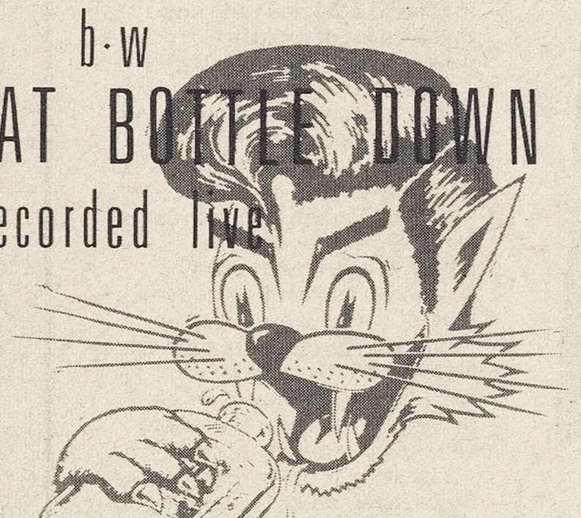


NEW SINGLE OUT NOW!
« scat 3 »

A Haircut above the rest

IT WAS going to be Boat Party. One wag even suggested Captain Pennyworth before he was shown the door. But then, in a flash of genuine inspiration, Nick Heyward hit on what must be the best band name of the year and his unsettled combo Moving England became the mighty Haircut One Hundred. From dull and worthy to potential world beaters in one overnight move!

That was last year when Nick and his three Haircut cohorts were still budding young satellite kids. They were based at home in sweet Kentside suburbia, their live appearances restricted largely to swiftly-arraged private parties in and around Sydenham, Beckenham and Croydon.

But the name change reflected a distinct change of attitude as Haircut prepared to move uptown and make themselves a far more eye-catching and original proposition.

As Moving England, they played derivative mood music. Now — as Haircut One Hundred — they play fast and chunky pop with its roots undeniably in funk. In this forthcoming summer of soul, they should be up there among the main contenders.

On the stage, they are sharp lads — a snazzy panorama of quiffs, wedges, baggies and bowties — with a sound that crisply complements their snappy visuals. Nick Heyward sings in the taut, highly-strung manner of a David Byrne. And, if a musical parallel must be drawn, Haircut are vaguely reminiscent of the early, surly Talking Heads, back in the days before Eno got his hands on them. There are echoes of the other left-field UK groups in there too, but Haircut approach things primarily from a pop perspective. Nick insists that they play "pop concerts", not those dirty old things "gigs".

EARLIER this year, they moved up to London from their native Kent. Photographer Peter Anderson and I took this opportunity to invite ourselves along to their Gloucester Road flatlet to allow the group to formaly introduce themselves.

On vocals, big guitar and small bongos is Nick, 19, who sings with his eyes gazing dreamily at what would be the tenth row of some non-existent balcony. By day, he works as a commercial designer, supports Chelsea and gets his hair cut at a place called Joeceppy's. His favourite drink is Guinness and he reckons that I look like Suggsy. His most wonderful human being is his nan.

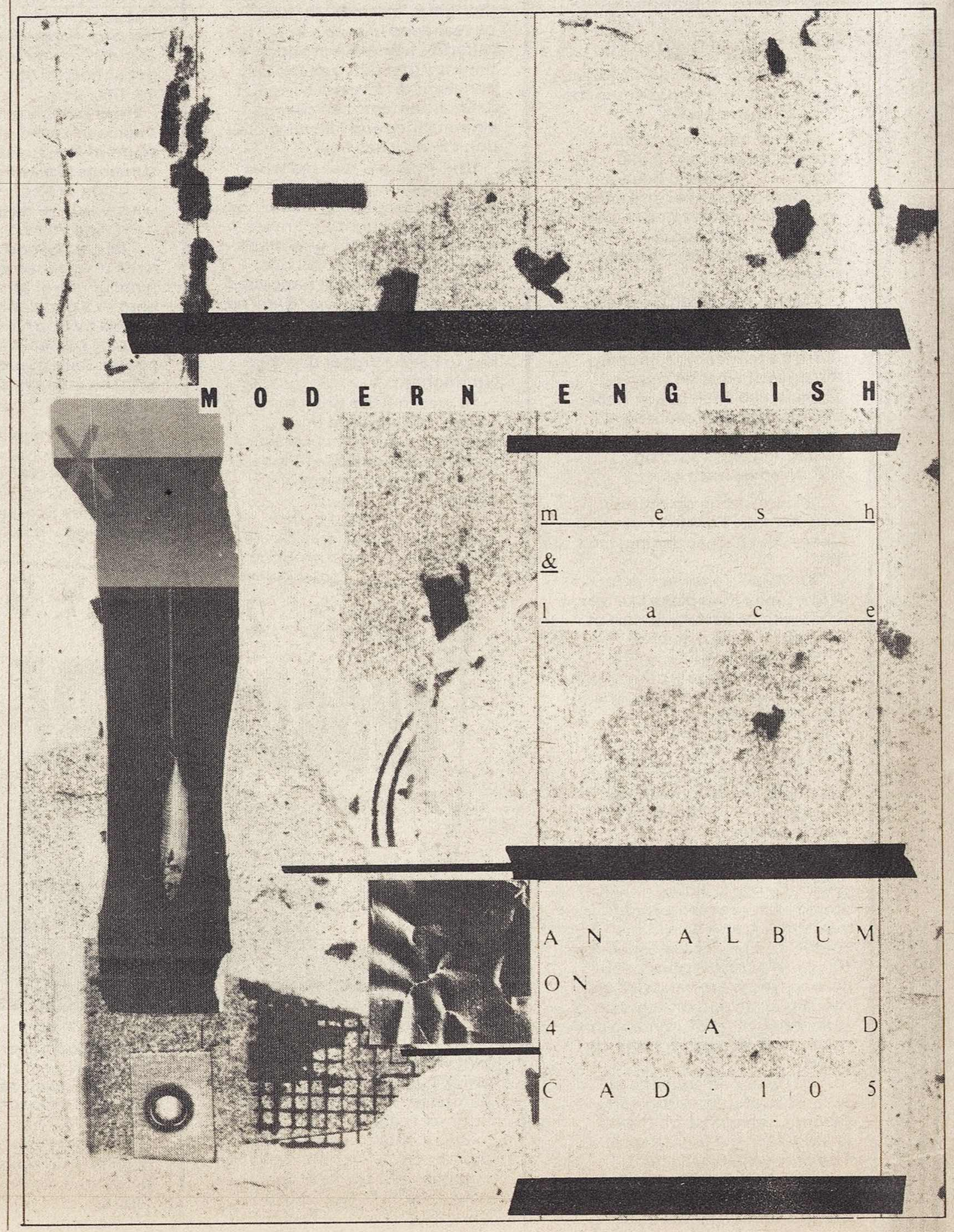
On bubbling bass guitar and sponge — yes, sponge! — is 20-year-old Hunky Leslie. Les works as a commercial artist too, he cites his musical influences as Square Deal Surf, the Hairbare Bunch, Talking Heads, Jam, Associates and anything dub. His favourite record of all time is Doctor Alimantado's 'Born For A Purpose', his most wonderful human being Walter Matthau.

Drummer and percussionist Paddy Hunt, 23, is the most stable, senior member of the group, the others all being quite mad. As the most sensible, he says his favourite group is Weather Report, his day job a clerical engineer and his previous group a brass band. His most wonderful human being is Siouxsie.

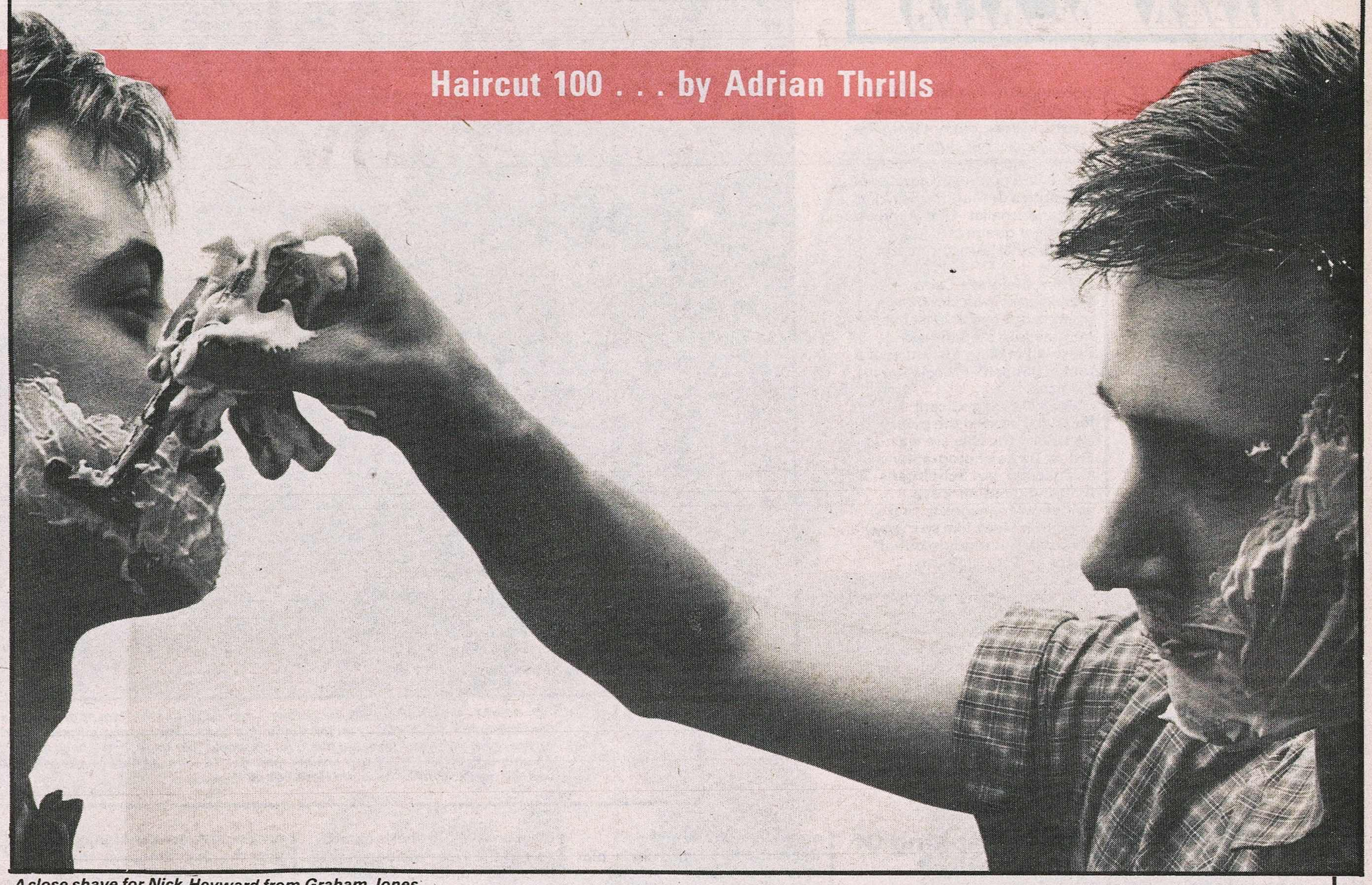
The most extreme haircut in the group of the same name belongs to second guitarist Graham Jones, 19, who sports a GI flat-top which leaves more than two-thirds of his head practically bald. Graham works as a darkroom technician, gets his razor-cut at Nobby's and drinks rum and black. His favourite groups are The Clash, Tornadoes, Clash, Billy Haley, Clash, Rockin' Dopsie and his most wonderful human being is Kevin Rowland.

Graham is the only Haircut member to have been involved with any previous groups of even remote notoriety, having drummed awhile with The Low Numbers who made one reasonable Pursey-produced single at the height of 1979 mod mania before disappearing from trace.

"We weren't ever really a mod band," he says of The



Haircut 100 . . . by Adrian Thrills



A close shave for Nick Heyward from Graham Jones.

Low Numbers. "We just always used to get billed as one 'cause we occasionally supported The Purple Hearts. I suppose the name encouraged it a bit too, but we never tried to play too heavily on that."

When The Low Numbers unsurprisingly folded, Graham linked up again with old school friends Nick, Les and Paddy in Haircut — or Moving England as they were still calling themselves. The music they were playing then, over a year back, was more indulgent, not nearly as sharply focussed as the astringent fingerpopping funk they present now.

"When we first started out, we actually played really blatant, unoriginal pop music," says Nick. "We used to muck about, taping things on cassette. We all knew each other from school. It was around the time of the mod thing and even then we found ourselves getting billed as a mod band, even though we really were nothing to do with it.

"We even played the Wellington in Waterloo one week. The place was crammed with mods and skins and we would be playing anything but Who/Small Faces type stuff. In fact, we were still trying to learn all our solos by listening to Steely Dan albums."

An unashamedly half-hearted attempt to cash in on the ska wagon as Section Two followed briefly before Moving England opted to return to their suburb and soul club roots.

Says Les: "Around Beckenham you still get a lot of punks and mods, but most of the people we grew up with were still listening to soul stuff, Geno Washington, Stevie Wonder, Herbie Hancock, so we just went back to that."

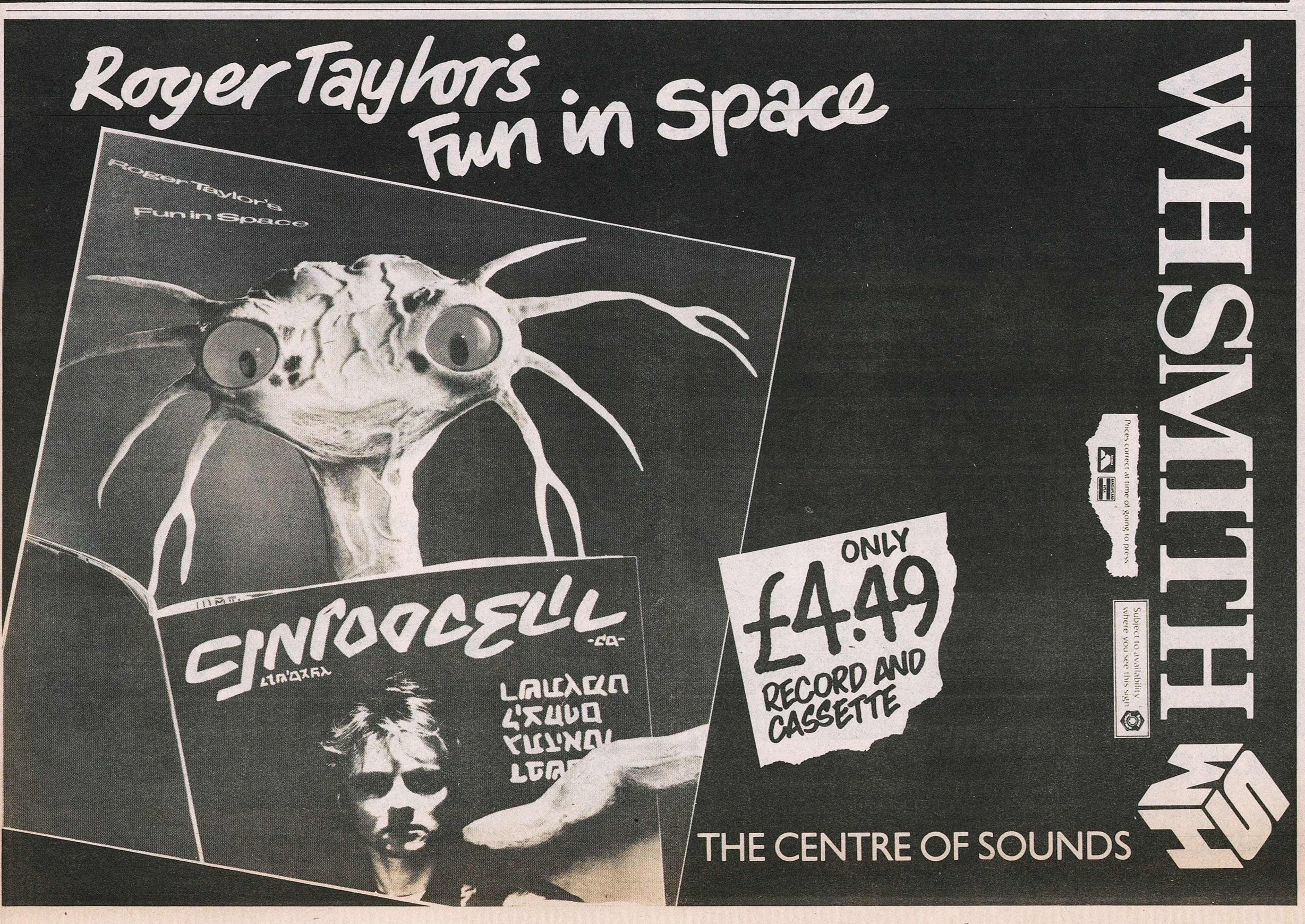
Now funk is bubbling again with a vengeance unheard of since 1975 — although in truth it never really went away just got a little overshadowed by disco — but Haircut One Hundred are unworried about being seen as a cash-in.

"Quite honestly it doesn't bother us," says Les, adding, his tongue surely in cheek, "we like playing funk and with every other phase we've always been a little bit behind. This current funk thing is about the first time we've actually coincided with what's been happening generally."

Haircut/Moving England spent most of last year honing their slippery funkamatic groove to its current state of mellow perfection, abandoning some of their drearier mood material as they changed their name.

Nick: "We want to do a single as soon as we can. We're going into the studio by ourselves this weekend. We want to record the songs and do the artwork, everything, ourselves and then just bring it along to someone."

If all the talk of funk being this year's thing is enough to put you off the frothy soul-pop of Haircut One Hundred, it could be strictly your loss. They might just turn out to be the cream of the crop.



SILVER SCREEN

Sphinx

Directed by Franklin J Schaffner
Starring Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella and Maurice Ronet *(Orion)*

THERE are some film-makers whose canon seems to lack any discernible rationale or common purpose, and whose only consistency is their inconsistency. One such is Franklin J Schaffner. Director of *Planet Of The Apes, The Warlord, Papillon* and *The Boys From Brazil,* Schaffner can also claim the dubious distinction of having been responsible for *Patton: Lust For Glory,* ex-President Richard Nixon's favoured viewing as he cowered in the Watergate bunker.

And now, for your amazement and amusement, Schaffner offers *Sphinx* — more gobbledegook about pharaohs, curses, tombs, pyramids and the present-day black market in Egyptian antiquities. It's unmitigated rubbish, of course, and even worse than last year's *The Awakening,* which dealt with vaguely similar themes.

Sphinx's script is woefully silly and its plot about as likely as the Space Shuttle landing on time. Unsurprisingly, all Lesley-Anne Down's attempts to bring a little gravity and decorum to her role as a genteel but scoop-minded Egyptologist on the trail of a mysterious pharaonic overlord named Menephta are as doomed as the tomb-robbers he captures in the film's opening scenes and has torn apart by galloping horses. You just don't mess with Menephta, it seems.

Her chic jumpsuits may save Down from unnecessary indignities as she roams through crumbling underground labyrinths full of bored-looking skeletons and angry, doubtless emotionally deprived bats, but not from the double-crossing clutches of Frank Langella's ridiculously suave and pool-eyed curator of antiquities or Maurice Ronet's canny journalist — let alone an impatient queue of extraordinarily incompetent villains.

John Gielgud's Cairo shopkeeper is luckier than most; someone at least has the goodness to stop the old thespian making too much of a fool of himself — they chop off his head.

Even the magnificent locations around the pyramids and along the Nile are wasted. Ernest Day's photography is spectacular, but Schaffner's unerringly ordinary eye somehow manages to make everything look like so many pages torn at random out of Egyptian Tourist Board brochures.

Who knows the secret of *Sphinx?* Perhaps it's just an elaborate spoof. As it is though, even Mel Brooks couldn't have improved on a film that does for the mysteries of the pyramids what his own *Blazing Saddles* did for the humble bean.

An almost certain best worst film of '81, already.

Angus MacKinnon

Yes, nowadays 'Knees Up Mother Brown' may be just a joke item at the end of a party or on the football terraces, but back in the '20s it was an art form requiring dedication and commitment. Said Harry Abrahams (27) seen here on the right: "Oh yes, I sweated blood for six weeks just to get in the back row of the chorus at the Lewisham Alhambra. Even so, I'd like to thank my manager (U. All, seen here on the left) and even though there's a lot of bad things going on in the world I love you all."

The Kidnapping Of The President

Directed by George Mendeluk

Starring William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson and Ava Gardner *(Bordeaux)*

WHAT with the saga of the American hostages in Iran, not to mention the recent assassination attempt on Reagan, a film with a shaky plot about the President himself being kidnapped should play on an American national consciousness stiff with hurt pride and paranoia, *and* get the box office tills ringing.

Should, but maybe not. Because, timely as *The Kidnapping Of The President* is, it's a terrible dud. In every frame the low budget glares out at you — half of it probably went on Ava Gardner's cameo role as the Vice President's wife, the blindly ambitious second lady who would be first; the small truck in which the President is held during ransom negotiations contains a cheap digital clock and a few sticks of gelly and never looks the sophisticated device which it's meant to be.

Hal Holbrook's President is portrayed as crusty but benign, definitely an OK fellow, while his South American kidnapper (just the one, remember the budget) is as baddie as can be. This Che Guevara - turned - psychopath is the film's medium for saying that any political movement which disagrees with the US Government must be inherently evil and that only its complete obliteration by America can possibly save the world.

Who will save the President, though? Perhaps budding secret serviceman Jerry O'Connor. This resourceful person is played by William 'Capt Kirk' Shatner in a frightening wig.

Kidnapping is so bad you can't laugh at it. It has telefilm and fast-disappearing written all over it, even if there is one immortal one-liner when the revolutionary kidnapper defines an ordinary person as "just like me and you — dedicated to the destruction of capitalism".

Paul Tickell

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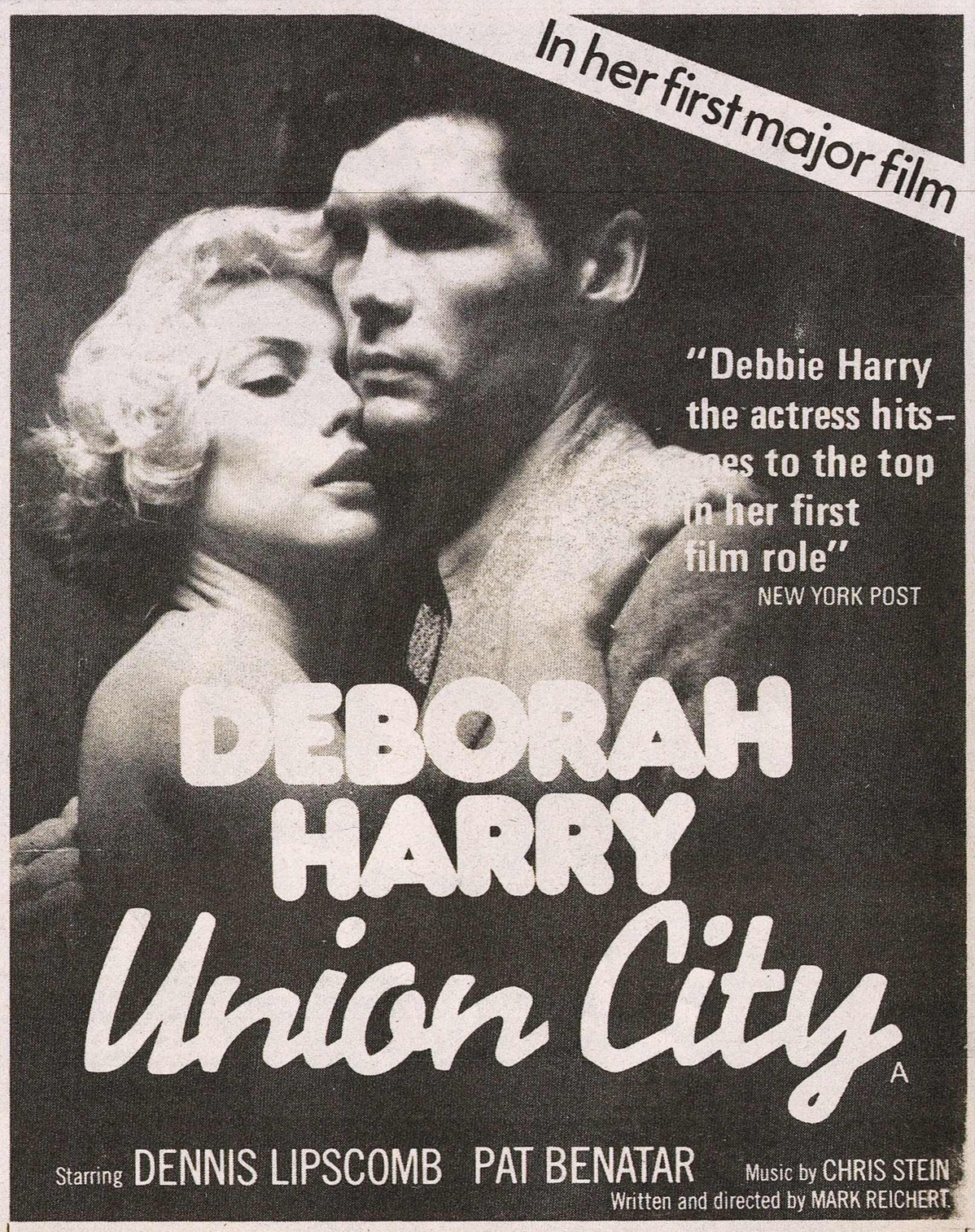
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Paths to glory

Chariots Of Fire

Directed by Hugh Hudson
Starring Ben Cross, Ian Charleson, Nigel Havers and Cheryl Campbell
(20th Century Fox)

THE WINDSOR family are getting lucky in their old age. For their big night out at last year's Royal Film Performance they were treated to Robert Benton's delicately balanced comedy *Kramer vs Kramer*. This year they got another good one, a healthy dollop of old-fashioned British spunk.

Quite what Cannes makes of *Chariots Of Fire* next month is anyone's guess (probably *too* British for them, even if they did go bananas over *Brief Encounter* back in '46) but there's no denying its patriotic pulling power.

Deeply unfashionable though the subject matter is — athletics in the '20s and the pursuit of moral and physical excellence within the predominantly aristocratic corridors of power — the overall effect of *Chariots* is to reaffirm the old L.P. Hartley adage, "The past is a foreign country"; what should provoke jeers invokes cheers.

After a clumsy double flashback — we move from 1978 to 1924 to 1919 within the opening ten minutes — the film soon settles on a stride as purposeful as its twin protagonists': defensive to the point of pugnacity, Harold Abrahams, an Englishman of Lithuanian-Jewish stock, rails against the cloaked anti-Semitism of Cambridge's Caius College by running all-comers into the ground; no less zealous but modest to the point of self-effacement, Eric Liddell, a committed Christian from a Scottish missionary family, risks the wrath of his sister by running for the glory of his god. Their parallel paths converge in Paris at the eighth Olympiad where the pair of them are to represent Britain in the 100 metres, but this climatic confrontation is scuppered by Liddell's Sabbatarianism (the race is scheduled on a Sunday) — ah, the road to glory is a rocky one.

All this would be so much empty tub-thumping were it not for Colin Welland's measured script which strikes a neat balance between gently chiding establishment hypocrisy (both sprinters fall foul of that) and openly admiring the basic decency of that generation's youth (the bright young things lucky to have been born ten years too late for the murderous 'Great' War). The performances, too, are uniformly excellent, with particularly telling cameos from the likes of Ian Holm, John Gielgud and Lindsay Anderson.

If you want to know who won what at the Stade de Colombes all those years ago, look it up in the record books. Better still, go see the film.

Monty Smith

Loophole

Directed by John Quested
Starring Martin Sheen and Albert Finney *(Brent Walker)*

REPORTS in the press coinciding with the making of *Loophole* suggested that Martin Sheen and Albert Finney got on famously. It's unfortunate that not one jot of their evident enthusiasm could have rescued what is essentially a flabbily paced, scruffily acted, dull potboiler.

Sheen is patently miscast as a struggling architect who stumbles into a world of non-violent crime. Finney is the avuncular brains behind a supposedly daring raid on a Blackfriars' bank, a veritable Fort Nix that can only be cracked by way of London's rat-infested underground sewage system.

The germ of a thriller is there but diabolical dialogue and a host of totally unsympathetic characters soon destroy one's suspension of disbelief.

Frankly, Sheen is playing an utter creep. When he isn't grovelling in front of his bank manager (the odious Robert Morley) he's meaningfully walking around an office flashing his tape measure. For relaxation he returns home to an unpleasantly grasping bourgeois wife and some snotty kids at private schools. Finney's Mike Daniels is an equally nouveau riche upstart.

What little suspense there might be — the grappling with effluence and natural elements under the City streets, knee deep in excrement — is undermined by an inability to portray the dangers that lurk just round the bend.

You'll undoubtedly see *Loophole* on TV before long, so save your pennies for that special bottle of Harpic, and remember — always stuff your money under the mattress.

Max Bell

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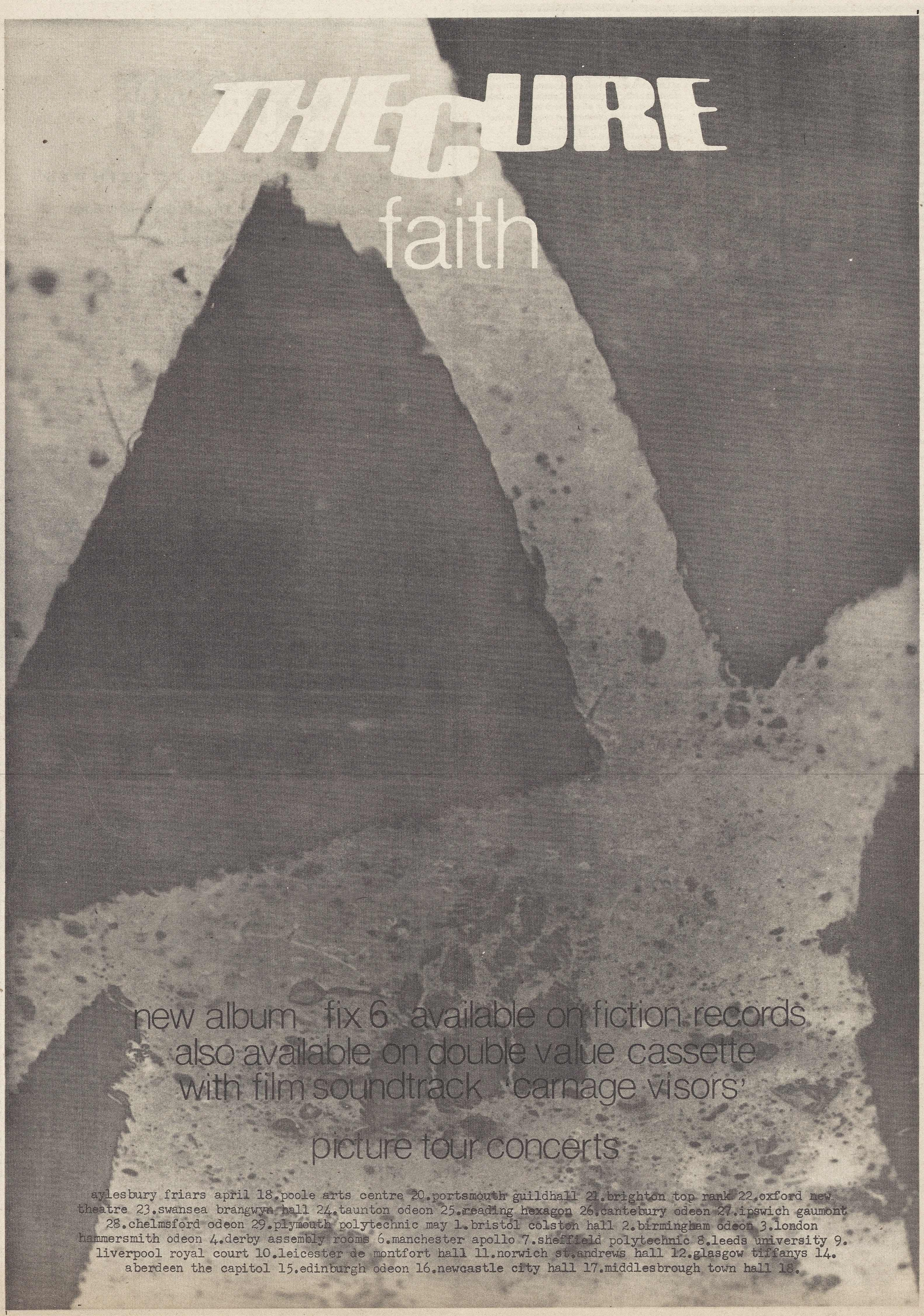
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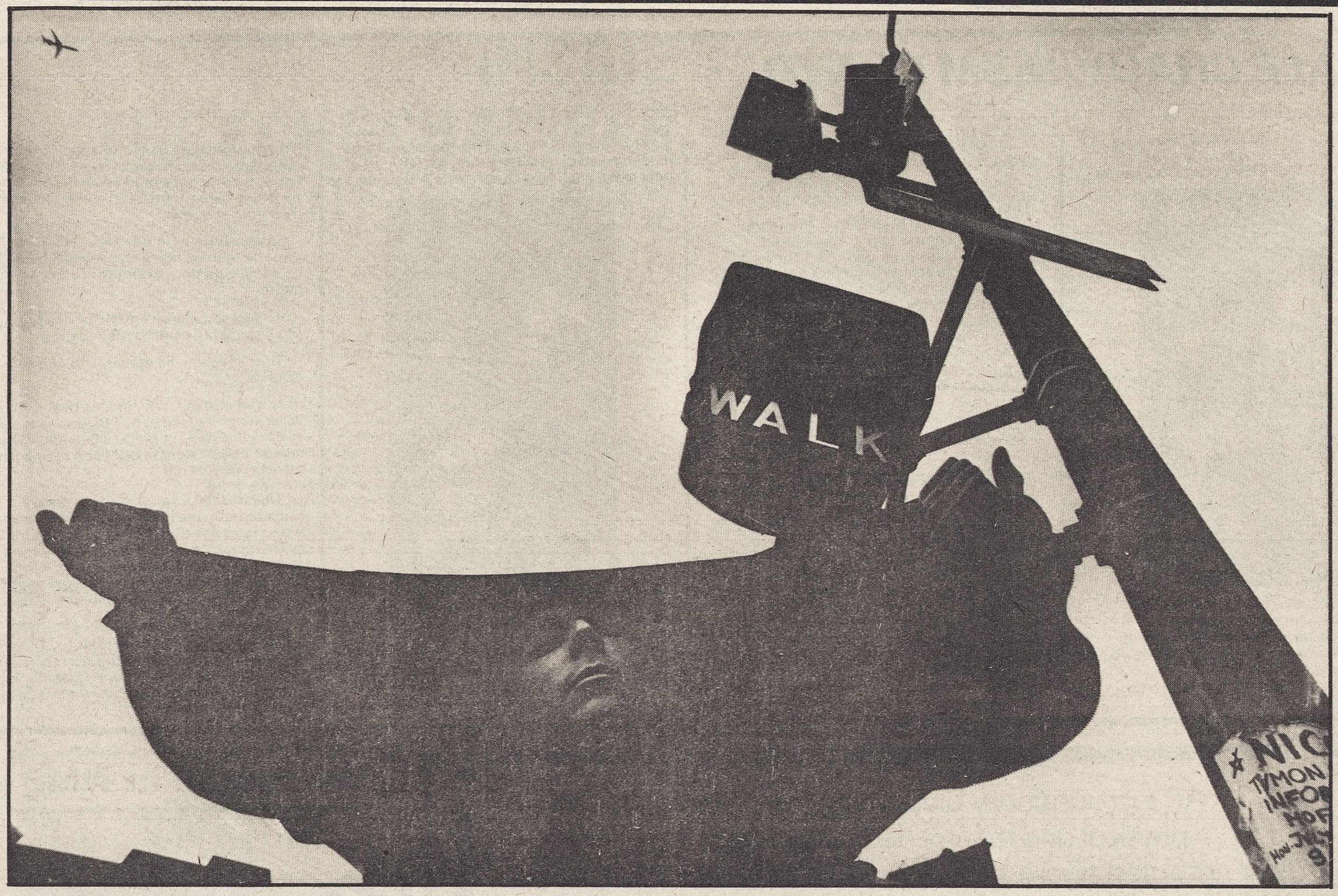

ROCK'S HONOURABLE PSYCHOTIC

Welsh-American wizzard JOHN CALE and Streatham scribe PAUL RAMBALI look over their shoulders at each other and talk history and paranoia. Photographs: ANTON CORBIJN

JOHN CALE walks into a bar in the Chelsea district of Manhattan and orders two bottles of Heineken. I obey the prevailing etiquette and order one. Cale is Welsh, and old habits die hard.

He first came to America on a select music scholarship in the mid-'60s, and has lived there periodically ever since, but his speech still retains the deep, rounded tones of the West Country. His words are formed in the throat and die in the jowls.

To confuse matters all the more, he speaks in peculiarly abrupt sentences. A friend who met him recently described the experience as being like talking to a different person every 30 seconds.

Cale oscillates between New York and London, popularity and obscurity, sanity and insanity. With his black hair cut short and going grey, his face and figure trimmer than in recent years, he looks nowadays like a healthy version of Frankenstein's monster. He has a happy, malicious smile and unlike Mary Shelley's pitiful creature he seems to actively enjoy unsettling people.

As a musician, Cale has a wealth of history and little or no material reward. Most of his contemporaries are either broken or famous or compromised. But Cale is stubborn. He remains an important footnote to a certain strand of rock history.

He introduced white noise to rock 'n' roll as a founder member of The Velvet Underground; produced key recordings by Jonathan Richman, Iggy Pop and Patti Smith; and is the author of a body of solo work that endures and fascinates regardless of the fads of the day.

But let's not strangle him on the steps of cultdom. It would be a better and simpler tribute to point out that almost everybody who has taken the time to explore the music to any degree has at least one John Cale album that they won't part with.

And after a decade or more on the precipitous edge of infamy, Cale continues to form groups and make albums; not especially out of a love for rock 'n' roll, and not even out of a hatred of it.

Perhaps some small measure of recognition and respect sustains him. He says, idly, that he wants to have some fun and visit Japan. He wishes Lou Reed would stop writing the same song. And he would like to have a crack at producing Captain Beefheart . . .

He probably doesn't stop to consider his motivation any more — but when he does, this is what he thinks . . .

"I'm bent on proving that you can make a living as a musician and not die young and crazy like Mozart.

"Phil Spector had a good idea . . . He took rhythm and blues and gave it a Wagnerian background. I like breaking things down into the lowest common denominator and seeing how much tension can be created between the individual parts, in order to create a large noise."

TENSION; THAT international word. Whether subdued or screaming, tension is the primary colour in all of Cale's music. He is a keen student of mutual suspicion and the strained detente. His latest album is called 'Honi Soit'. It was going to be called 'Russian Roulette' . . .

'Honi Soit' was recorded with another new band. Cale goes through bands like some starlets go through husbands, but then, as he puts it, when he forms a band he isn't announcing banns. He can't afford to pay musicians when he isn't working, so he often has to find new ones.

"The ideal would be to have a Free on your hands . . . you know, the band Free. With five people, you could do it. Chris Spedding's got the same hang up. The bass player plays one note every four beats. There's not too much going on and the solos, by themselves, are kind of sloppy. But altogether what happens is . . . some sort of magic!"

The main nerve of 'Honi Soit' is the erstwhile title song, 'Russian Roulette'; a remorseless chord progression allied to a rising tide of hysteria about the Russian Bear.

Cale's previous album, 'Sabotage/Live', had a cover depicting the artist in hard-hat and sunglasses at the moment of fission, and an overwhelming opening harangue on the subject of flawed military thinking titled 'Ready For War'. I thought at the time that it neatly foreshadowed the current spate of lukewarm war tremors.

"If I wanted to be prophetic I would be perfectly happy doing 'Please Crawl Out Your Window'. Fuck 'Ready For War'. All the people in the audience are yelling and stamping their feet and saying: yeah! Right on! If I stopped the band playing and said: Okay, all you guys that are singing along, line up in the back for induction . . . You wouldn't see one of them. If you stole a hub-cap off one of them, though, you'd probably hear from him."

Cale seems surprisingly sceptical about what looks from the other side of the Atlantic to be an upsurge of patriotic fervour. As an outsider, how does he view the hostage 'crisis'?

"You're trying to get me at it, eh? Okay, I think the influence of that has been to create a new news event, that adds an hour to the news every night.

"You can look at it as a means of assessing

the depth of patriotism in America. You could take it as a good vehicle for destroying the family unit. I don't know. I think the chickens are going to come home to roost for all those guys.

"They believed in America, and there was a big hoopla when they came home, but they're going to be caught short one day, because nobody cared about the hostages, all they cared about was revenge. There was a bumper sticker here that said American ends in *I Can* not *Iran!*"

Didn't the whole event serve to rally the country somehow?

"Bullshit. That's what I think they found out. The depth of patriotism in the country is a puddle. Not a lake.

"It is not patriotism to stir up people's emotions to the point where they call for revenge.

"The news services are not too good at being able to stir up the right kind of thing. You can go into looking at the movie industry. *Movietone News* in cinemas was one of the first things about the war in Europe. Roosevelt couldn't mobilise public opinion then to get into the war because he was Jewish himself. He was going to run into a lot of flak. But *Movietone News* helped overcome this.

"All you've got right now is people like Kenny Loggins writing songs like 'This Is It' *". . . America stand up and fight."* The insidious penetration into the population of this mentality is something that's going to frighten the hell out of the FCC one of these days. The FCC is the Federal Communications Commission — they regulate the radio stations."

So what does Cale think the cumulative effect of things like the Hostage 'crisis' and the attempted assasination of President Reagan will be?

"I think there will be a number of suicides."

Cale once made the cold observation that *"Fear is a man's best friend"*. He appears to prefer a more noble, disciplined and deep-rooted form of patriotism to the mindless jingoism emerging in America at present. I can't see any odds, although the former would look better in the history books and probably makes for more efficient armies.

WE ORDER another round and turn our gaze eastward across the ocean. Cale reveals zero sympathy for Airstrip One.

"That's tough shit. Europe's given up already. It's been gone a long time. I don't know why anybody's surprised at Germany making a gas deal with Russia. No more can America go and deal with Europe.

"They came out of the Second World War, having defeated Germany and Japan, and the first thing they did was to tell Germany to develop a strong economy and a democracy But you see what the currency is in the world — the Deutschmark and the Yen — and you

Continues over

CALE CHAUVINISM CONTD.

From previous page

wonder who won the war. Now Detroit is folding, Chrysler's gone down and we're importing Japanese cars, because we've got

to give the Japanese enough money to develop a viable military capability.

"If Japan decided to take that microchip technology and sell it to Russia, what do you think China would do?"

The logic of this beats me. What would China do?

"They'd just stand there and shit in their pants."

Oh.

"I don't think they'd go in and attack . . . They *could* though . . ."

He ponders the likelihood: "They could. With one billion people . . . they could."

I begin to feel as though I'm in someone's private war room, pushing theoretical toy armies around a table-top map of the world, balloon of brandy in hand.

"What Japan should have done a long time ago is invade Vietnam. Can you imagine them going at it?"

I think I can.

"And the Mexicans . . . And the Turks. Those three. Those are probably the three most potentially barbaric nations on earth.

CALE SMILES out of the corner of his mouth and watches for my response. I've come across more brutal tales in a Sunday Supplement, and in colour. I return as coolly as I can to the subject of Airstrip One, just to see if he'll try it again.

"What am I supposed to be concerned about?" He pleads. "A loss of patriotism? . . . Nationalism is . . . is a pain in the ass. It's just like believing in God or the church. It's one way of focusing attention on something I suppose but it's just as pernicious as religion and Marxism . . . everything belongs to the state and all that shit.

"The Jews have still got the diamond industry well wrapped up. And NATO . . . the only reason that NATO still exists is because

the Jews are handling the gems in Antwerp. Industrial diamonds are still very valuable for aerospace industries."

Before this last statement engenders a running correspondence in *Gasbag* it should be pointed out that Cale doesn't reserve his paranoid suspicions for Jews alone. He deals it out to Christians, Mormons and Freemasons alike. Arabs too, probably, since, as we all know, they've got a hold on all the oil. It must be lonely being John Cale; always looking over your shoulder.

He says he lives in America "because it's the most dangerous place in the world" — which he admits is a poor example of a quotable quote.

He also says he isn't afraid of death: "Pain is unpleasant but death is meaningless."

This, however, he denies is as glib as it sounds.

"It's an attitude. You have to deal with it. What are you going to do? Believe in the great spirit in the sky? . . . Black is Beautiful? How cynical do you want to be? I don't think any of that is cynical at all!

"One of John Cage's students gave a concert once, and in the programme notes there was a line about there being too much evil in the world, and I hope my music can create an atmosphere whereby we might improve things . . . "In the intermission he asked Cage what he thought of the music.

"Cage said: 'I loved the music, but that remark in the programme notes . . . I didn't agree with it. I don't think there's too much evil in the world. I think there's just the right amount. There's at least as much evil as there is good in the world!' . . ."

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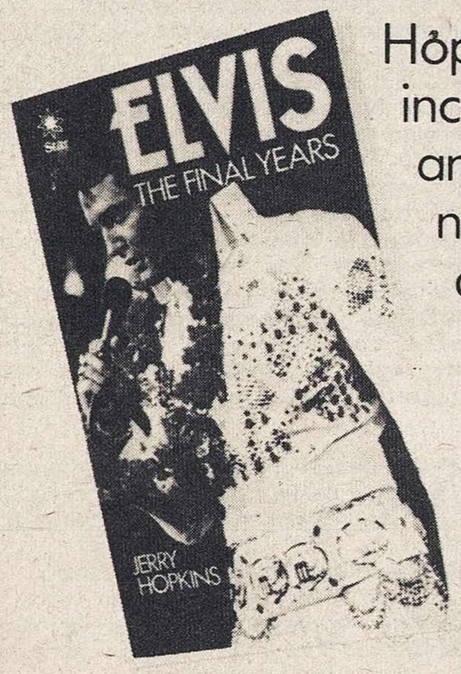

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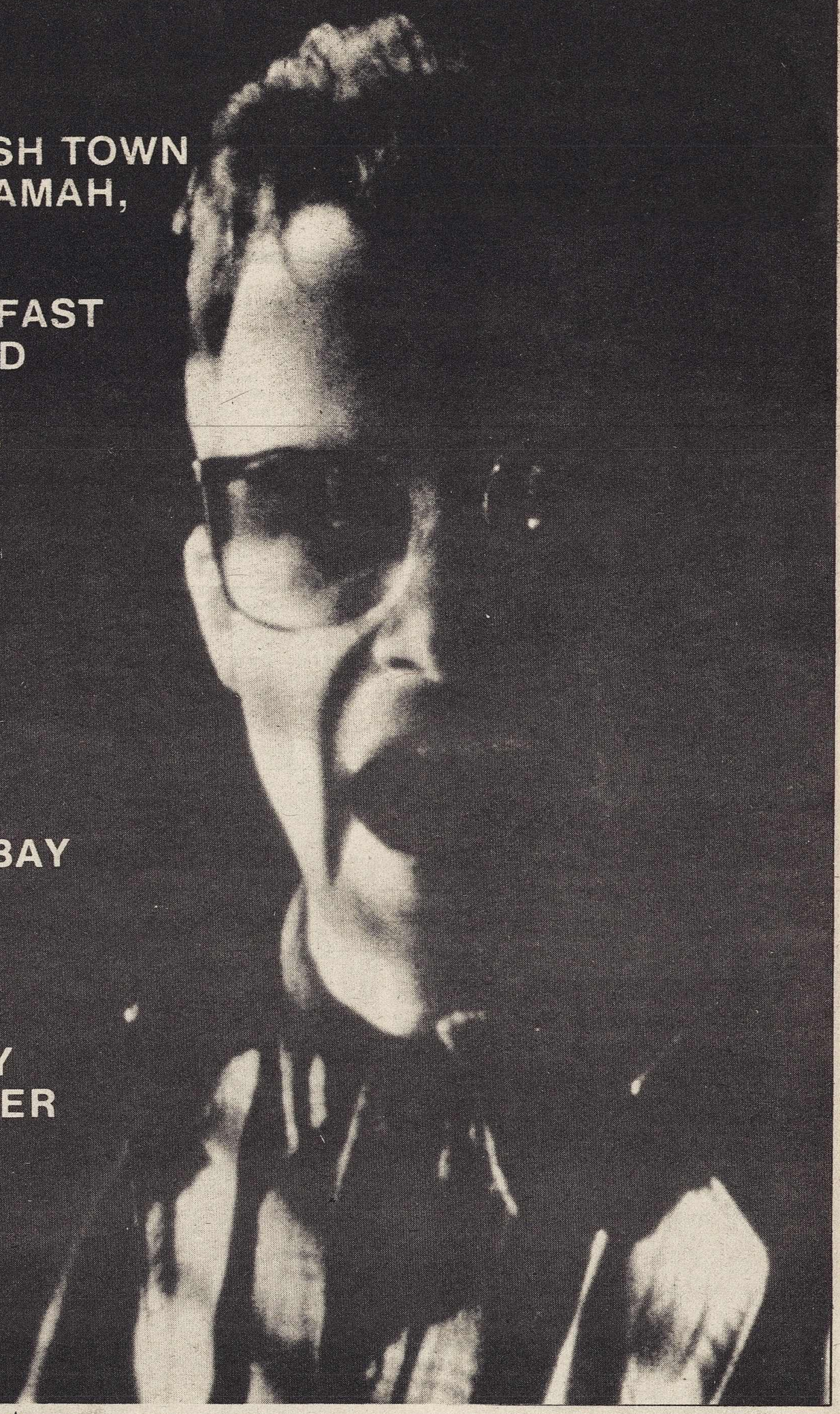

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BUFFALO BOB

Angus MacKinnon meets Hollywood maverick Robert Altman, the man behind M★A★S★H, Nashville and Popeye. And about 17 other add movies. Photography: David Corio.

FINANCIAL success in the cinema is never quite what it seems. Most directors would be running new rings around Saturn at the news that their latest film stood to gross more than $100,000,000 worldwide. But maverick American director Robert Altman, whose wonderfully idiosyncratic *Popeye* opened in London last week, is more puzzled than ecstatic.

"This is a very difficult time for getting films made," explains Altman, "my own or anybody else's. It's a general climate and for me it somehow ties in with the success of *Popeye*.

"I don't know how it is but as long as I was making all these commercial failures and kept coming up with more of them, people told me 'Fine. Do this one, do that one. We've got the money'.

"And suddenly *Popeye* is going to make this huge amount — and what happens? I got my next picture cancelled."

A big, genial man who lumbers about his business with the unlikely grace of a dancing bear, Robert Altman was born in Kansas City, Missouri in 1925. After serving in the US Army he made films for industry until in 1957 he scripted, produced and directed his first feature, *The Delinquents*, following it in the same year with a collaborative documentary, *The James Dean Story*.

The late '50s and much of the '60s were spent in filmed television as Altman directed episodes of such series as *Bonanza, Whirlibirds* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (from which the late master reputedly fired Altman for having the nerve to reject a script). In 1967 Altman made *Countdown*, a science fiction film, and in 1969 *That Cold Day In The Park*, a psycho-thriller.

Then in 1970 came the unexpected break. Altman was offered *M*A*S*H* after over a dozen other directors had turned down the script from Richard Hooker's satirical novel about life in a military field hospital in Korea. And *M*A*S*H* was a smash. (The spin-off TV series only came later, in 1972).

As if making up for lost time —success came to him relatively late in his career — Altman has worked at a prolific rate. Since *M*A*S*H* he has completed no less than 14 features including, in no particular order, *Nashville, California Split* and *Thieves Like Us* (all shown on British TV recently), *McCabe And Mrs Miller, The Long Goodbye, Buffalo Bill And The Indians, Quintet* and *A Wedding* — films that must rank as some of the most individual and absorbing to have emerged from America in the '70s.

any way. Rather I wanted to establish a set of rules for the culture that exists in the film and keep to them.

"To me it's a very serious film. I think you could take the essence of *Popeye* and play it all in a different way — take every event in the film and make it all very dark, and probably a western. In fact in that sense and other physical ways *Popeye* is very similar to *McCabe*. You've got that same thing of a character arriving in a sort of limbo or purgatory and being swallowed up by it. You know Popeye will never get out of Sweethaven — all the ships in the harbour there are sunk."

But how conscious was Altman that he was making a naturalistic film based on an archetypal American cartoon hero?

"Well, we dealt with the wardrobe and Popeye's performance in that way, but we also wanted to be mystical about it. The first thing Popeye does is walk up and say 'Oh, me pipe'. Now what's it doing there? It's as if he's lost it someplace before and here it is again. You know, maybe he died at sea . . ."

And why does the film's action take place so early in Popeye's life — before he's even rediscovered the power of spinach?

"It had to, because otherwise I just couldn't find a story. We took the position that had Segar (Elzie Segar, who created the Popeye character in 1929) come and visited the set in Malta and just watched us there or seen the film later, then he'd have thought 'Right, I'll go and do a cartoon strip about it'.

"So if you like the people in the film are the real people that started the comic strip that followed."

Although some critics have said that it's hardly a film for children.

"I think they're wrong," answers Altman with gentle emphasis. "I thought the film might appeal to the child in the adult. But the first day I was here someone said to me that they'd seen *Popeye* along with a lot of children who didn't laugh at it, and that they were surprised at that.

"But children don't laugh because they take it much more seriously. They don't get up and run around but sit there with their eyes glued to that screen. They're captivated by it and I think they probably understand the film much better than most adults, who can't quite let go. The parents are the problem — they have too many inhibitions."

The success of *Popeye* nonetheless represents a timely and welcome upswing in Altman's fortunes. His last film *Health*, a political satire starring Lauren Bacall and Glenda Jackson, was shelved by 20th Century Fox for a year and then hived off to cable TV in Philadelphia.

"I wanna cry about that. I feel very badly about *Health*, but don't know what I can do. I take the film under my arm and show it in universities. It's into revival houses having never 'vived'," puns Altman resignedly.

And then *Lone Star* was cancelled just as Altman was about to go on location in Texas.

"There's people who leave small towns and then there's people who don't. The film was about the problems of the people who don't and how they handle it. We were all set to go when the new president of United Artists told us the film wouldn't work in Europe because *Urban Cowboy* hadn't. But of course *Lone Star* had nothing to do with *Urban Cowboy*, nothing at all."

Despite such setbacks, Altman has busied himself directing in regional American theatre, which he says is thriving, and preparing another film. Set in England in 1915, *Easter Egg Hunt* will be based on the forthcoming novel by Gillian Freeman (who scripted *That Cold Day*) about the mysterious disappearance of a young schoolgirl.

"It's a bit like Peter Weir's *Picnic At Hanging Rock*," says an associate of Altman's, and will be shot on location in Canada.

"You see," says the director, "I love the theatre, but I'm not going to give up films. Nor if I can't make one am I just going to sit on the beach and brood. I'm certainly going to do some sketching, even if I am out of oils for the time being. This is just a temporary slowdown for me."

THE chastened, uncertain mood of the American film industry following the failure of Michael Cimino's hugely over-budget *Heaven's Gate* distresses Altman, but doesn't surprise him.

"Cimino's film was a disaster for everybody. It can only hurt the general state of the art.

"But they let him do it. And now the people who've come in and are running the business aren't film makers, they're accountants. They don't care about the quality of a film — and I think that's an extremely dangerous attitude.

"Any time the industry hits bottom like this means it's going to go through great changes. Even with recovery it's not going to come out the same. But these accountants — they don't understand that a film will pay for itself over a 20-year period time and time again. They don't have to recoup everything in the first year, but that's all they're interested in because that's all their jobs last.

"The people with the money want to control the films totally. But of course they'll fail."

Altman speaks of the long-term financial worth of films as one who knows. His backlog of work has continued to generate income for him, just as the finer points of his films have often only been appreciated some years after their initial release. Following the murder of John Lennon last year and the recent attempt on Ronald Reagan's life, references have been made to the psychology of the assassin in Altman's epic survey of the Capital of Country, *Nashville*.

"The biggest criticisms we had of *Nashville* were that it was silly to have someone stalking and then killing an entertainer. But it's not — because the motive is the same as for a politician.

"I don't know that I want to pursue this too much — I don't mean in this interview — because I'm not sure where the responsibility lies. All I tried to do was to show what I saw and what I believed those kind of assassins to be.

"I think it's been proved that I was correct. In the first place, they go in there to commit suicide. I'm not talking about political assassinations like those of Martin Luther King or John Kennedy where those involved tried to get away, where they had cover.

"In the second, with Chapman and the assassin in *Nashville* you're talking about a man who somehow twists in his mind the fact that he's going to kill his or somebody else's idol and in that way take the idol's place.

"What I was also trying to say was that assassination has become an accepted thing. About the parallels between Scorsese's film *(Taxi Driver)* and the Reagan thing — I think it's inevitable that they're drawn. But I also think that too much is made out of it, and the less that's made out of it the better.

"It's like they televised the trial in California of a man who had murdered five young women. There you see him live on TV talking calmly about how he took a pair of pliers to parts of these women, pulled them off and recorded the screams. That's hard enough to take just reading or hearing about it. But to see this man being so rational about it — my God, there's something very, very wrong about that.

"If they're going to televise court cases, why don't they cover libel cases against the *National Enquirer* (a notorious US scandal sheet) instead?"

THE DELAYED impact of the other Altman films has been less controversial. *Quintet*, a (to me) fascinating science fiction film Altman made in 1979, was almost universally panned. But lately and much to Altman's amusement *Quintet* has been receiving backhanded compliments in unfavourable American reviews of *Popeye*.

"It's happened to me before with *McCabe*, which was at the time considered another great Altman disaster," says the director, smiling mischievously.

"People walked out of the theatres, were mad at it and the critics hated it. But now someone says in his piece on *Popeye* that I've lost the 'imagination' I had in *Quintet* and somebody else says I've lost the 'lyricalism' — whatever that means — I had in *McCabe*. Well, I went back and checked. The second guy's got a short memory."

Quintet is consolidating its cult status in the US in a most unlikely way. The rules of the game on which it's based and which Altman had devised were sent out in an early press release. And now Quintet is being played enthusiastically by SF gaming clubs across the nation, could even become another Dungeons and Dragons. Altman is delighted.

"I'm very proud of that film. I smile when I see

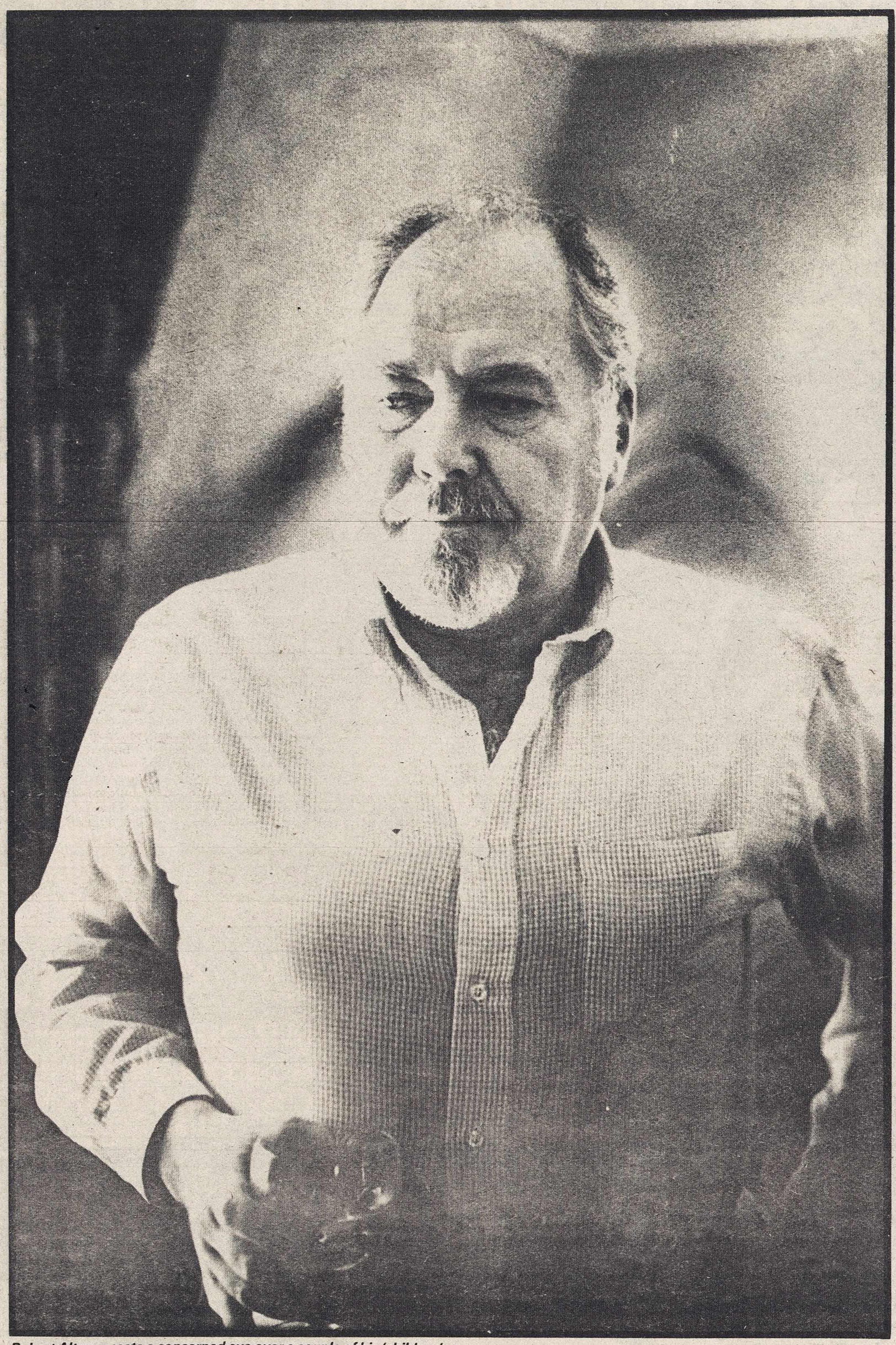
Seeing red: Robin Williams in Popeye (above), patently unamused by Warren Beatty's Bluto impression (left) in McCabe And Mrs Miller.

ALTMAN has always deliberately distanced himself from the Hollywood mainstream. With his earnings from *M*A*S*H* he promptly established his own Lion's Gate production company, which over the years has attracted a pool of actors and actresses who've remained extremely loyal to Altman, and which has also enabled him to offer facilities to other directors such as Alan Rudolph, Joan Tewkesbury, Robert Young and Robert Benton (who made *The Late Show* for Lion's Gate and went on to direct *Kramer vs Kramer*).

But back to *Popeye*. Like all of Altman's films, it's unusual entertainment.

"The last thing I wanted to do was make a *Superman* or a *Flash Gordon*," says Altman, "and just deal with the comic strip. I didn't want any camp in it or for it to be tongue in cheek in

AND THE INDIES



Robert Altman casts a concerned eye over a couple of his 'children'.

it now — by that I mean it pleases me a great deal.

"It's not difficult to see the relationship we have with games. A game is an imitation of life. Playing a game is practising to be an adult. And when things get as they were in *Quintet,* then the game became the only thing. It took over the culture and the game of Quintet became the society's art and philosphy.

"Like *Images,* that film is full of puzzles within its structure, something I like doing."

Talk of *Quintet* and *Images* brings me to ask Altman to explain the fascination compound or multiple imagery has for him; both films positively swim with it.

"I like the layers those kind of things give. It seems a way to give depth to something. My own house is built that way. I love reflections, distorted, double and triple images. I think my mind runs that way. I think life is that way.

"Walls kind of disturb me," admits Altman in all seriousness. "It's like looking at a mirrored version of someone else. You think you're seeing the same person and yet you sense something's wrong. Which it is — because you're actually seeing a different image.

"I don't know how many people are afflicted with reverse image, but I know I am. I mean, I certainly know that the image that goes into my eye is not the same as the way I receive it in my brain.

"But everything in my films is a reflection. It has to have my shape more or less. . ."

Which also seems to have meant that almost all Altman's films have shown a rather wry, qualified pessimism about the human condition.

"Well, I do have a very pessimistic view about material things and about the world. But I have a very optimistic view about each individual — that sense of hope we have even though it's hopeless.

"You know, the image occurred to me last night — I wonder about a tiger walking through the jungles in India and suddenly looking up and seeing a gorgeous sunset through the mist and everything. And I wonder does he stop and say to himself 'Look at that. Isn't that great?' "

Quintet apparently started life as a film about an Irish revolutionary, although Altman understandably doubts whether anyone will have made the connection with the finished work. Similarly, the majority of his films give every impression of having been evolved in a random or 'open' fashion — whereas Altman will insist that their underlying or overall structure is actually coherent and complete.

"Any improvisation involved is done in preparation or rehearsal. But even though the structure is there — well, it's like I can't honestly tell you why I decide to make the films I do. I don't understand my own entry into these things or what attracts me and what doesn't.

"Usually something occurs to me and I toss it around. Then I get more fascinated and either I lose the fascination very quickly and see that it's taking me somewhere that doesn't interest me, or the mystery'll carry on and I'll become very enthused with it.

"Each film dictates itself on that level," continues Altman after a moment's pause, "and then you start discussing style, which to me is much more important than content. Most people think the contest has to be there and then the style just sneaks in.

"I think it's quite the other way round — the look and *sound* of a film come first for me."

But endings are a problem for Altman, and the unresolved conclusions of films like his *Three Women* infuriate some as much as they satisfy others.

"Things don't stop. People's lives go on. I don't think there should be endings. I just get to the stage where I tell myself there's no point in me telling an audience anything more about a story because they know all they need to.

"Although I would never have made *The Long Goodbye* if they hadn't let me have Marlowe kill Lennox at the end. Death is the only ending I can conceive of."

Nor for that matter would Altman have even begun work on his ambitious update of the Raymond Chandler story unless he had characteristically talked himself into it whilst convincing a producer of actor Elliott Gould's absolute suitability for the part of private eye Philip Marlowe.

"It suddenly occurred to me there and then that I was going to do the film after all. I had been offered it before, but had thought I wasn't doing a detective film, for Chrissakes.

"I like Chandler, although not as much as Dashiell Hammett. But I think I understood quite early that Chandler was writing a bunch of essays — little thumbnail sketches — and just using those plots to hang them on. And I tried to do the film in that same manner. The best essay in *The Long Goodbye* is the one about blondes, and it took a while to trackdown the actress who would be exactly right in the part of Eileen Wade. But I think we found her in Nina van Pallandt.

"With Marlowe I felt — well, I called him Rip van Marlowe. He had been asleep for 20 years and woke up in 1973 and all he could do was say 'Well it's OK with me'. In the end his sense of loyalty to his friends — not even knowing why he was loyal to them — absolutely led him down the primrose path."

Gould himself brought a bemused, dishevelled charm to Marlowe and his leading role in *California Split,* a film about compulsive gambling, that other directors have either tended to ignore or simply failed to extract from him. But Altman disclaims responsibility.

"You can't take Elliott Gould and say 'Do this, do that'. You take an actor because you know he's going to bring something of himself, of his art to this thing. And the moment he comes in, I've relinquished my hold on that particular character. I only control a character as long as I haven't cast it.

"By the time a film's finished, it doesn't belong to me anymore. It's like kicking a bird out of the nest or sending a child away to college."

SO WHY does Altman make films as compulsively as he does?

"I've said this so much it bores me but it's like building a sandcastle. OK, let's do it — the tide's out and we've gotta be finished before it comes in again. And then you stand on the beach and watch the sandcastle disappear, but you retain all of it in your memory. It's that association I like. I mean, the films aren't gonna last anyway — not in terms of real time."

Similarly, Altman mildly rebukes any attempt to have him expound on the wider 'meaning' of his work.

"The moment I know too much about a film specifically it's like I'm cutting off my ability to ever make another. In other words I feel I'm intellectually directing myself towards something rather than letting my perceptions dictate what I see.

"I certainly can't tell you what the films are about. If I could, I still wouldn't. Because I don't want to know myself. I really think that the audience, which — if I can quote a line from *Health* — includes critics, really knows more about what they've seen than the person who made the film."

A director whose films are invariably a tonic for tired eyes and food for befuddled minds reeling from unpleasant expoitation pictures or empty megabudget spectaculars, Robert Altman remains ebullient, fiercely jealous of his independence and as critical of Hollywood as ever.

"Most of the people I know who get Oscars," he quips, "they just want to change their names."

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INSIDE THE ECHOCHAMBER OF HORRORS

THE CRAMPS
Psychedelic Jungle *(IRS Import)*

"I HAVE done a cursed thing!" said Lenny Bruce, caroming into an improvised Bela Lugosi impression one night at Carnegie Hall nearly 20 years ago. "May I frighten you?" asked Dr Funkenstein before crying the tears of a clone. Join up the dots and somewhere along that line — around the point where it intersects with the line between Link Wray and H. P. Lovecraft — you find The Cramps, serving up their hallucinogenic voodoobilly slime from their echochamber of horrors.

Like somebody once said on behalf of Iggy Pop, nobody does it better, nobody does it worse, nobody does it, *period*. A couple of London bands are allegedly attempting to cop a little Cramps action, but that's a fart in a hurricane: there's a difference between trying to do it and actually doing it. If you want a Cramps-type sound, you have to go to The Cramps to get it. For better or for worse, they're the sole proprietors of that sound, so the only relevant question is: do you want The Cramps? Is this the sort of thing that you want googoomucking up your deck?

If you're a Crampophile already, you may as well place an order for 'Psychedelic Jungle' now and invest in some green lightbulbs for your snakepit while you're at it. (If you're a Crampophile, you already have a snakepit). If not, and you need some idea of what you might be getting involved with, then step this way (ha ha haaa. . .)

The Cramps live in a bass-heavy swamp, where tempos drag and fragments of conversation heave themselves dripping from the mire only to disappear before you can fully assimilate them. The grinning, rotted corpses of old rockabilly tunes appear from behind unhealthy-looking trees coated with mosses of a profoundly unnatural colour and texture. This is not a world where there is any type of reliable division between what is 'alive' (or 'animate') and what is 'dead' (or 'inanimate'). Everything in this world looks as though it should be dead, but it isn't. (A quick flip through any issue of Marvel's *Man-Thing* comic which features artwork by Mike Ploog should explain things perfectly.

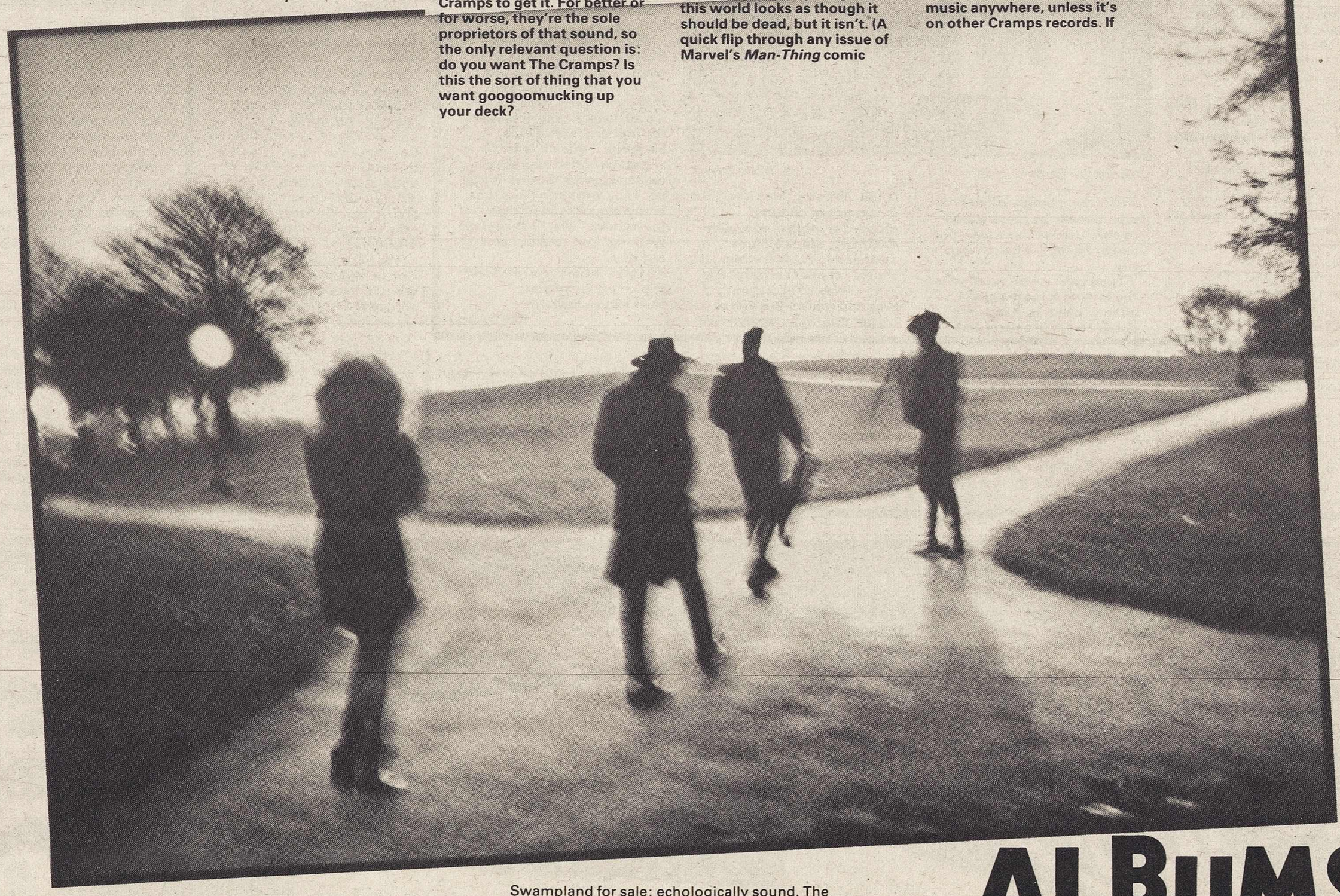
Lux Interior sounds like the corpse of Jim Morrison as recorded by Sam Phillips. The band shamble like a dead thing that won't lie down, compensating for the absence of a bass guitar (make that *'theoretical* absence' because I could have sworn I heard one here and there, but then you can't trust anything is this damn swamp) by recording everything with an EQ so bass-heavy that it makes the average Sly and Robbie record — if there is such a thing — sound like it's on full treble.

Best tracks? Forget it, Jim. There aren't any. (There aren't any *worst* ones, either). There's just Cramps and more Cramps, from 'Bopping Machine' to 'GooGooMuck' and stylised warnings about not eating stuff off the side walks. *What* sidewalks? Sidewalks in a swamp?

There is nothing like this music anywhere, unless it's on other Cramps records. If you're the sort of degenerate who has ever contemplated buying a plastic tombstone that glows green in the dark and putting said object above your bed, then you'd better buy this horrible record and get it out of the shop and off the streets before some normal person who might be warped by the experience gets their hands on it and suffers untold emotional damage.

You have been warned. From now on it's up to you. Buy this piece of swampland. You know it makes sense — and, best of all, it's echo-logically sound!

Charles Shaar Murray



Swampland for sale: echologically sound. The Cramps stir out of their googoomuck. Pic Anton Corbijn.

ALBUMS

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
BGM *(A & M)*

THE COVER painting of this album, a tap pouring a cascade of water onto a toothbrush, sets me in mind of X-ray Spex's great penultimate single, 'Germ Free Adolescents'. When you've played the album through you get the feeling that cleanliness really is the obsession that ruins the aims of YMO. A cleanliness which has nothing to do with purity or innocence but is borne out of a tiresome dedication to tidy procedures and carefully balanced musical equations.

This is the Yellow Magic Orchestra's fifth release, their third in Britain and probably their most experimental and lavishly conceived work to date. But progression is not necessarily a good thing, and in YMO's case it means dabbling with quasi-orchestral arrangements to the point that each track seems to go on and on and on. So much for the avowed individual and original perspective brought to techno/electro pop by YMO. They bring the same over-dressed and over-important approach to their music as the Spandaus and the Ultravoxes of our brave new, modern and slightly farcical world.

The new micro-technology that plays such a big part in (social) life, employment and now music should be able to make people freer and more able to enjoy themselves. However, with few exceptions it has been utilised by people who look for what it offers in itself rather than what it allows us to do. On the one hand you have the inconsiderate corporate-think of governments speeded up into a frightening 'efficiency' and on the other you have the inhuman, humourless music of Yellow Magic Orchestra.

The opening track 'Ballet' could be Spandau themselves, only with increased proficiency and a sensible producer, but the substance is similarly insubstantial; their similarity to the new moderns can be heard also on 'Cue' with its Bryan Ferry vocal inflections, its fey, jaded world-view and multiple musical pith and pip.

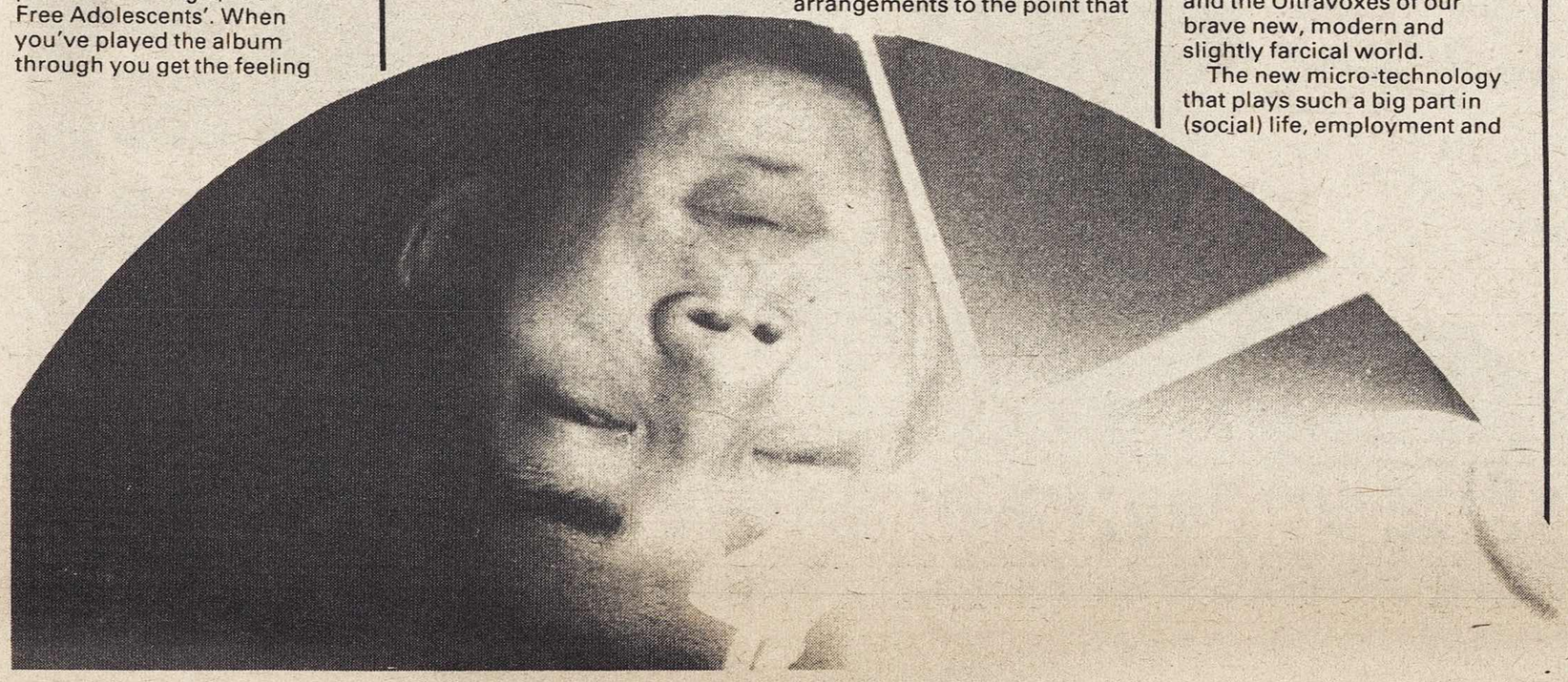
YMO are unhealthily submerged in the strategy of their music; a lot goes on but not much comes out. 'Rap Phenomena' has a long, insistent riff offset by stopping and starting drum rhythm and ethereal flute lines wafting in and out of the mix. To get involved in this music is a methodical chore, it's the aural equivalent of geometry homework, and though I can understand it better if I place myself in the position of a studious listener I couldn't hope for it to excite me.

Even then you can find the ideas are painfully half baked , such as the quasi-symphonic Tangerine Dream appeal of 'Happy End' or the po-faced obliqueness of '1000 Knives'. When YMO are a success, the function of their music is limited and basically ornamental. 'U.T.' would make a good theme tune for a remake of *The Fugitive'* with our hero being pursued down a Tokyo subway during the rush hour; without the visuals it is, however, pointless.

The final track 'Loom' is disposable after a few plays, but it's probably the best thing on the album — intense and economically beautiful mood music, contemporary classical music for a speedy sunny day.

It proves that elsewhere, the problem with YMO is that they concentrate too much on how they construct their creation rather than the creation itself. Now nip off.

Gavin Martin

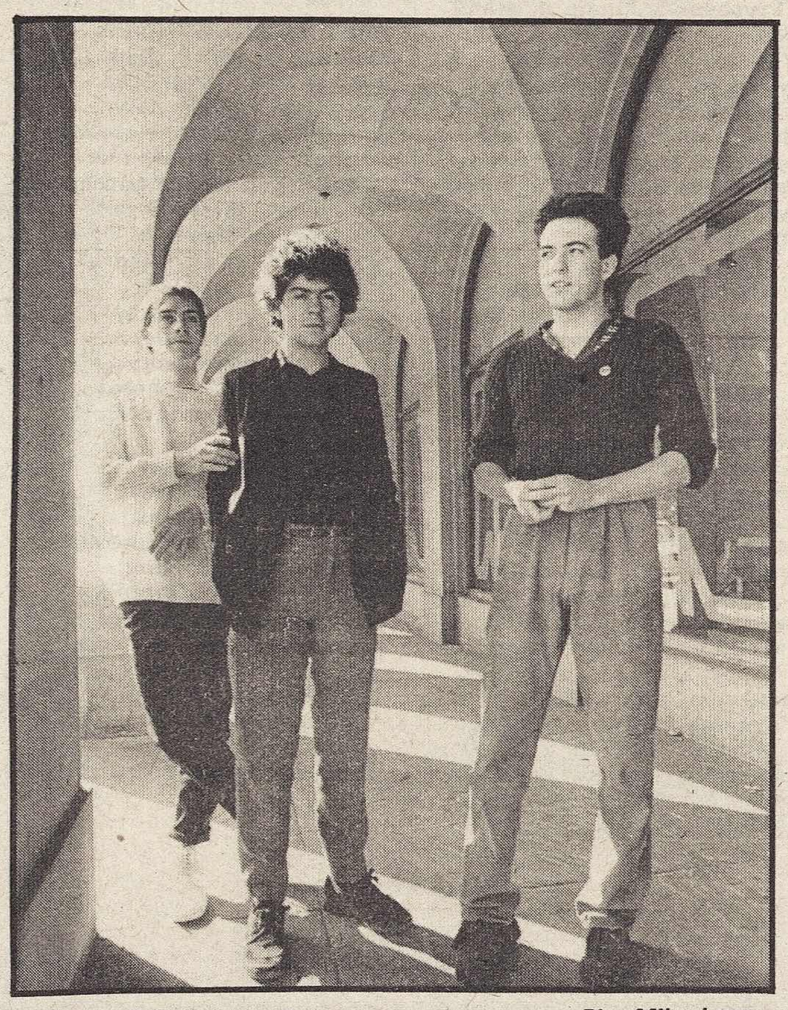


Cure: cancerous?

THE CURE
Faith *(Fiction Records)*.

A CONFESSED rockist writes: Wasn't Hank Williams wearing a great suit in *Heroes of Rock and Roll?* A man who was wearing a suit with musical notes on it way back then has to have had a lot going for him, *n'est ce pas?* Unfortunately, I'm here to talk about the new Cure album instead of the aforementioned garment. Does an album called 'Faith', featuring eight tracks called 'The Holy Hour', 'Primary' (even now charting, as we ace reviewers have it), 'Other Voices', 'All Cats Are Grey' (honest!), 'The Funeral Party' (rib-tickling, isn't it?), 'Doubt', 'The Drowning Man' and 'Faith' sound like a barrel of laughs to you?

In *Sniffin' Glue*'s glory days they used to write happily of hurling records out of the window if they didn't come up to the exciting standards of the time. This one would have gone straight out, no messing about. Young English groups have created a whole new songwriting category known to experts as Grammar School Angst, and this collection represents a major contribution to the genre. It's very well played, beautifully recorded, and says absolutely nothing meaningful in a fairly depressing way. One unrecorded aspect of the present government's economic policies is that thousands of young people



Gloomy? Gothic? Us? *Pic: Mike Laye*

are forming bands when they would really be more suited to chartered accountancy or a career in market gardening, say.

I just can't understand what the driving force is behind albums like this. A burning desire to get in a recording studio and sing lines like *"The innocence of children, dressed in white and slowly dreaming, stops all time"*, in an anaemic English whine, is a force I cannot comprehend. When I was a kid, aspiring rock and rollists wanted to be bigger than Elvis or own two hundred Cadillacs and ingest drugs and drink in unhealthy quantities while fornicating with beautiful women. You know, something worthwhile and life-affirming. Too many bands nowadays just want the chance to bleat about their bloody personal problems in purple prose.

Records about pain and misery and the hurt of rejection are successful when they transcend the misery and the singer learns from the process and informs the listener of his findings. That's why a lot of John Lennon's solo work was unsuccessful, he was simply describing his misery and producing miserable records. Joy Division were the only angst band that actually said anything. Ian Curtis's obsessions were obviously real and one could learn something real and instructive from listening to him.

Back at the booby-hatch, the singer's just informed a waiting world that he *"lives with desertion and eight million people"*. Well, don't we all, love. Really, this is just the modern face of Pink Floydism. I think it was the aforementioned ex-Beatle who once said "Sporrans will go. They will shrink and fade. We're bigger than Robbie Burns now." Me, I'll take Hank Williams' suit to the cleaners any day.
PS I take it that you're all still in possession of your Hucklebuck footwear?

Ray Lowry

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Juke Box At Eric's *(Eric's)*

WHEREBY IT is proved that the obscurity of a record is not necessarily proof of its quality. Sometimes there is a very obvious reason why nobody buys the thing in the first place.

At least so 'Juke Box At Eric's' demonstrates. Of the 16 rock'n'roll titles collected here, only The Frogmen's 'Underwater' — an instrumental of small accomplishment and much noisy tedium — is at all previously known to me. It is quite forgettable then, and a lapse of 20 years does not effect any noticeable improvement.

Even so, the LP does have its few moments. I enjoy Shelby R Smith's 'Jim Dandy Handyman' — although not as much as either LaVern Baker's 'Jim Dandy' or Jimmy Jones' 'Handy Man' — whilst 'The Fugitive' from Lamar Morris, based on the TV soap opera of the same title, is also mildly worthy in a sub-Coasters kind of way. And if Sonny Russell's '50 Megatons' is probably not even as lethal as a Brixton petrol bomb, the singer's performance is at least endearing.

Best track, however, must be Big Al Downing's interpretation of Mr McCracklin's 'Georgia Slop', wherein *"they all hang out at Pegleg Lee's, and they don't give a damn about no police"* — which rather puts me in mind of the Stray Cats' *"place I know where the cops don't go,"* — and for which I am still looking.

Other tracks are distinguished only by their titles: Tommy Blake's 'F-olding Money'; Bobby Lee Trammell's semi-gibberish 'New Dance In France'; Bobby Day's '3 Young Rebs From Georgia' — *"if you ask them who started rock'n'roll, they'll tell you Elvis Presley, bless his soul"* — and Ray Sharpe's 'Monkey's Uncle'.

In toto, merely moderate. Incidentally, the cover's obscene.

Penny Reel

SHAKIN' STEVENS
This Ole House *(Epic)*

FINDING long-deserved success at last, on the wave of a revival led by kids half his age whom by all accounts he begrudges nothing, old Shaky is in fine form and making sharper, classier music than any of them.

Featuring some of the very greatest rock'n'roll sessionmen in the business, 'This Ole House' is a cleanly-produced, perfectly executed rock'n'roll album. From the brooding melancholy of 'Lonely Blue Boy' through the swaggering drive of 'Move' to the low-key, understated version of 'Slippin' and Sliddin'', 'This Ole House' is a tour of the man's range and sheer mastery.

The first side of 'This Ole House' is positive dynamite, which does put the second somewhat in the shade, but never mind. The self-pitying 'Lonely Blue Boy' is the standout track, combining camp country-boy moodiness worthy of early Elvis with anguished, invocatory cries from the 60s world of teen tragedy, but Stevens' own 'Baby If We Touch' is a sexy boogie-woogie, and 'Hey Mae' makes a splendidly good-humoured opener.

The album includes the two singles (the other being 'Marie, Marie' if you'd forgotten) and whatever you feel about 'This Ole House' — which by now may possibly be nausea — it's an undeniably classy record, and as an adaptation makes great pop material. Who can resist either the crispness of the beat or the way Shaky delivers the line *'ain't got time to fix the shingles'*?

That London has managed to become a home for country rock'n'roll as well as everything else is really the last word in health and eclecticism. Let's hope that when the revival starts to flag, Shakin' Stevens isn't immediately discarded — this standard of professional entertainment is not disposable.

Barney Hoskyns

Sir

PARLIAMENT
Trombipulation
(Casablanca Import)

LET ME just put my sunglasses on so I can see what I'm doing. Well, all *right!* If 'manipulation' is what you do with a hand, then 'Trombipulation' is what you do with a trunk (as in elephant). 'Trombipulation' also means 'the perfect faking of the funk'. What this means is that Sir Nose has stolen the funk and now controls Parliament, and 'Trombipulation' is his album.

Confused? Fine. Let's start again. 'Trombipulation' is the latest in the cycle of Parliament albums that began with 'Mothership Connection' in '75, and which also includes 'The Clones of Dr Funkenstein', 'Funkentelechy Vs The Placebo Syndrome' and 'Gloryhallastoopid', among other things. Later chapters of this extended space-funk opera have

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THE CENTRE OF SOUNDS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Go For It *(Chrysalis)*

STIFF LITTLE Fingers' problem over the past few years has been finding a new path after the raw fury of 'Inflammable Material'. If at times they looked in danger of embracing rock flash with all the enthusiasm of a second class Clash, their fourth album 'Go For It' keeps that clear sense of optimistic energy and still sounds sincere.

Most of SLF no longer live in the Belfast environment that gave rise to that first unrepeatable rage, and 'Go For It' deals with a different set of contemporary issues. Ex *Daily Express* journalist Gordon Ogilvie, the fifth offstage member of the group, has co-written a set of lyrics that keep a credible balance between teen pop angst and more serious social concerns, and his simple style of expressing attitudes is nevertheless an effective method of putting across a political point.

'Go To It' covers a cross-section of subjects from the private pleasure of turning the stereo sound up high in 'Kicking Up A Racket', to a questioning description of self-perpetuating role-playing in 'Safe As Houses'. In between there's a vivid attack on the social attitudes that result in violence against women, a paean to the escapist pleasures of airports and an indictment of an economic strategy that demands we all grin and bear the consequences of a crushing recession. Only once, on 'Piccadilly Circus', an account of a friend's senseless stabbing, could they be accused of the voyeurism that incensed some about the sentiments SLF express on Northern Ireland.

Musically, 'Go For It' avoids the purposeless sound of punk pulled from its roots by making forays into a variety of styles without ever straying too far from the recognisable SLF sound. There's an appealing instrumental, a cheerful cover of 'Roots, Radicals, Rockers And Reggae', a pastiche of 50s pop and some fast, straightforward rock, all carried by a tunefulness and spirit that injects the simplest of songs with a fresh enthusiasm.

At least, SLF have proved you can build on crude political punk without banging your head against a brick wall of static sound and stances. 'Go For It' should be welcomed as a way out.

Lynn Hanna

Fripp. Flowerpot. Flagon. Ah, now we understand . . . ***Pic: Joanna Walton***

ROBERT FRIPP
Let The Power Fall *(Editions EG)*

FRIPP'S work on the self-proclaimed "drive to 1981" has always been of more interest on the level of production (as in means of production) — the "small, mobile, intelligent unit" schtick — than on a purely musical level.

To this end, 'Let The Power Fall' includes a list of every date he played between April and August 1979 (the "documentation" so beloved of conceptualists), and a series of 21 axioms and propositions (the "explication" which supposedly gives the work meaning), which, as is generally the case with such theoretical undertakings, only have meaning in so far as the terms themselves are *invested* with meaning by Fripp.

Consider, for instance, Proposition 17: "Quantitative action works by violence and breeds reaction", and Proposition 18: "Qualitative action works by example and invites reciprocation". What's presented as well-intentioned theorising is actually little more than mystificatory mumbo-jumbo, totally dependent on what Fripp intends by the phrases "quantitative action" and "qualitative action", terms which, of course, are nowhere defined.

Even if one gives Fripp the benefit of the doubt, and assumes that by "qualitative action" he means artistic (as opposed to economic) endeavour, then we're ultimately still no better off, as "qualitative action" *per se* is bereft of any real importance: what matters is the quality *of* such action, a category of judgement conveniently sidestepped by Fripp.

As Picasso once said, "To *try* means nothing — to *succeed* is all" (or something along those lines).

This, I would have thought, is obvious. There are legions of "artists" in every possible field involved with what they fondly believe to be "qualitative action", but not all of them are involved with *worthwhile* action. 'Let The Power Fall' is, perhaps, a case in point; for all his conceptual and theoretical back-up, Fripp does have a tendency to make thoroughly boring records.

Unfortunately, the album doesn't continue the "discotronics" investigations of 'The Zero Of The Signified' (from 'Under Heavy Manners'), surely the most interesting and enjoyable application of his Frippertronics techniques, and one which places them in a reasonably coherent framework. Instead, we get a steady stream of dry, ethereal soundscapes of fairly minimal interest, much of the album sounding dangerously like applied Tangerine Dream.

The six pieces which make up 'Let The Power Fall' are titled '1984' through to '1989', the guitarist's intention being "to call attention to . . . the erosion of a wide range of small personal liberties to which we have become accustomed". Fripp considers this action polemical, though what exactly he hopes to achieve is open to question.

The catalogue prefix for EG Records is "EGED".

Egghead?

Is this some form of "conceptual continuity", and if not, why not?

Andy Gill

Nose: a smooth runner

concerned the battle between Starchild, protege of Dr Funkenstein and epitome of the funk, and Sir Nose D'Void O'Funk, a nasty disco smoothie. Both of these antagonists are — of course — brainchildren of George Clinton, soul proprietor of Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy's Rubber Band, Brides Of Funkenstein, Parlet and about a million other acts.

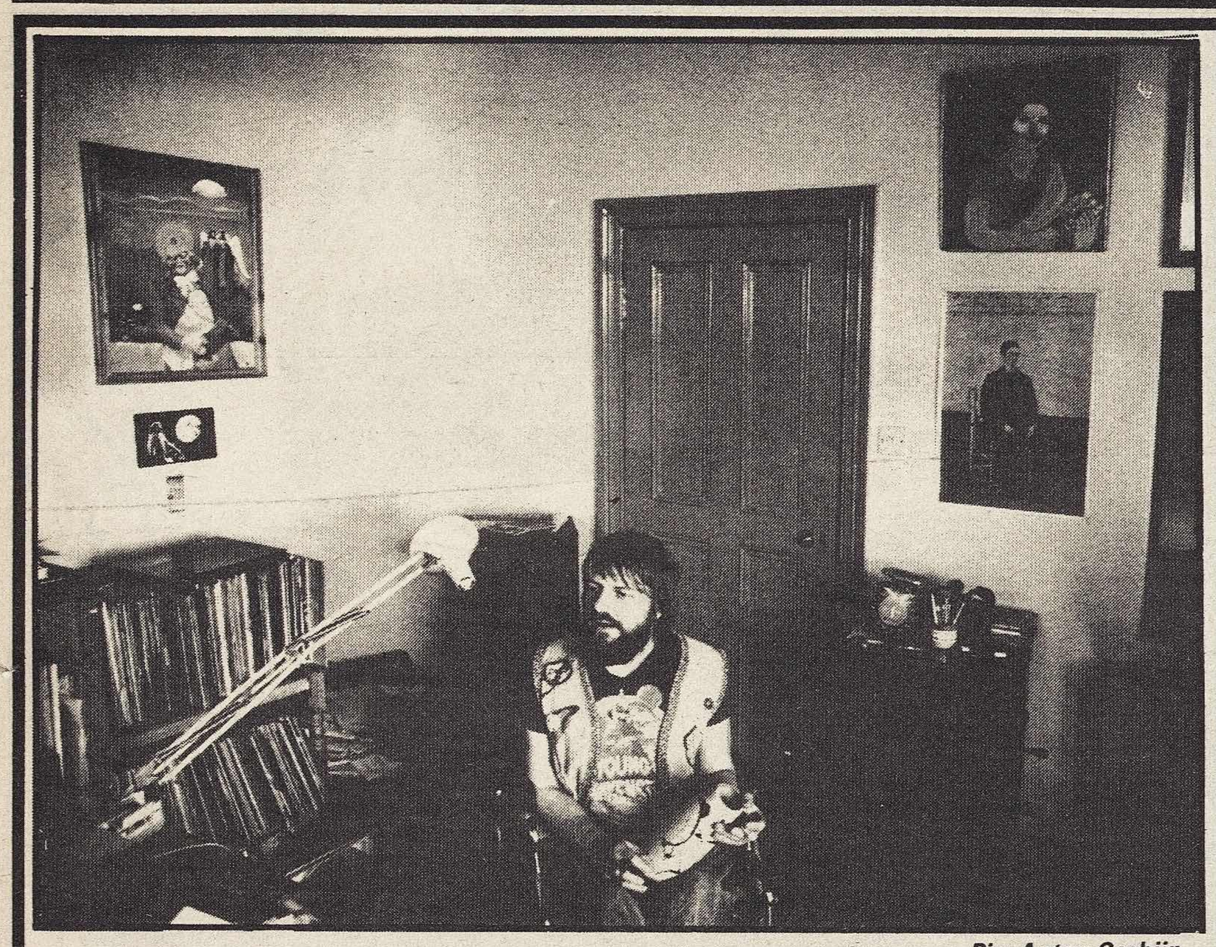
So 'Trombipulation' is Sir Nose's album, which means that large areas of it are smothered in strings and general smooth devices. Clinton said in a recent interview that this gave him a chance to use some of the stuff that he learned at Motown, and the textures are therefore considerably more conventional than on the above-cited Parliament albums. It's not exactly 'The Placebo Syndrome' extended to album length — 'Agony Of Defeet' is *seriously* and should be a single soon, *seen*? — but a lot of the album is a musical equivalent of the Doo (or processed haircut) as modelled by Clinton on the album sleeve.

Oh, I almost forgot. Part of the concept of this album is that humanoids with trunks evolved far enough to leave this planet during the Egyptian age — lots of them are shown on the inner sleeve using their trunks to comb each others Doos — but what this has to do with Sir Nose's takeover of Parliament is still a little obscure. I'll report back when I've got further information.

Musically and funkologically, all is not quite well. As well as laying down that unique effects-laden bass, Bootsy Collins plays a lot of drums both along with his own guitar and bass and with other bassists (both of whom sound like trainee Larry Grahams), and his drumming is idiosyncratically funky but ultimately lacking in crispness and drive. Plus the fact that on several tracks the rhythm section is all overdubs means that the vital funkspark that comes from people grooving *together* is missing.

Still, that's by the by. George Clinton churns out albums like McDonalds churn out burgers, and he has quite a high garbage rate, but his finest examples of mutant funk have been nothing short of marvellous. 'Trombipulation' falls a little short of the heights scaled by 'Funkenstein' or 'Gloryhallastoopid', but the old nutcase is still taking care of (rhythm and) business. At his worst he's a black Frank Zappa, but for true words spoken in jest and rhythms that will not quit, you can do a lot worse than chuck George Clinton a few quid every so often and let him confuse you. Funk art — let's dance.

Charles Shaar Murray



Pic: Anton Corbijn

Robert is stranger than rock

ROBERT WYATT
Rock Bottom / Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard *(Virgin)*

THE REAPPEARANCE of Robert Wyatt's two Virgin albums (1974-5 vintage), now in a double package, is as welcome as a spring day after a relentless winter.

'Rock Bottom' is participatory. It's built around elementals: small groupings of players drop in and out of focus, with the mantric swirl of Wyatt's keyboards as constant. The aching vulnerability of his singing invites reactions — sharing, generous — this is no clarion call to sentiment! The gentle ebb and flow of 'Alifib/Alife' elicits a human response from machine and metal: the pristine clarity of Hugh Hopper's bass, Gary Windo's plaintive reeds. It seeps into the farewell of 'Little Red Robin Hood Hit The Road', Mike Oldfield's spindly guitar lines a centrepin of proud sorrow before resolution in Ivor Cutler's wide-eyed nursery rhyme.

But this is mere chalk and pins guidance. You're asked to make your own way through the fierce forest of trumpets that Mongezi Feza spreads over 'Little Red Riding Hood Hit The Road', choose your own meaning for the slender half-sense of the lyrics. Intensely personal, uniquely open-hearted, there is no other record like 'Rock Bottom'.

The second album is more sharply drawn, perhaps less easily embraced. Side Ruth runs a twisted jazz-based course; the lilting swing of 'Sonia' gives way to a palpable wilderness of pain in 'Team Spirit', a jab in the guts of remorse settled by the serene dignity of Charlie Haden's 'Song For Che'. Side Richard's voice-piano extemporisations are the counterweight, unfolding like the sepia-toned pages of a forgotten diary.

If these records spell out a sadness that seems to border on despair they are, equally, uplifting in Wyatt's resolve to come to terms with his situation and the simple triumph of creating music of true beauty.

Richard Cook

FISCHER Z
Red Skies Over Paradise *(Liberty)*

THE PROBLEM with "Rock's Rich Tapestry" is that, on the whole, it is all the same colour. Different shades, maybe, but what I long for is a splash of red in the variations of grey. Originality, style, humour . . . words that seem to apply so rarely.

Fischer Z are a three-piece who use guitar, bass, drums, keyboards, vocals, studio in much the same way as anyone else does. They have a strangled soprano singer just like that man Sting in another trio. They deal in cliches, both verbally (category: meaningful/political) and musically (label: modern pop rock). They add nothing: just another band in a mass of 'just another' bands. A bit sluggish at times, but quite up to standard.

They tell us that 'Cruise Missiles' are dangerous, they attack the Pill and Vaseline (why?) and trivialise suicide without the humour of, say, the BRats' 'Living On An Island'. TRB-type slogans without warmth or anger, although 'Multinationals Bite' does work because the music threatens, and the title track is an effective piece of anti-war propaganda.

In all, most of the sentiments are agreeable and my head tells me it's a totally competent album. The emotions remain indifferent.

Sheryl Garratt

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Grand Slam *(T-Neck)*

THOUGH THEY made several great singles during their time with Motown, The Isley Brothers never quite managed to match the consistent excellence of '60s contemporaries like The Temptations or Smokey Robinson and The Miracles and their early albums now sound comparatively brittle and dated. However, The Isleys followed their instincts and, freeing themselves from the constrictions of the burgeoning Motown corporation, they've survived with their original line-up, unlike their onetime label-mates.

'Grand Slam' presents the Isleys offering up their identities to the altar of sanitised American discorama. It could only have been recorded by a group who are fiscally preoccupied, very lazy or totally out of touch with their own direction.

Groaning under the strain of archaic string embellishments, the opening 'Tonight Is The Night' strikes a suitably vapid theme. Its gruff whispers and functional lyrics are contrivances exhausted long ago, hopelessly inadequate for expressing personal desire or private vulnerability. This pompous ballad sounds as if it's addressing a warm bedside nightcap rather than a reluctant sleeping partner.

"Young girls so sophisticated / Young girls, you know what I mean, yeah" — over on side two the brothers stand at the edge of the dancefloor with lecherous intent, lollipops outstretched, it seems. 'Young Girls' rides between trite voyeurism and macho drooling, with a purposeless meandering guitar solo thrown in. The Isleys emerge as huffing disco windbags, like an anaemic Barry White or Joe Tex without the humour.

In many ways, it's a shame because their talent is obviously still there — lithe, intertwining harmonies change pitch and improve song structure, creating colour and texture, while the group are an accessible and compact unit, and, thankfully, brother Ernie keeps his guitar playing to a terse economical minimum most of the time.

But the songs, stuck most of the time in a rut carved by Marvin's stubbornly rigid bassline, are clumsy hackwork. It's a case of old men trying to relive and appeal to youth and, of course, they end up presenting a Fiorucci merchandiser's disco nightmare.

In the present funkfield, where all manner of growths from Heatwave to Kid Creole to Linx are playing with a wide variety of styles, rhythms and structures to make music that is refreshing, emaciated and invigorating, the current Isleys barely warrant consideration.

Gavin Martin

TED NUGENT
Intensities (In 10 Cities) *(Epic)*

EVER SINCE Ted Nugent revealed that he wears ear-plugs onstage because he's deaf in one ear, it's been difficult to take him very seriously. It was a bit like Hitler confessing that he did, after all, possess only one ball. Hardly good for a macho image.

Nugent pretends to be the loudest and wildest guitarist in the business, but it's clear he doesn't like to overdo it. Perhaps he also pours plenty of baby powder into that loincloth he insists on wearing. After all, it's a delicate area if you chafe easily.

Meanwhile, we're expected to treat seriously songs with titles like 'Put Up Or Shut Up', 'My Love Is Like A Tire Iron', 'Jailbait', 'I Am A Predator' and 'I Take No Prisoners'. Not only that, but we're expected to find them exciting.

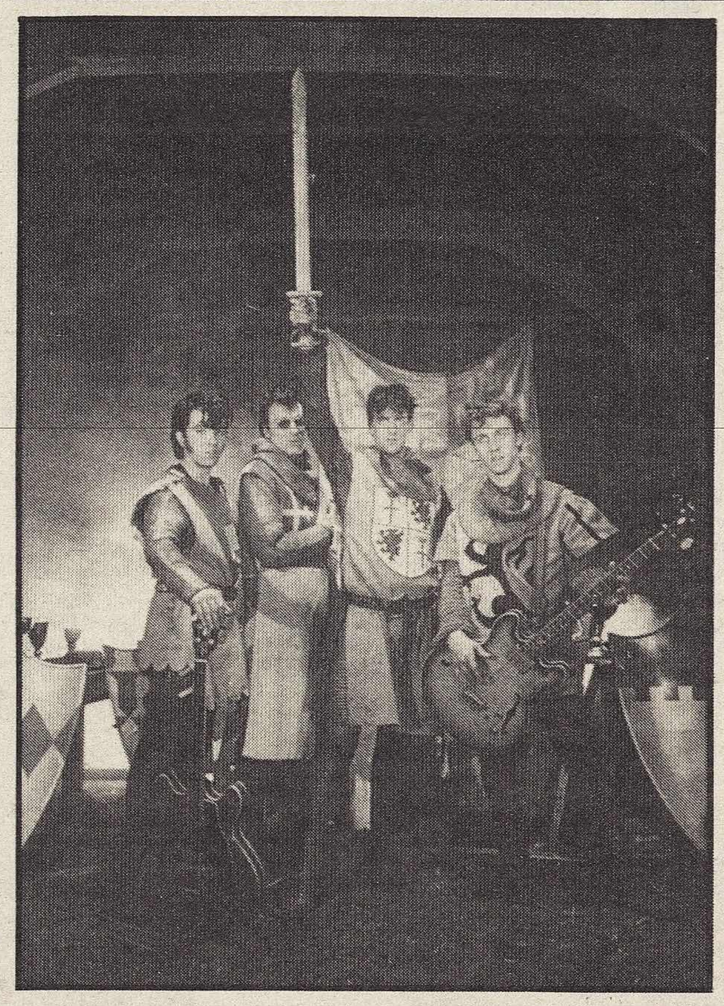
Alas, not only the lyrical content but also the "abandoned" riffing are entirely predictable and therefore thoroughly dull. We've heard Mr Nugent's boasts too many times before and there was never a time when they didn't ring hollow.

Nowadays, of course, this kind of butch posturing seems sicker than ever. It smacks of the sort of twisted pathology that put paid to John Lennon and put Ronald Reagan in hospital.

Instead of making records, Nugent would do better to find a nice quiet institution where they could sort out his problems for him.

No wonder his roadies wear white coats.

Bob Edmands



Pic: Kim Aldis

Run it up the Tenpole

(and see who salutes)

TENPOLE TUDOR
Eddie Old Bob Dick And Gary (*Stiff*)

THEY'RE NO oil paintings, these four scowling greasers, even when they are decked up to the hilt like extras in a low-budget Merrie Englande costume dram. They could be any old Tom Dick and Harry . . . but no, they're Eddie, Old Bob, Dick and Gary — and this in all its sordid glory, is their first long-playing record: a rather enjoyable, if slightly tatty testament to the ramshackle postpunk rock'n'roll extravaganza that is Tenpole Tudor. Here's what you get. 'EOBDAG', for short(ish), is a slapdash boisterous, good-humoured sort of affair. Its roots are in flashy '50s rock, overlaid with souped-up Ramonic punk attack, given a gloss of '80s production plus plenty of fashionable tribal thump to beef it up. At their best — and I doubt that that's fully represented by more than a couple of tracks here — Tenpole Tudor attain a kind of cartoon splendour, a cardboard magnificence. The rest of the time they're just good, noisy fun.

The recent single, 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', gets things off to a rousing start: crash-bang mock heroics, stomping elephantine beat (by drummer Gary Long, a great asset) and appallingly catchy chorus. Breaks the ice at banquets, I'll be bound. The song most similar, and the one I like second best, is 'Wunderbar', which ends side one: more yo-ho-hoing, Teutonic-style, tankards overflowing and all concerned sounding drunk as lords. And there's plenty more — eleven songs' worth, to be exact — where those two came from, although the quality varies from fine to downright dodgy.

'3 Bells In A Row' and the appealing Diddleyesque 'There Are Boys' are other highspots, but overall, it must be said, a certain weakness of material is apparent. If you're feeling especially curmudgeonly (and who doesn't, now and again?) then you could also pick fault with Eddie — sorry, *Edward* Tudor's vocals, which are erratic and never of the strongest. Then again, where would the group be without him? The gawky frontman's vulnerable Muppet persona is intrinsic to their charm.

Tenpole Tudor, then, might be a specialised taste. I'd recommend the 45 to anyone, but so fat as the album's concerned some degree of caution might be advisable. Me, I like their sound, rough as it often it, and I very much like their lack of self-importance: an increasingly rare quality this year. As musicians, perhaps, they'd like to be taken more seriously than this: but, really, it's no disgrace to make music that brings out the idiot inside one . . . even if it means wearing their own idiocy on the outside. Now, pass me a varlet, ye goblet.

Paul Du Noyer

GREEN DAY
NEW SINGLE
BUY112 STIFF
CASSETTE SINGLE 2BUY112
MADNESS

DATA CONTROL

Elpees from Tubes, Gillan

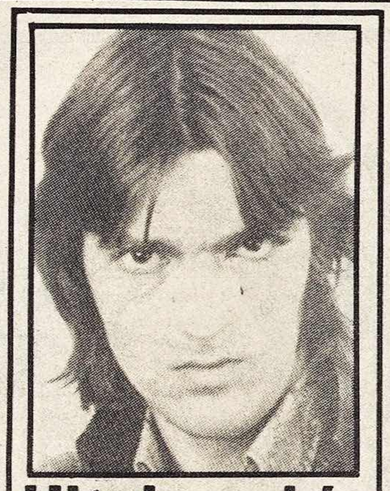
THE TUBES have their new album 'The Completion Backward Principle', their first for Capitol, rush released next week. It's not issued in the States until May, but it's being rushed out here as a foretaste of their upcoming tour, plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* three weeks ago — with full details to follow shortly. Capitol are mounting a major marketing campaign on the album.

● A new **Gillan** album, the follow-up to their 'Glory Road' hit last autumn, is released by Virgin this weekend. Titled 'Future Shock', it includes their current hit single 'New Orleans', and it contains a full-colour 16-page booklet. Gillan are about to set off on the first leg of a world tour, which should take in some UK dates towards the end of the year.

● The first album from Trojan as a totally independent label (via their new distributor Pinnacle) is an **Upsetters** compilation containing 16 tracks, all produced by Lee Perry — half from the 1969-70 era, and the rest from 1972-3. Titled 'The Upsetter Collection', it retails at £4.49.

● Four-piece Liverpool futurist band **Paris 9** have their new single issued by RCA this week, titled '24 Hour Surveillance', and they're playing a couple of London gigs to promote it — Herne Hill Half Moon (Good Friday) and Hampstead Starlight (April 28).

● Object Music are re-releasing the album 'PinDrop' by **The Passage** at the end of this month (it was deleted for some time while an abortive deal with Virgin was negotiated), and in early May the label issues 'Second Sentence', the second LP by **Steve Miro & The Eyes.**



Hitchcock's invention

ROBYN HITCHCOCK, former leader of the now-defunct Soft Boys, has his first solo single 'The Man Who Invented Himself' issued by Armageddon this week. It's taken from his still untitled album, due out shortly, though the B-side 'Dancing On God's Thumb' isn't on the LP. Joining Hitchcock on the single are saxist Gary Barnacle and ex-Soft Boys drummer Morris Windsor — and these are augmented by a number of other musicians on various album tracks. Hitchcock is in the process of finalising a regular backing band, and plans a few London dates over the next two months.

League seeing red

THE HUMAN LEAGUE's follow-up to their 'Boys And Girls' hit single is released by Virgin this weekend — titled 'The Sound Of The Crowd', it's labelled as being by Human League Red. The significance of the Red appendage isn't explained, but the band say that all their future singles will also be colour-coded. The B-side is an instrumental version of the same number, while the 12-inch comprises longer disco-mix treatments of both tracks.

The single was co-written by vocalist Phil Oakey and Ian Burden, who played synthesisers with the League on their autumn tour. Burden has now joined the band on a full-time basis, supplementing Oakey, Adrian Wright and the two girls, Joanne and Susanne. One other point is that the single marks the first collaboration between the band and producer Martin Rushent, who's also expected to produce their next album for autumn release.

● **Smokey Robinson** has his single 'Being With You' issued this week by Motown, who point out that it's their 88th single to reach No.1 in the American R&B charts. His album of the same name is due out right after Easter, and it's understood that he is planning a British visit after he's completed his current U.S. commitments.

Walsh solo LP

JOE WALSH releases his first solo single for three years on May 8, titled 'There Goes The Neighborhood'. It's on the Asylum label, as was his last solo set in 1978, 'But Seriously Folks'. The LP features eight new tracks either written or co-written by Walsh, one of which 'Life Of Illusion' is issued as a single on April 24.

● Next Tuesday (21) is now the official release date of 'Dedication', the new EMI-America album by rock star **Gary U.S. Bonds.** As previously reported, the LP is noteworthy for Bonds' association with Bruce Springsteen — it features contributions from the E Street Band, whose lead guitarist Miami Steve Van Zandt produced the set, while Springsteen himself wrote three of the songs.

More Madness

MADNESS have a new single issued by Stiff this week — titled 'Grey Day', it's a new Mike Barson song which has only been performed live four times. The B-side is 'Memories', and both the picture sleeve and the label feature a painting of the band by artist Ian Wright. The group have now finished filming their previously reported feature film *Take It Or Leave It*, which they completed in four hectic weeks for September release, and are about to embark on their first-ever tour of the Far East.

TENPOLE TUDOR'S long-awaited debut album is at last available this week, titled 'Eddie, Old Bob, Dick And Gary'. The first 10,000 copies sell at the discount price of £3.99, and it then reverts to the regular Stiff price of £4.99. It contains 13 new songs, and the sleeve features an Eddie Tudor painting. A single from the LP, called 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', is also on release.

RECORD NEWS

CHARLIE COME HOME

CHARLIE, the British band who've enjoyed considerable success with four albums in America, have decided to return home and concentrate on boosting their status in Britain. Their line-up now includes Bob Henrit and John Verity, both formerly with Argent and Phoenix, which means that Charlie maintain their policy of using two drummers and two guitars. The first single with their revised personnel is 'Perfect Lover', released by RCA on April 24, with an album titled 'A Little Immodest' following in early June.

FURS SINGLE WITH A PLAYING SLEEVE

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS have come up with a novel idea for their new single 'Dumb Waiters', for release by CBS on April 24. Initial pressings will be packed in a picture bag, which can be played like a flexi-disc and features snippets from their upcoming album 'Talk Talk Talk'. The LP is due out next month, and the Furs will be playing some dates to support it.

● Doncaster-based four-piece **The Uncool Dance Band** have signed to Polydor, who release their debut single 'Jacqueline' in pink vinyl on April 24.

● **Bill Wyman** makes a rare record appearance without his Rolling Stones colleagues on April 24, when a special blues set titled 'Drinkin' TNT 'n' Smoking Dynamite' is issued by Red Lightnin Records. It was recorded live in Montreux three years ago and features Wyman with near-legendary singer and guitarist **Buddy Guy,** blues star **Junior Wells,** former Crosby, Stills and Nash drummer **Dallas Taylor** and ex-Muddy Waters pianist **Pinetop Perkins.**

● Three-piece Coventry outfit **The Ak Band** who guested on many of the Battle Of The Bands heats last year, have their first album 'Manhole Kids' released by RCA on May 8.

MORE RECORD NEWS: PAGE 42

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GARAGELAND

New Hormones celebrate the long-overdue Buzzcocks' break-up by releasing a follow-up to the last Diagram Brothers' single 'We Are All Animals'. The fraternal foursome have plumped for a couple off their Peel session and stage faves, 'Bricks' and 'Postal Bargains' for the new 45, out this week.

Hormones are also starting a series of monthly cassette issues this week with a six track tape from Ludus. The cassette includes an info sheet, badges and a magazine. Ludus' third single 'Patient' is in the proverbial pipeline and should be in the shops soon. But will New Hormones sign Panorama? They are reputedly showing an interest in the promising new London band.

■ Worthing combo **The Bloated Toads** admit themselves that their name is "abysmal". But they still want everyone to know that their first single 'The End' is out on their own label. It is available for 90p from Dave Hutchby, 5 Warren Rd., Worthing, Sussex.

■ Newcastle's **Rhythm Methodists** call themselves a "new wave pop band" and go on to prove it on their debut single, released on their own label Metodisques, 20 Bigg Market, Newcastle. The single, a self-financed effort, is titled 'Don't Rely On Me'.

■ After their departure last year from Island, Manchester's **Distractions** are now back in business on their own idependent That label. Their first release is an EP featuring three tracks, entitled 'And Then There's . . .' and available through Pinnacle and Rough Trade.

■ Peterborough's **The Point** have their double A-sided single 'Mr Benson'/'My Mind' released on their own Pendulum label this week. The single, in pic sleeve, is available for £1.20 from Pendulum at 15 Stanwick Court, Thorpe Road, Peterborough.

■ Compilation LP's seem thinner on the ground these days after last year's glut but Integrated Circuit Records are undeterred and release 'We Couldn't Agree On A Title . . .' this week. The LP features tracks by **The Walking Floor, Colin Potter, The Digital Dinasaurs, The Instant Automatons** and others and sells at £2.50 from Cintra, Main Street, Sutton On The Forest, York.

■ Swansea's Sonic International label release their second bumper package this week, a five-tracker by **The Tunnelrunners,** who purport to be "Neath's answer to The Ramones". I always thought Neath's answer to the Ramones was "No thanks", but just for the record the package costs £1.15 and is available from Graham Larkby at 37 Baytree Avenue, Sketty Park, Swansea.

■ Old friend **Yvette Doll** seems to have found time between letters to the *NME* to compile a double concept album for Zoometronome. Titled 'Music For Numbers', it features **Yesterday's Parties, Watch With Mother, Climate Of Treason** and **Sea Of Wives.** Details from Yve at Zoometronome, 93 Taverners Road, Peterborough.

■ Sheffield combo **Vital** have pressed up one thousand copies of their debut single 'Real Life' on their own Cosmic Enterprises label. Details from Kevin Kilmore, 454 Burncross Road, Chapletown, Sheffield.

■ In a party mood? You should try the first single by the highly-rated **Out On Blue Six** called, funnily enough, 'Party Mood'. The Camden-based group were produced by Nick Launay, responsible for the PiL LP and last Positive Noise single.

■ The first **Astronauts'** LP, 'Peter Pan Hits The Suburbs' is out on Bugle Records, selling at just £3, and available from Rough Trade and Boneparte.

■ Double Vision Records' first release is a double A-sided EP containing three songs apiece by **The Opposition** and **Victims Of Circumstance,** available through Fresh and Pinnacle.

■ **Vice Squad,** whose debut EP still features in the independent chart, have recorded their follow up 'Young Blood', out later this month on Bristol's Riot City Records, 4 Melrose Place, Clifton, Bristol. This is to be followed by the first single from another west country Punk group **Disorder,** on the same label.

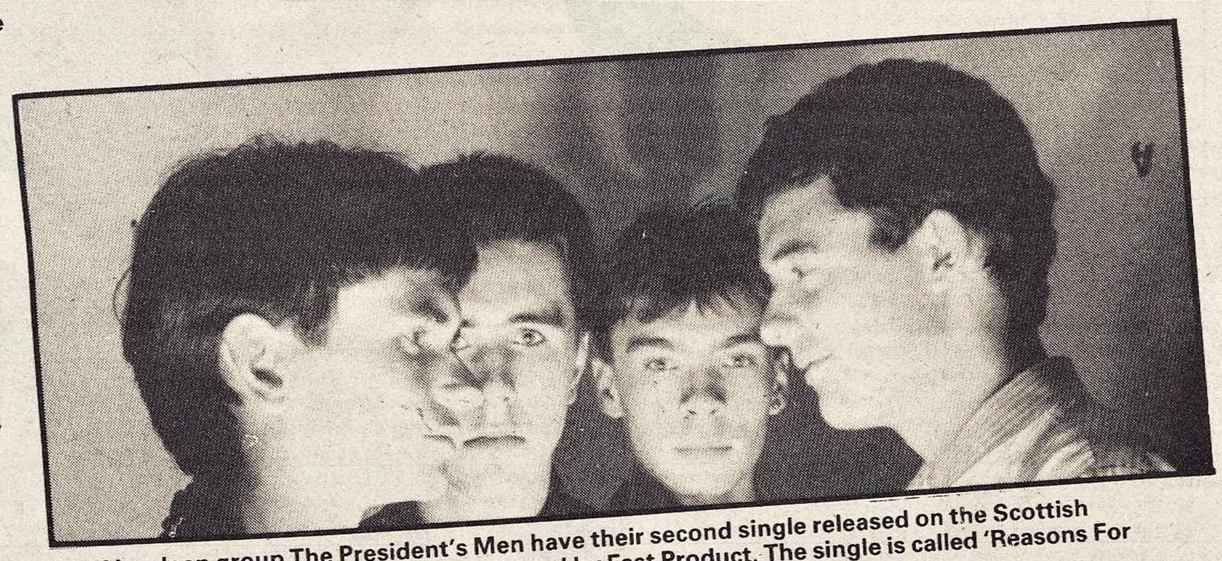
■ **Accident On The East Lancs** release their second single on Roach Records this week. Titled 'The Back End Of Nowhere,' the single is being distributed by Rough Trade, Red Rhino and Fresh.

■ **Methodisca Tune,** now defunct, have released their third single on the Rough Trade-distributed Eustone label. It is called 'Orchestras', and is the follow-up to 'Leisuretime' and 'The Twee Googs'. Honest!

■ Binkie Records — yes, Binkie — release an LP featuring two groups, **The Trudy** from Worcester Park and **The Magnificent Seven** from Kingston, titled 'Volcano Fo Le Ferret'. The two bands have lined up some dates to promote the record.

■ The second Temporary Records single is by **23 Jewels,** an EP titled 'Weltschmerz A Go-go'. Produced by Any Trouble's Clive Gregson, it costs £1 from Flat 2, 247 Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

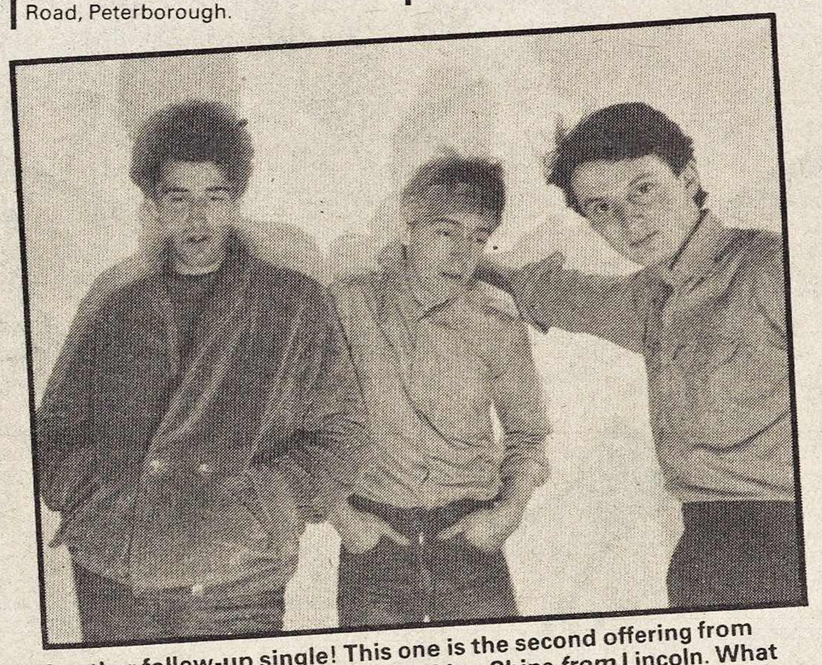
■ **The Supermatics'** EP 'Bad Timing' is available for £1 from Matchbox Classics, 60 Broad Street, Carlisle, Cumbria.



Aberdeen group The President's Men have their second single released on the Scottish independent Oily Records, now distributed by Fast Product. The single is called 'Reasons For Living' and has two tracks, 'Cry' and 'Best Suit' on the flip.

Hormone diagrams

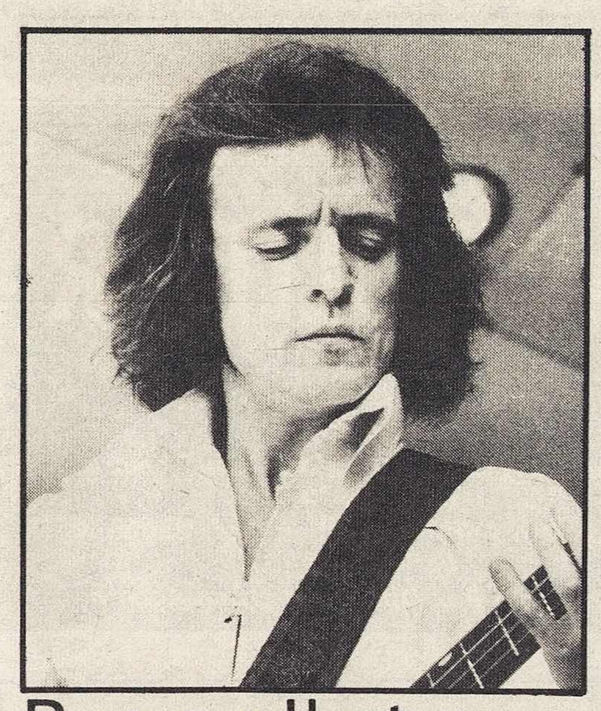
Compiled by ADRIAN THRILLS



Another follow-up single! This one is the second offering from Lincoln's Sinking Ships, that's Sinking Ships *from* Lincoln. What do you mean you're not familiar with their debut? Neither am I, but let's not hold that against them and just report that the disc is called 'Dream' and is available on Recession Records. Details from them on Lincoln 40945.

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS



Bruce all-stars in London show

JACK BRUCE returns to London to play a one-off concert at the Victoria Apollo on Tuesday, May 12, in company with some very impressive friends — Clem Clempson, Billy Cobham and David Sancious. Bruce's reputation, following his association with Cream, is near-legendary; Clempson, one-time member of Humble Pie, is now a top session man and has recently worked with Cozy Powell and Jon Anderson; Cobham, once part of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, has worked with every big-name musician in the States; and Sancious, an original member of The E Street Band, has just released a solo album 'The Bridge'. Tickets for the Apollo show are on sale now priced £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50.

ADDITIONS FOR CURE

THE CURE have added another two dates to their major UK tour which, as previously reported, opens in Aylesbury this Saturday (see Gig Guide) — they are at Chelmsford Odeon (April 29) and Plymouth Polytechnic (May 1). And their gig on May 8 will now be at Sheffield Polytechnic, and not the city's university. To coincide with their outing, the band's third album 'Faith' is released by Fiction Records this weekend. There's also a cassette version of the LP, which includes the soundtrack of their film *Carnage Visors*, which they made specially to fill the support spot on their tour.

Dean helps out Japan

JAPAN will be featuring guitarist Rob Dean when they go on the road next month, headlining their first major UK tour for two years, even though he has officially left the band. He and the other members decided to part company "to give both parties more freedom to work in their chosen directions," but Dean has agreed to stay on for the tour which opens in Nottingham on May 7, and it's possible that he will contribute towards future Japan projects and tours. However, he didn't play on the band's new single 'The Art Of Parties' — for Virgin release on May 1 in both 7" and 12" forms — which is said to mark a significant change of style by the group.

MORE CHAS & DAVE

CHAS & DAVE begin a new series of dates this week, barely a fortnight after finishing their last tour at London Dominion Theatre. These latest gigs are in support of their new album 'Musn't Grumble', just released on their own Rockney label, distribution of which is now switched from Pinnacle to PRT. Dates so far confirmed are Redcar Coatham Bowl (tomorrow, Friday), Gt. Yarmouth Caister Neptune's Palace (Saturday), Swansea Circles (April 28), Torquay Doodles (29), Luton Cesar's (30-May 2), Leicester Palace Theatre (7), Coventry Tiffany's (20), Tolworth Recreation Centre (29) and a charity show at London Victoria Apollo (June 1).

Weather Report due in

WEATHER REPORT are the latest big-name addition to Capital Radio's London Jazz Festival which, following the granting of a GLC licence, is now confirmed for two successive weekends on Clapham Common in South London — on July 18-19 and 25-26. The line-up of U.S. visitors includes Chick Corea, Mel Torme, Larry Coryell, Dorothy Donegan, Basie Alumni and Bob Crosby & The Bobcats (18); Herbie Hancock, Lightnin' Hopkins, Lee Konitz and Dizzy Gillespie (19); Weather Report, McCoy Tyner, Art Pepper and Dexter Gordon (25); and Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Sarah Vaughan, Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson and Lionel Hampton (26). Two more big names have still to be announced. Tickets are on sale from May 11 priced £7.50 per day (four tickets for £25; OAPs and under-12s £1 daily).

SPARKS FLY IN MAY

SPARKS are planning a series of British appearances next month, as part of a European tour, and details of their schedule are expected shortly. Reason for this activity is that they have a new album released on May 15 called 'Whomp That Sucker' — it features a new line-up, fronted as usual by brothers Ron and Russel Mael, but with the rest of the personnel drawn from Los Angeles band Bates Motel. And it's not yet clear who will be touring with the Maels over here. The new LP is on Why-Fi Records, a new label launched by former A&R chief at Sire and Real Records, Paul McNally — and he's signed Sparks to a worldwide deal. Two tracks from the album are issued as a single on April 24, 'Tips For Teens'/'Don't Shoot Me'.

Wonder nixes UK

STEVIE'S EURO-TOUR BYPASSES BRITAIN

STEVIE WONDER begins an extensive European concert tour in just over two weeks' time, but the official word is that there are no plans for him to visit Britain at present. He's playing a string of 19 concerts in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and France — opening in Rotterdam on May 6 and 7, and finishing in Paris on June 2 and 3.

Tour promoter Barry Marshall of Marshall Arts explained that Wonder didn't consider coming to the UK on this trip, because he played Wembley last year. Said Marshall: "You can rest assured that I'm doing my utmost to convince him that he should come here, and I'm trying to come up with something very special to persuade him. As things stand right now, Stevie's not coming here, but I've got an unusual idea to put to him, in the hope that he'll change his mind."

If Marshall is unsuccessful, we're unlikely to see Wonder in action for some time. He's due to start work on a new album when he returns to the States and, judging from past experience, that's likely to keep him busy for at least a year.

● THE ROLLING STONES will NOT be appearing at London Earls Court in August, despite a national press report that a string of dates has been reserved for them there. Commented promoter Harvey Goldsmith: "The only way they could be there in August is if they're in the Motor Cycle Show or the Royal Tournament." The fact is that, although the Stones are considering dates around that period, no ideas have yet been formulated.

HOLLY'S BRANCHING OUT

THE ON-OFF visit by Holly & The Italians is now definitely on. They've been working in the States for almost a year, but they return to the UK in time for the May 1 release of their debut Virgin album 'The Right To Be Italian' — it was produced in New York by Richard Gottehrer and re-mixed in London by John Brand, with guest contributions from Ellie Greenwich and Talking Heads' Jerry Harrison, among others. A new single from the band, a new mix of 'I Wanna Go Home', is out this weekend.

Since they were last here, drummer Steve Young has departed, and another guitarist has been added. So the revised line-up is now Holly Vincent (vocals and guitar), Mark Sidgwick (bass), Colin Wright (guitar) and John LaForge (drums).

They'll be appearing on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on May 12, and their confirmed dates are Edinburgh Nite Club (May 1), Manchester Polytechnic (2), Cheltenham Eve's (3), Bristol Polytechnic (5), Leeds Warehouse (6), Sheffield Limit Club (7), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (9) and London Marquee (13), with at least one more to come.

Prior to the official opening night, they'll be playing a warm-up gig at London Camden Dingwalls on April 30.

PAULINE, RUTS TREKKING

PAULINE MURRAY has now set most of the dates for her latest UK tour which, as reported last week, supports her new Illusive Records single 'Searching For Heavan'. Just back from a lengthy European tour, she kicks off her British schedule at Liverpool Royal Court on April 28, then plays Doncaster Gaumont (29), Dundee University (May 1), Durham University (2), Middlesbrough Town Hall (3), Manchester Polytechnic (5), Bradford University (6), London Strand Lyceum (7) and Leicester Polytechnic (9), with at least one more date to be confirmed. Her backing band The Invisible Girls comprise, on this occasion, Robert Blamire, John Maher, Peter Barratt and Wayne Hussey.

RUTS DC begin their first major British tour at the end of this month, tied in with the May 8 release of their new Virgin album 'Animal Now' — produced by John Brand, it contains nine new songs, including their recent single 'Different View'. The group — Dave Ruffy, Paul Fox, Segs and Gary Barnacle — recently played a couple of shows with The Who, but haven't undertaken a full tour since the untimely death of Malcolm Owen last July. More dates are still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are Manchester Polytechnic (April 30), Birmingham Cedar Club (May 1), Liverpool Royal Court (2), Edinburgh Nite Club (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7), Scarborough Penthouse (8), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9), Brighton Jenkinsons (10), Cheltenham Technical College (12) and London Strand Lyceum (14). Further gigs will be announced next week.

RUTS DC: first major tour in their new format.

London's new rock venue is Smart's circus tent

PLANS were announced this week for the launching of a new summer venue in London — David Smart's Circus Tent in Battersea Park. Greater London Council has already granted permission for concerts to be staged there, with a maximum capacity of 4,500, and promoter Brian Adams of Rock City Entertainments is busy lining up a string of events.

The venue opens on June 6 with the first of six *Cruisin'* shows, presented by Capital Radio DJ Roger Scott. These will take the form of a disco plus live bands (plenty of space for dancing in what was the circus ring), with The Polecats booked for the first show. They will run for six consecutive Saturdays (7-11pm), with negotiations taking place for Shakin' Stevens and Matchbox to appear in subsequent shows.

Adams is also lining up a number of rock concerts for the same venue — which, he said this week, will certainly include leading U.S. acts. As previously reported, he also intends to present summer rock shows at the Charnock Richard Park Hall Arena (home of the now-defunct July Wakes Festival), so it's likely that he would feature the same bill at both venues on consecutive days.

Another plan in the pipeline for Battersea Park is a two-day folk festival, and Adam says that he is also fully prepared to make the tent available to other promoters for their own shows, to ensure that it's in use for most of the summer.

Fripp, Bruford in new outfit

DISCIPLINE — that's the name of a new band comprising the illustrious Robert Fripp (above) and noted drummer Bill Bruford, plus guitarist Adrian Belew (who's worked with David Bowie, Eno and The Talking Heads, among others) and bassist Tony Levin. They've been rehearsing secretly for some weeks and are now all set to make their debut appearance at Keele University on May 6 followed by Manchester Polytechnic (7), Bristol University (8) and Norwich East Anglia University (9). Their first London concert is at a venue new to rock — Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket on Sunday, May 10. The band then leave for European dates, and will subsequently record an album for autumn release.

QUO'S LONDON EXTRA

STATUS QUO have added another night at London Wembley Arena to the second leg of their UK tour. After returning from Europe, they kick off their second set at Wembley on May 26 and 27, and both these shows have now sold out — but with the venue unexpectedly becoming available, they have now added a third night on May 28. Tickets are priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, and are available by post only from FTMO, P.O. Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB — make cheques and POs payable to "FTMO" and enclose s.a.e.

● STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have added Brighton Centre on May 5 to their spring tour. The town was not included in their original schedule, as a venue wasn't available, but the Centre is now free on that date. Tickets are £3 (all standing), on sale this weekend.

Pyramids invade Poland

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS, who've just completed a lengthy promotional tour of record stores and shopping centres, are now setting out on a more conventional club tour. Dates so far confirmed are at London Camden Dingwalls (April 21), Leeds Warehouse (22), Chesterfield Fusion (23), Dudley J.B.'s (25), Exeter University (26), Southport Follies (29), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (May 1), Bristol Polytechnic (2) and London Marquee (4 and 5), with more being added. Around May 6, they're planning to fly to Poland for a three-week stay, playing 14 shows in that country, at the direct invitation of the Polish State Agency — though presumably this is dependent upon Comrade Leonid Brezhnev maintaining a low profile!

LAST ROUND-UP

☐ **GEORGE BENSON** ticket address, printed last week, was incorrect in one detail (not our fault) — and it should be Kiltorch Ltd, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. Prices for the concert (June 11, 12 and 13 at Wembley Arena) are £8.80, £7.80 and £6.80, including booking fee — postal orders only and enclose s.a.e.

☐ **IRON BUTTERFLY**, the archetypal American heavy metal outfit now in their third re-formation, are being lined up for a British and European tour in May and June — details to follow shortly.

☐ **JOHNNY OSBOURNE** is playing a number of dates in support of his current Greensleeves single 'Back Off', including a show at London Rainbow on April 26. Other confirmed gigs are at Manchester Mayflower (Good Friday), High Wycombe Newlands Club (Easter Monday), Derby Romeo & Juliet's (April 29) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (May 9). More are being set for the roots reggae star.

☐ **MICKEY JUPP** supports his first single for Stiff Records, the previously reported 'Don't Talk To Me', with gigs at London Putney Star & Garter (tonight, Thursday), Southend Shrimpers (Sunday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (April 21), London Hampstead Starlight Room (24), London Fulham Golden Lion (25), St Albans Adelaide Wine Bar (28), Newport Harper Adams College (May 1) and London Fulham Greyhound (8).

☐ **CRASS** and **POISON GIRLS** play three charity shows within the next few days, all in aid of various anti-nukes campaigns. They are at Bradford Queens Hall (tonight, Thursday), Witham Labour Hall (Saturday) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (next Wednesday, 22). Admission in all cases is £1.

☐ **THE PULSATERS** headline a benefit show tonight (Thursday) at Maidstone Corn Exchange, in aid of Oxfam's efforts in Somalia. Also on the bill are Gary's Door and Babelfish, and admission is £1.20.

☐ **STANLEY FRANK** — whose debut A&M album 'Play It 'Til It Hurts' has just been issued, with a single from the LP called 'Love Like A Hammer' due out today (Thursday) — plays three London club dates as part of a European tour. They are Fulham Greyhound (May 13), the Marquee (14) and Camden Dingwalls (15), and he's supported by The Classics on the latter two.

☐ **SNIPS** makes a quick return to London Victoria The Venue, headlining there next Wednesday (22), with Lee Kosmin as his special guest. His new single 'Tight Shoes' is out this week, taken from his recently issued EMI album 'La Rocca'. Both the single and the LP were produced by Chris Spedding and feature contributions from Bill Nelson.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 16th & Fri 17th April (Adm £2.50)
ANGELWITCH
Plus friends & Martin Ball

Sat 18th & Sun 19th April
KEN HENSLEY & SHOTGUN
Plus guests & Martin Ball
Advance tickets to members £2.50
Non-members on the door £3.00

Mon 20th & Tues 21st April
ROSE TATTOO
Plus friends and Martin Ball
Advance tickets to members £2.25
Non-members on the door £2.50

Wed 22nd April (Adm £2.00)
ATOMIC ROOSTER
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thur 23rd April (Adm £2.00)
BELLE STARS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

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Mute Night, Silent Night
NON FURIOUS
DEPECHÉ FAD
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STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 26th APRIL at 6-30
TICKETS £3·00. (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

CAESAR PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
GARY GLITTER
+ Support
Friday 24th April — Taunton Odeon
£3.50, £3.75
Saturday 25th April — Oxford New Theatre
£3.50, £3.75
Monday 27th April — Southampton Gaumont
£3.50, £3.75
Tickets from Box Office and Usual Agents

DINGWALLS
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THURSDAY 16
ROOT JACKSON
AND THE G.B. BLUES CO
FRIDAY 17
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SUPPORTED BY ENGLAND
SATURDAY 18
★JODY STREET★
SUPPORTED BY
A BIGGER SPLASH
MONDAY 20
PEARL HARBOUR

TUESDAY 21
ROCKABILLY NIGHT WITH
SHAKIN PYRAMIDS
WEDNESDAY 22
GIRLS AT OUR BEST
THURSDAY 23 'NEEDLES & PINS' NIGHT
THE SEARCHERS
THURSDAY 30
HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS

OUTLAW PRESENTS
RAINBOW THEATRE
Thursday 21st May 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00
THE UNDERTONES
PLUS SUPPORT
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Sunday 24th May 8pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50
FROM BOX OFFICES, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thu. 16th Apr — £1.25
THE LITTLE ROOSTERS + Press Gang
Fri. 17th Apr — £1.50
THE EXPRESSOS + Temporary Title
Sat. 18th Apr. — £1.25
BIDDIE & EVE + T- Boys
Sun. 19th Apr. — £1
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET
Mon 20th Apr — £3
THE DAMNED + Bite 'n' Be Playful
Tue. 21st Apr. — £3
THE DAMNED + Dolly Mixtures
Wed. 22nd Apr. — £1.25
THE METEORS + Daddy Yum Yum

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD. CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 16th April — 80p
RED BEANS & RICE
+ Devilish Tin Trumpets
Friday 17th April — £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ The Kicks
Satruday 18th April — £1
*** THE IAN MITCHELL BAND ***
Sunday 19th April — £1.50
THE DAMNED
+ Whizz Kids
Monday 20th April — £1.50
STAN WEBBS CHICKEN SHACK
Tuesday 21st April — £2.50
THE BLUES BAND
+ The Pope
Wednesday 22nd April — 70p
THE MONSTERS
+ The Lasers
Thursday 23rd April — 70p
ROCKABILLY REBELS
+ The Deltras

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Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 24th April — £2
BLURT
+ METHOD ACTORS
Saturday 2nd May — £2
999
Friday 8th May — £2
TENPOLE TUDOR
Saturday 25th April — £2
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Monday 4th May — £2
THE HONEY DRIPPERS
Saturday 9th May — £2
ALEX HARVEY

THE
Venue
160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station
Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

THURSDAY 16th APRIL — £2.00
SOFT CELL, The Loved One, Blah Blah
LATE NIGHT: — £2.00
LATE NIGHT DISKOW WITH MANDY H.
FRIDAY 17th APRIL — £3.00
ROCKET 88
SATURDAY 18th APRIL — £3.00
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SUNDAY 19th APRIL — £1.00
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MONDAY 20th APRIL — £3.50
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TUESDAY 21st APRIL — £3.00
GEORGE MELLY
WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL — £2.00
SNIPS + LEE KOSMIN
THURSDAY 23rd APRIL — £2.00
ORIGINAL MIRRORS
Late Night — £2.00
Late Night Diskow with Russell Webb

COMING SOON
SATURDAY 25th APRIL — £3.50
OSIBISA
WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL — £3.00
THE PASSIONS
FRIDAY 1st MAY — £3.50
JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENDORS
SATURDAY 2nd MAY — £3.50
ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIS
FRIDAY 15th MAY — £3.50
LINDISFARNE
FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS, DANCING 8 PM-1 AM

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
the ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80
SPIZZLES
DEPARTMENT S
THE YACHTS + O.K. Jive
TUESDAY 21st APRIL 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00
FROM BOX OFFICE (01·748·2812), PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, HONKY TONK, & USUAL AGENTS.

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 15th April — £1
THE PAUL KENNERLY BAND
Thursday 16th April — £1
THE KEYS
Good Friday — £1.25
THE BELLE STARS
Saturday 18th April — £1.25
DADDY YUM YUM
Easter Sunday — £1.25
Easter Party Night
THE METEORS
Free Cream Eggs to First 50 People In!
Monday 20th April — £1.25
THE SAINTS + 21 Guns
Tuesday 21st April — £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
Wednesday 22nd April — £1
MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licenced 8.30 till 1 am Opp Gt. Portland St tube

Thursday 16th April — £1.50
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
Friday 17th April
CLOSED FOR EASTER
Saturday 18th April — £1.50
SPLIT RIVETT
Monday 20th April — £1
RED RINSE
Tuesday 21st April — £1.50
STIMULIN
Wednesday 22nd April — £1.50
THE DRONES

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
Book Now June 11, 12, 13 GEORGE BENSON

APRIL
17 Dexy's Midnight Runners
17-20 Country Music Festival
19 John Cale
19-20 Fats Domino
20 Christopher Cross
21 The Spizzles
24 Freddie Starr
26 Gary Numan
26 Fad Gadget
28 Killing Joke
29 Glen Campbell
29 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
30 Q-Tips

MAY
1 Teddy Pendegrass
1 The Specials
2 Mike Harding
3 Roots Rockers
3 999
3 Gilbert O'Sullivan
4 The Cure
5 Girlschool
6-7 Leo Sayer
7 Pauline Murray
8 Mike Westbrook Band
9 Echo & The Bunnymen
9 Larry Norman
10 Stiff Little Fingers
11 Tygers of Pang Tang
12 Jack Bruce & Friends
14 The Ruts
14 Freeez
14, 15, 17, 18 Kraftwerk
15, 17 Manhattan Transfer
16-17 Japan
16 Pasadena Roof Orchestra
17 Humphrey Uttleton
18 Barclay James Harvest
18 Gordon Lightfoot
21, 22 Paul Anka
21, 24 The Undertones
24, 25 John Martyn
25 Dave Brubeck
28, 31 Whitesnake
31 The Beat

JUNE
1 Ted Nugent
2 Psychedelic Furs
2 Wishbone Ash
5 Toyah
5, 6 Landscape
6 Rita Coolidge
7 Light Of The World
9 Shakin Stevens
11 Sky
11, 12, 13 George Benson

"TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS"
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DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Small Print**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Tadpoles**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Cheaters**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Gilbert O'Sullivan**
Bolton Stoneclough Community Centre: **The Reporters**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Queens Hall: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Bristol Green Rooms: **The Exploding Seagulls**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spider / Tranzista**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jeep / Jax's / O.A.P.'s**
Cleethorpes Clouds: **Whipps**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Streetwalkers**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Spizzles**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Girlschool / AllZ**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Semuta**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Chinatown**
Feltham Football Club: **The Mods**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Rhesus Negative**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Europeans / Friends & Enemies**
Leeds Fan Club: **TV Smith & The Explorers**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton White Hart: **The Spoilers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Limehouse / The Artists**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Red Beans & Rice / Devilish Tin Trumpet**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gems**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rainbow Remipeds / Bumble & The Beez**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cubes / Brian Copsey & The Commotions**
London Euston The Pits: **Everest The Hard Way / Phillip Jap**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Plain Characters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ginger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Little Roosters / Pressgang**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **The Influence**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Hornets / The Broadening A's**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Opposition / Victims Of Circumstance**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Hayes Brook House: **Zitz**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Handsome Beasts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Kentish Town Forum Ballroom: **The Bureau / Subway Sect**
London Marquee Club: **Angel Witch**
London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Marquis De Sade**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Inch By Inch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Whittle Quartet / Barbara Jay**
London Southall The Cavern: **Motion Pictures / Only After Dark**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Tony Shannon & Mystery Train / The Colts**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Stratford Green Man: **Alan Holdsworth & Co.**
London Victoria The Venue: **Soft Cell / The Loved One / Blah Blah Blah**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Purple Hearts / The Kicks**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **The Flatbackers / The Harlequins**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Johnny G**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun / Moontier**
Maidstone Corn Exchange: **The Pulsaters / Gary's Door / Babelfish**
Maidstone The Ship: **The Europeans**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Kyle-Keddie Sextet**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **The Statics / Fictitious / Ethnik Minority**
New Brighton Grand Hotel: **Dead On Arrival**
Newcastle City Hall: **Neil Sedaka**
Newcastle Cooperage: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Lionheart**
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: **The Aucadion**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Poole Arts Centre: **Steeleye Span**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Xena Zerox**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Vardis**
Ruthin Town Hall: **State Secrets / Interceptors**
Sandwich White Horse: **Blue Country**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **No Soldier / Unknown**
Southend Rascals: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Stockport Smugglers Club: **Revue / The Stilts**
West Bromwich Stork Hotel: **The Xit**
Winchester Railway Inn: **The Press**

FRIDAY

Alfreton Sommercoats Black Horse: **Geddes Axe**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Denizens/Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Grace**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Augustus Leg-Iron**
Cambridge Great Northern: **The Rank Amateurs**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Metropons/Furniture/Phantom Zone**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Whipps**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Travelling Shoes**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Private Sector**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Dolphine**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **The Europeans**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Centre: **The Polecats/OK Jive**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Nicky Moore Band**
Hanley The Vine Inn: **The Deep Six**
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: **The Xdreamysts**
Kettering The Windmill: **The Bopcats**
Largs Nip Inn: **The Venetian Blinds**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Kyle-Keddie Sextet**
Liverpool Empress Hall: **Rockin Horse**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Lionheart**
London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton Band/England**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Influence**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Little Roosters/The Kicks**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Chester**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Biddy & Eve**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Lollipop Sisters/Leszek**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **End Games/The Papers/Small Print**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/Temporary Title**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Keys/Religious Overdose**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators/Earl Okin**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Dirty Strangers**
London Hendon Midland Arms: **Small Hours/Scotland Yard**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Tranzista/Paris Nine**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Belle Stars**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Angel Witch**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session/Tucker Finlayson & Root Jackson**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **Results!**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Mr. E & The Imaginations/Feelers**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny G**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Shell Shock**
London Southall White Swan: **El Seven/Shrinking Men/Johnny & The Moondogs**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Afghan Rebels/Diff Juz**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Grand Union**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rocket 88**
London Wembley Arena: **Festival of Country Music (see panel)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cabaret Golinski**
Maidstone Medway Inn: **Stark/Chaotic Children**
Manchester Mayflower: **Johnny Osbourne**
Manchester Millstone: **Eyelids**
New Brighton Empress Hall: **Rockin Horse**
Norwich Prince of Denmark: **Cultural Collapse/ The Ordinaires**
Norwich Whites: **The Amyl Dukes**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Stolen Pets**
Poynton Folk Festival: **McCalmans/Gary & Vera Aspey/Fred Jordan/John James/Kitsyke Will/Gentleman Soldier/Joe Beard and many more (for three days**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Chas & Dave**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
Rugby Warwickshire College: **Future Toys**
Sandwich White Horse: **Pete Rose Band**
Seaford Great Dane: **The Ammonites/John Clay Band**
Sunderland Annabel's: **The Cheaters**
Taunton Odeon: Steeleys Span

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Neil Sedaka**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Cure**
Basingstoke Angel Nightclub: **Jets**
Belfast Dunne Bar Arms: **Stage B**
Bexley Freemantle Hall: **The Papers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Expertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Shader**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton The Northern: **Overkill**
Bromsgrove Hunters Hall: **Witchfinder General**
Bury St Edmunds Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bury St Edmunds The Griffin: **Cobra**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **New Dynamite**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dumb Blondes**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jennies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Juke Box**
Doncaster Bentley Pavilion: **Zounds/The Astronauts/The Entire Cosmos**
Doncaster Rotters: **Performance**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Small Print**
Edinburgh The Fountain: **Tranzista**
Elsing The Barn: **G Squad**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **John Spencer's Spectacles**
Gt Yarmouth (Caister) Neptune's Palace: **Chas & Dave**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Spizzles**
Hillingdon Rugby Club: **Spider**
Isle of Wight Jazz Funk Festival: **Level 42**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Metro Glider**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Johnny Storm**
Leeds Staging Post: **Flock Of Seagulls**
Leven Golf Tavern: **The Complexions**
London Brixton Archway Studios: **Perform**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jody St/A Bigger Splash**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ian Mitchell Band**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Idle Flowers**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **The Artists/Limehouse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators/Ukraine**
London CND March (Hampstead to Dollis Hill): **The Chefs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Lemons**
London Ealing Olde Hatte: **True**
London Euston The Pits: **Split Rivitt/The Screaming Ab Dabs**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Danny Adler Band/T-Boys**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **English Subtitles**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Expressos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dingle Spike**
London Marquee Club: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
London N.W.1 Film Co-op: **This Heat**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session/East Side Stompers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet/Jeanie Lambe**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Grand Union**
London Victoria The Venue: **Barry Ford/Nightdoctor**
London Wembley Arena: **Festival of Country Music (see panel)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids/The Prats**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Kan-Kan/The Inevitable**
Malvern Nags Head: **And Also The Trees**
Manchester(Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **Thorns Of Affliction/The Hats/Accident On The East Lancs/Drive By Night/Heavy Thunder/Tony Crabtree Band**
Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One: **Girlschool/AllZ**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Lionheart/Geddes Axe**
Nottingham Rock City: **A Certain Ratio/Section 25**
Nottingham The Test Match: **No Tigers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Dolphins**
Peterborough Co-op Social Club: **The Bopcats**
Portslade Courthope Centre: **Cuddly Toys/Going Straight/The Mocking Birds/The Ad-Vice Squad/Tiny Little Eggs**
Preston Warehouse: **Grace**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Wasted Youth**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Sound**
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Neighbourhood Threat**
Southend Scamps: **The Americans**
St Albans City Hall: **Vardis**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **Dirty Strangers**
Warwick Red Lion: **Dealer**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **Steve Brown Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Witham Labour Hall: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Woolmer Green The Chequers: **The 'A' Band**

SUNDAY

Barrowhaven Haven Inn: **Still Earth**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **the Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Cliche**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Centre: **Leo Sayer**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

1981 Country Festival at the Arena

GOOD FRIDAY:
Jerry Lee Lewis
Carl Perkins
Matchbox
Wanda Jackson
Razzy Bailey
Carey Duncan Band
Indian Dancers
George Jones
Gene Watson
Hank Thompson
Skeeter Davis
Vern Gosdin
Wally Whyton

SATURDAY, 18:
Bobby Bare
Nashville Superpickers
Don Gibson
Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys
Marvin Rainwater
Ray Lynam
Tumbledown Wind
Marty Robbins
Doc Watson
Teddy Nelson
The Family Brown
Melba Montgomery
Two's Company
Country Team with Lillian Askeland

There's also a gospel show in Wembley Conference Centre on Good Friday afternoon, free to festival ticket holders.

Pictured below in the top row are (left to right) JUNE CARTER, MATCHBOX and JERRY LEE LEWIS. The central picture is of Monday's headliner JOHNNY CASH, and on his left are MARTY ROBBINS (above) and HANK THOMPSON — while on Cash's right are CARL PERKINS (above) and TAMMY WYNETTE. The event is staged at London Wembley Arena, tickets are still available, and the promoter is Mervyn Conn.

EASTER SUNDAY:
Tammy Wynette
Vernon Oxford
Mac Wiseman
Gloria & Mississippi
Susan McCann
Roxon Road Show
Hoyt Axton
Bill Anderson
George Hamilton IV
Susie Allanson
Bjoro Haaland & Country Snakes
Brendan Quinn & The Bluebirds
Patrice
Ian Corrigan
Carina Wessman

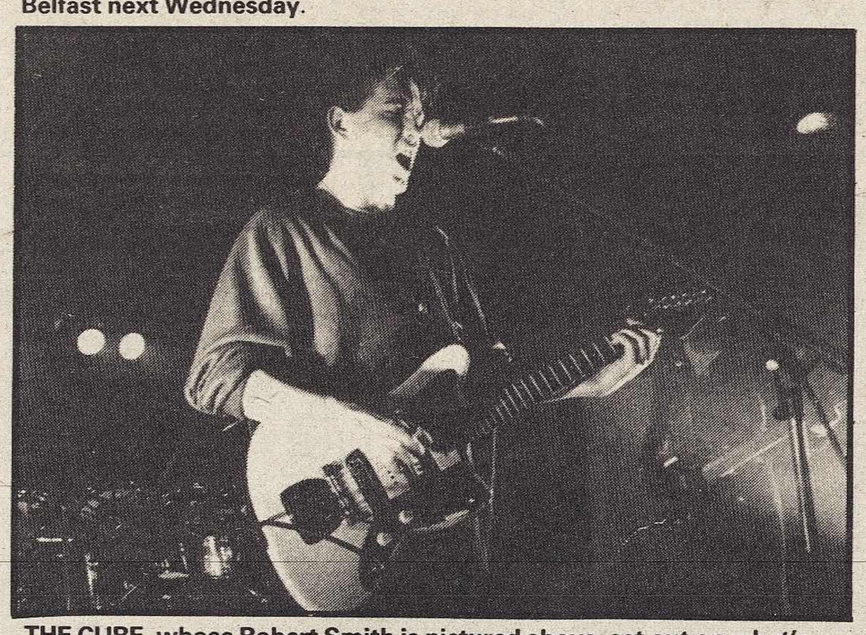
EASTER MONDAY:
Johnny Cash
June Carter
Great Eighties/8
Joe Sun
Rose-Marie
Jimmy C. Newman
Jim & Jesse & The Virginia Boys
Paul Kennerley
Ruud Hermans Band
Frank Ifield
Diane Pfeifer
Raymond Froggatt
American Express
Ralph Carlson & Country Mile
Kevin Daniels Band

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Bromley Beckets Restaurant: **The Duffy Brothers / Chester**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Stefan Grossman & Duck Baker**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Grace**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **A II Z**
Cheltenham Eve's: **Lionheart**
Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **The Gatsby Five**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys / Non-Injectibles**
Hatfield Stonehouse: **The Handsome Beasts**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Cheaters**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Damned / The Whizz Kids**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Susan Oz**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mistakes / The Dot**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Plain Characters / The El-Trains / Gate Crashers**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Salt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Fats Domino**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Sycho & The New Yorkers**
London Hayes Brook House: **Spider**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes / Bumble & The Beez**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Meteors**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Ken Hensley's Shotgun**
London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunctime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.19 Hargrave Park (Free open-air, from 1 pm): **The Influence / The Mysterons / The Eggheads / The Fireworks etc.**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Irving Street Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Jazz Sluts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Errol Clarke**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Soul Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **John Cale / Subway Sect / The Books / Modern English**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Tottenahm The Railway: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Eater Record Fair (10am - 10pm)**
London Wembley Arena: **Festival of Country Music (see panel)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Chicken Shack / John Dowie**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
Morpeth Queens Head: **The Wax Boys**
Newcastle City Hall: **Girlschool**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Overkill**
Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Geddes Axe**
Poole Arts Centre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Reading George Hotel: **Shrinking Men**
Redditch Palace Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Sandwich White Horse: **Whirligig**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Drivin' Sideways**
Southend Shrimpers: **Mickey Jupp**

More tours set out

THE BUREAU, the Dexys spinter group, make their first live appearance in London on Thursday. And their debut British tour opens officially in Belfast next Wednesday.



THE CURE, whose Robert Smith is pictured above, set out on what's probably their most important tour to date — starting at Aylesbury (Saturday), Poole (Monday) and Portsmouth (Tuesday).

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS will be creating their usual havoc in a new series of gigs, kicking off in Malvern (Tuesday) and Newport (Wednesday).

MONDAY

Banchory Burnett Arms: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Alexandra Theatre: **Patti Boulaye (for a week)**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham (Handsworth) LSD Club: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **The Tadpoles**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Cryer**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **The Reporters**
Box Hill Burford Bridge Hotel: **Morrissey Mullen**
Brierley Hill Horseshoes Hotel: **Witchfinder General**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **D. J. Kane & The Millionaires/RPM**
Charnock Richard Park Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
Cinderford Rugby Club: **Mendes Prey**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Classified**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Amy**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Neil Sedaka**
High Wycombe Newlands Club: **Johnny Osbourne**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Shake Appeal/The Elements**
Kingston The Three Tuns: **The Keys**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Future Toys**
Liverpool The Masonic: **A Formal Sign**
London Acton White Hart: **Siris**
London Barking Volunteer Club: **The Cheaters**
London Cabaret Futura: **Victims Of Pleasure**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Pearl Harbour**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chicken Shack**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **A. E. Liquid**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Last Touch/En Route**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Play Dead/The Pinkies**
London Euston The Pits: **Red Rinse/The Almost Brothers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Damned**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Fats Domino**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Level 42**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Dalmations/The Yes Men**
London Homerton Deuragon: **The Artists**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Saints/21 Guns**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ian Henry & Guests (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Rose Tattoo**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Palladium: **Christopher Cross**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **The Nashville Teens/Reaction**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom (noon onwards): **Crazy Cavan/Levi Dexter/The Strollers/The Stargazers etc.**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The O.A.P.'s/The Balloons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hot Rumour**
London Wembley Arena: **Festival of Country Music (see panel)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Department S/Dead On Arrival**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips (Dean St.): **The Meteors**
London W.11 The Tabernacle: **The Members/Soste with Natalie**
New Brighton Riverside Club (matinee): **Attempted Moustache**
Newbury Greenham Common: **The Piranhas / The Mistakes / Between Pictures / European Theatre Of War**
Newport Stowaway: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Lionheart**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Rockin Horse**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **The Showers**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield Genevieve's: **Geddes Axe**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Firm/Katz**
Slough Studio 1: **Arrogant**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Leo Sayer**
Southend Zero 6: **The Inmates**
Watford Bailey's: **Kelly Marie (for a week)**

TUESDAY

Andover Oscars Wine Bar: **The Press**
Belfast Dunne Bar Arms: **Stage B**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Billingham Black Horse: **Tim Laycock**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber Band**
Bristol Granary: **Lionheart**
Cambridge Carioca Club: **The Amyl Dukes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Carpettes / Red Kytes**
Chichester Martine's: **The Nashville Teens**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Girlschool / A II Z**
Eton Chrostopher Hotel: **Chiltern Hundreds Band**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Vardis**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Billie Jo Spears**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Blues Band / The Pope**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joyspring**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Resistors/ Prime Suspect**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Afghan Rebels / The Inevitable**
London Euston The Pits: **The Wanderers / Driver**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Julian Dawson's Hit Factory**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Damned / Dolly Mixture**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **Stolen Pets**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Spizzles / Department S**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Ice**
London Homerton Deuragon: **Xero**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Lee Green Tiger's Head: **The Cruisers**
London Marquee Club: **The Belle Stars**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & New Yorkers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **A Bigger Splash**
London Palladium: **Christopher Cross**
London Putney Stars: **The identicalTwins**
London Southall The Cavern: **Red Box / Knomads**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stratford Green Man: **Dr. Cosgill**
London Tooting The Castle: **Hit And Run**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Aligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Harlequins**
London Victoria The Venue: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Scars / The Laughing Apple**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **OK Jive / The Decorators**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Angelic Uptarts**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Rip, Rig & Panic**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Small Print**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Cure**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Comsat Angels**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Mickey Jupp Band**

WEDNESDAY

Belfast Queen's University: **The Bureau**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **State Secrets**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Badger Bars: **Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Stranger Station / Listen**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Naughty Thoughts**
Chatham Scamps: **The Nashville Teens**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Theatre: **Gilbert O'Sullivan**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Espionage**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **The Artists**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Overkill**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Stephane Grappelli**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Holly & The Italians**
Horsham Hornbrook Inn: **Larry Miller Band**
Immingham St. Andrew's Youth Centre: **Spider**
King's Lynn Technical College: **The 45's**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **The Quads / Shader**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Girls At Our Best**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Lasers**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Preston Rumbaugh**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Elgin Marbles / Andrew Hayward & Panic Button**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Scars / OK Jive**
London Euston The Pits: **BIM/Bigger Splash**
London Fulham Cafe Des Artists: **The Berlin Blondes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Parallel Bars**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Meteors / Daddy Yum Yum**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **The Artist / Limehouse**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Chevrons / Gun Control**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Little Roosters / The Hit Factory**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
London Kings Cross Butchers Arms: **Positive Signals**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Bill Boston Swingtet**
London Palladium: **Bucks Fizz**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Escorts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Sluts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pig Bag / Dif Juz**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Kicks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Girlschool / A II Z**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Rafters : **The Diagram Brothers / Big Noise / The Dance Troup**
New Romney Seahorse: **Silent Movies**
Newport Stowaway: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oldburey Grants: **Witchfinder General**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **EL Seven / Shrinking Men / Johnny & The Moondogs**
Oxford New Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Portslade Courthope Centre: **Going Straight**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Stylistics (for four days)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Sandwich White Horse: **Perry White Band**
Sheffield Top Rank: **999**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: **Zanathus / Banned 4**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wigan Pier: **Vardis**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Eclipse (for three days)**

RECORD NEWS

● **Desmond Dekker** has a new album due for release by Stiff next month, as yet untitled. It contains all new Dekker compositions, and it was recorded in Nassau with Robert Palmer producing.

● **Bill Nelson** has reactivated his Cocteau Records label (distributed by Rough Trade and other indies) — though, following his recent signing to Mercury, it will now feature material by other artists. First release this week is 'A Certain Bridge' by Yorkshire group **Last Man In Europe** — it was produced by Nelson, who is currently in the studio with Liverpool band **A Flock Of Seagulls,** recording tracks for the next Cocteau single.

● **T.V. Smith & The Explorers,** currently recording their first album, have a single titled 'The Servant' issued by Kaleidoscope (through CBS) this weekend.

● Boney M's **Marcia Barrett** releases her first solo single, called 'You', through WEA today (Thursday). But it's stressed that this doesn't herald a solo career, and she is still an integral part of the group.

● **Tom Marshall,** keyboards player with Liquid Gold, has his first solo single issued this week — it's the self-penned 'Film Star', produced by the Buggles duo of Geoff Downes and Trevor Horn. The release follows the recent distribution deal between Trojan (incorporating B&C) and Pinnacle.

● **Modern English,** who support John Cale at London Lyceum on Easter Sunday, have their debut album 'Mesh & Lace' out this week. It's on the Beggars Banquet subsidiary label, 4.A.D. Records.

● Heavy rockers **Dedringer** have a double-pack single issued by DinDisc this week, selling at the price of a normal single. Main title is 'Maxine', an edited version of a track from their album. Then there's 'Innocent 'Til Proven Guilty', recorded live at Nottingham Rock City when they were on tour with Gillan — plus the previously unissued 'Took A Long Time' and a re-recording of the B-side of their debut single 'We Don't Mind'.

● **The Wall** have flipped songs for their debut Polydor single, released on April 24. The original A-side 'Hsi Nao' now becomes the B-side, and is replaced by 'Remembrance'. As reported, the band are special guests on the upcoming Stiff Little Fingers tour.

● **The Diagram Brothers'** second single for New Harmones comprises two of their stage favourites, 'Bricks' and 'Postal Bargains'. It's out this week.

● 'The Long Hello Volume II' is an album of new instrumental music by **Nic Potter** and **Guy Evans** — both of whom were, from time to time, members of Van Der Graaf Generator — and it's out this week on Butt Records. The first volume was issued as long ago as 1975!

● **Johnny G** plays a couple of London gigs this week — Wimbledon Nelson's (tonight, Thursday) and Putney White Lion (Friday) — which will be recorded by Beggars Banquet. The idea is to make a free live album to accompany his next LP release.

These lovely people are ELECTRONIC CIRCUS, a new futurist band formed by Chris Payne, keyboards player with the Gary Numan Band and co-writer of the Visage single 'Fade To Grey'. Their debut single 'Direct Lines', written and produced by Payne, is out this week on Scratch Records (through RCA).

● **Small Change** are a new band got together and produced by Rob Broughtom, formerly of the Edgar Broughton Band. Fronted by girl singer and writer Avi Behrendt, they also feature Alan Gibson (bass) and Stach Norton (Guitar). They're currently recording tracks for their debut album, and negotiating a major label deal.

● New London label Hyped Records is launched this month, with pressing and distribution by Spartan. First two singles are 'Yes To The Neutron Bomb' by Liverpool band **The Moderates** (out this weekend) and 'Short Sharp Kick In The Teeth' by Birmingham outfit **Close Rivals** (April 24). Both releases will be supported by Hyped badges, T-shirts, music press advertising and (it says here) marathon walks.

● **Zounds,** currently on tour in 'The 1955 Revue' package, have a single titled 'De-Mystification' and an album 'The Curse Of Zounds' due for release at the end of this month by Rough Trade. **The Astronauts,** who feature in the same package, have their LP 'Peter Pan Hits The Suburbs' now available on Genius/Bugle.

● **La Dusseldorf** (formerly known as Neu!), the German electronic band who were one of Europe's first synthesiser outfits, have their third album issued this week by Albion Records — their first two having appeared on Radar.

● This week, Beggars Banquet release a 12-inch version of the current **Bauhaus** single 'Kick In The Eye', selling at normal seven-inch price.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
THEATRE OF HATE
MODERN ENGLISH
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
7.30 PM · FRIDAY · MAY 1ST
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON · MALLET ST · WC1
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Futurist Night
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Heavy Metal Special
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+ Magnum + Alkatrazz

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ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
+ Support

Saturday 25th April — Adv £2.50
999 + The English

Wednesday 29th April — Adv £3.50
BILLIE JOE SPEARS
Plus The Hillsiders

Thursday 30th April — Adv £3.00
GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

Friday 1st May — Adv £2.50
FREEEZ

Saturday 2nd May — Adv £3.00
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MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE
NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS
NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

Monday 4th May — Adv £3.50
Ltd number £2.50 with dole card from Rock City only
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Thursday 7th May — Adv £3.00
JAPAN

Friday 8th May — Adv £2.50
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Saturday 9th May — Adv £3.50
THE UNDERTONES
+ Support

Friday 15th May — Adv £2.50
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Saturday 16th May — Adv £2.50
SQUEEZE

Wednesday 20th May — Adv £3.50
KRAFTWERK

Friday 22nd May — Adv £2.50
WILD HORSES

Friday 12th June — Adv £3.00
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Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Way Ahead Revolver, R E Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester) or by post from Rock City. Cheques payable to Rock City. Must be over 18 years of age.
No Membership Required

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The London Planetarium

"Light Years" Wednesdays, Thursdays 6.00 and 7.30 pm
includes music by The Beatles and Elton John

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includes music by The Police and Genesis

"Starship" Sundays 6.00 and 7.30 pm includes music from Star Wars

New custom built sound system!

TRANZISTA

TUNING IN TOUR '81

April			25th	Dunfermline	Belleville
16th	Cambridge	Great Northern	27th	London	Clarendon
17th	London	Half Moon, Herne Hill	May		
18th	Recording		2nd	London	Half Moon, Herne Hill
19th			7th	Hatfield	Poly
20th	Edinburgh	Cavendish	8th	Manchester	Cyprus Tavern
23rd	Glenrothes	Rothes Arms	14th	Preston	Warehouse
24th	Paisley	Bungalow Bar	15th	Carlise	Twisted Wheel

CHECK FURTHER PRESS FOR ADDED DATES — ENQ (0223) 47802

THE Venue
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Opp. Victoria Tube Station

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THE SCARS

MOTOR BOYS MOTORS

Thursday 23rd April. Tickets £2
Doors open 8 pm

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

999

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anti-pasti
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STRAND, WC2
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That's ENTEETAINMENT

Q-Tips

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
+ Bop Natives + disco
Thursday 30th April 7·30 pm
LYCEUM BALLROOM
TICKETS £2·50 from the Lyceum box office Tel. 836 3715

BLURT

&

THE METHOD ACTORS

BLURT - ALBUM - IN BERLIN ON ARMAGEDDON RECORDS ARM 6

THE METHOD ACTORS - 'NO' ALBUM - RHYTHMS OF YOU ON ARMAGEDDON RECORDS AEP 12005

April
14th Venue – London
20th Stowaway – Newport
21st 100 Club – London
23rd Warehouse – Preston
24th Porterhouse – Retford
27th Marples – Sheffield
28th Boathouse – Nottingham
29th Warehouse – Leeds
30th Rafters – Manchester

May
1st Artwave – Birmingham
2nd Henry 8th Hotel – Scunthorpe
3rd The Crown & Anchor, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire
Trinity Hall, Bristol
6th Moonlight – London
8th City of London Poly – London

IN U.K.

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THE PRICE OF £52 INCLUDES

★ A Ticket for the Concert
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.....
No. of tickets reqd .....

Please make cheques/POs (send no cash) payable to:—
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OUTLAW PRESENTS

JOHN MARTYN

and his band

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURSDAY 21st MAY

BRIGHTON DOME
FRIDAY 22nd MAY

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
SAT. & SUN. 23rd & 24th MAY

ALL TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50
EXCEPT DOMINION £4·00, £3·50, £3·00
DOORS OPEN 7·30pm ALL SHOWS
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Derek Block presents

THE CURE

PICTURE TOUR WITH THE FILM
'CARNAGE VISORS'
MONDAY 4th MAY 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·00 £2·75
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01·748·6045), PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS.

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THE SPECIALS
DAMBALA
Pigbag
THE PEOPLE
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DATA CONTROL

INFORMATION CITY

IT'S been stated in your paper that the years '77 and '78 were classics for singles. Consequently, I would be pleased if you could print NME's own top 50 singles for these years. *GRAHAM WALSH, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria.*

● **Sorry, there's not enough space for such a listing but our critics' Top 10 for 1977 read: 1 Sex Pistols 'Pretty Vacant'; 2 Elvis Costello 'Watchin' The Detectives'; 3 Ian Dury 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll; 4 Sex Pistols 'God Save The Queen'; 5 Ramones 'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker'; 6 David Bowie 'Heroes'; 7 Tom Robinson Band '2-4-6-8 Motorway'; 8 Bob Marley 'Waiting In Vain; 9 The Rods 'Do Anything You Wanna Do'; 10 Elvis Costello 'Alison', while '78's most cherished included: 1 Buzzcocks 'Ever Fallen In Love'; 2 Public Image Ltd. 'Public Image'; 3 Ian Dury 'What A Waste'; 4 Rolling Stones 'Miss You'; 5 Elvis Costello 'Radio , Radio'; 6 Elvis Costello 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea; 7 Siouxsie and The Banshees 'Hong Kong Garden'; 8 Clash 'White Main in Hammersmith Palais'; 9 Magazine 'Shot By Both Sides'; 10 Bryan Ferry 'Sign Of The Times', the final scoreline showing UK 18, USA 1, Jamaica 1. Patriotic lot aren't we?**

Shades of 1977 — Ian Dury on drugs, rock'n'roll and sex

I WENT to see The Jam on their recent tour and, knowing the sort of crush which usually occurs, I decided to wait until after the concert before purchasing T-shirts, programmes, etc. However, when I went back, the stall had shut. Can I now send away for these things?

SIMON LONG, Salford, Lancs.

● **Those in the know at Jam H.Q. claim that the souvenir stalls at the band's last series of concerts opened at least two hours before Weller and Co. went onstage, allowing fans plenty of time to sort over the goodies. But, if it's any consolation, you didn't miss out on programmes as none was printed for the tour. As for T-shirts — these and other assorted items of preservative paraphernalia can be obtained from The Jam Fan Club, 44 Balmoral Drive, Maybury Estate, Woking, Surrey.**

A FEW years ago, John Peel played some tracks by Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup that included his original versions of such Presley hits as 'Hound Dog' and stuff like that. Is there a Crudup album around that features this sort of material?

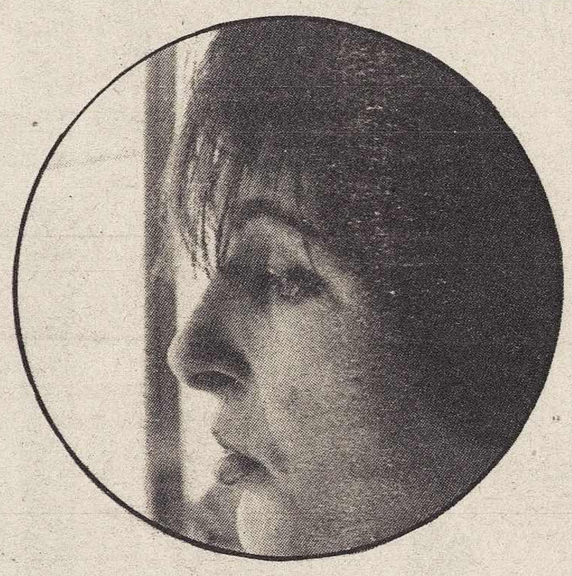
B. ABRAHAMS, Dagenham, Essex.

● **Shame on you! El ripped off 'Hound Dog' from Mama Thornton — it was 'That's Alright', 'So Glad You're Mine' and 'My Baby Left Me' that he nicked from Crudup. Unfortunately, none of the bluesman's RCA recordings — the ones that really turned Elvis on — have been available in this country for some time now, though you might find a copy of the 1976 DJM compilation called 'That's Alright, Mama' if you scout around. The only Crudup discs in the catalogue right now are those on Delmark, 'Crudup's Mood' (DS 621) and 'Look On Yonder Wall' (DS 614), which dealers can obtain from Swift Records, a wholesale company based in Bexhill-on-Sea.**

THOUGH as you recently claimed, there is no official U.K. fan club for Mr. Springsteen, your readers may care to learn that a fanzine is available. It's titled *'point Blank'* and copies of issues one (40p) and two (50) are available from D. French (Payments to same), 11A Thirlmere Road, London SW16. But please ask all those interested to enclose a large SAE!

DAN FRENCH, London SW16.

● **What more can I say except to add that I've seen a copy of the current issue which includes a review of the *'No Flukes'* movie, an interview with Brooce translated from Swedish, live reviews, a quiz and lotsa other items of interest, including quotes nicked from Julie Burchill, Nick Kent, Bob Edmands and Graham Lock?**



On ice — Siouxie Sioux looks back in angst. Pic:— Philippe Carly

Sign of the times — Bryan Ferry chart shock. Pic: Michael Putland

THE NEWS about Flo and Eddie's visit to these shores has set me wondering — just how many hits did The Turtles obtain during the '60s? All I can remember is 'Happy Together' but one of my mates reckons that they piled up a whole load of winners. Is he right or has he been knocking back to many Seven-Ups again?

P. HOPE, Surbiton, Surrey

● **He's right — but then, fizzy-drink friends invariably are! Volman, Kaylan and Co scored with 'It Ain't Me Babe', 'Let Me Be' (1965), 'You Baby', 'Grim Reaper Of Love', 'Can I Get To Know You Better' (1966), 'Happy Together', 'She'd Rather Be With Me', 'You Know What I Mean', 'She's My Girl' (1967), 'Sound Asleep', 'The Story Of Rock And Roll', 'Elenore' (1968), 'You Showed Me', 'You Don't Have To Walk In The Rain', 'Love In The City', 'Lady O' (1969) and 'Eve Of Destruction' (1970), five of these being U.S. Top 10 hits, with 'Happy Together' reaching No. 1. In the U.K. 'She'd Rather Be With Me', 'Elenore' and 'Happy Together' all achieved Top 20 status.**

Your queries answered by FRED DELLAR. Write to Info City, NME, 3rd floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

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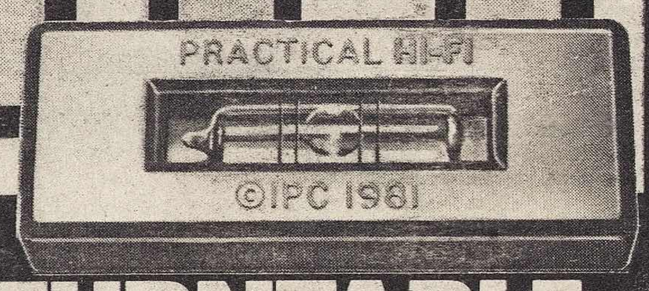

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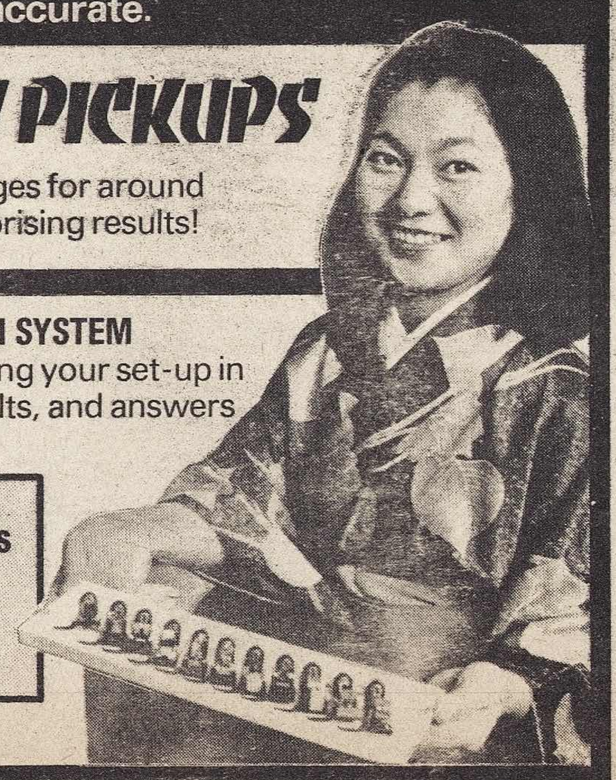


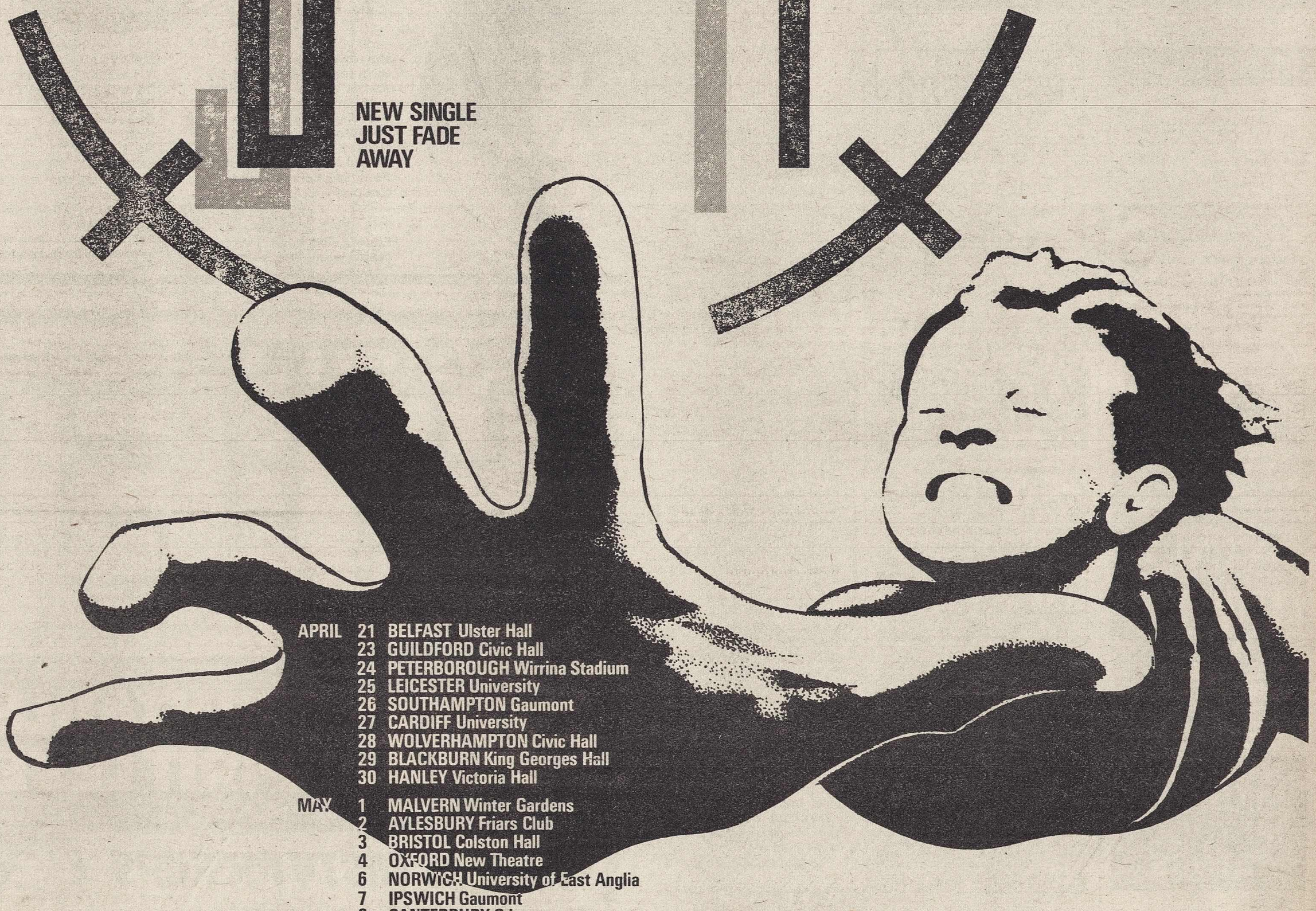
The magazine for leisure listening.

Siouxsie and the Banshees

NEW ALBUM

JUJU

NEW SINGLE JUST FADE AWAY



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23 GUILDFORD Civic Hall
24 PETERBOROUGH Wirrina Stadium
25 LEICESTER University
26 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
27 CARDIFF University
28 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
29 BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
30 HANLEY Victoria Hall

MAY
1 MALVERN Winter Gardens
2 AYLESBURY Friars Club
3 BRISTOL Colston Hall
4 OXFORD New Theatre
6 NORWICH University of East Anglia
7 IPSWICH Gaumont
8 CANTERBURY Odeon
9 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
10 LONDON Rainbow
11 LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre
12 MANCHESTER Apollo
13 DERBY Assembly Rooms
14 BRADFORD St Georges Hall
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LIVE! follows the stars who say no to England even as they serve in Europe. (Remember our excellent Elvis coverage in the '60s?)

All Springsteen pix by Anton Corbijn

SPRINGSTEEN BUNKERS DOWN

Bruce Springsteen

Berlin

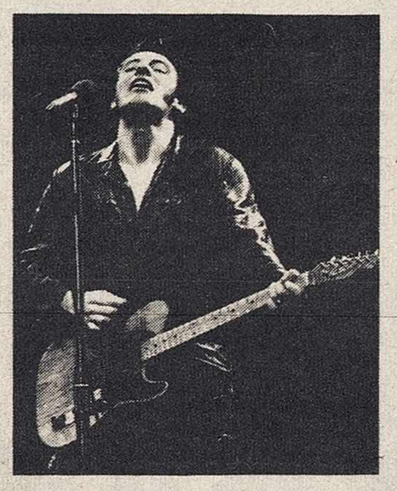
WITH THE long awaited European tour totally up-ended so that Bruce Springsteen had enough time to recover from a severe bronchial disorder and get an even more brutally cropped head of hair, he took the stage at Berlin's LCC Building with his E Street Band and performed a formidable two-and-half-hour set. Some 30 numbers were performed before the 4,000 present, who were probably seeing "the man who would save rock'n'roll" for the first time.

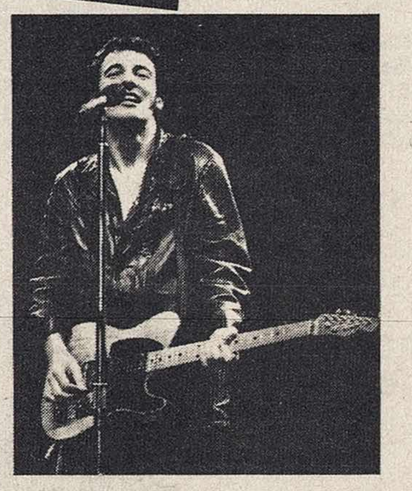
If Springsteen himself was aware of any high expectations for his performance in Berlin — the third German date, having opened in Hamburg — he brusquely swept them safely to one side. In a red checked shirt, black jeans and motorbike boots, he sauntered onstage and performed a poignant, almost mournful 'Factory', apparently a new song inspired by a drive along the Berlin wall that afternoon. After this ponderous and stately beginning, Springsteen and the E Street Band immediately fired up and drove headlong into a rumbustuous 'Prove It All Night', then 'Out In The Street',brusquely hitting a muscular four-wheel drive for 'Tenth Avenue Freezeout'.

Springsteen was singing well, which was pretty remarkable considering that a month before he'd collapsed onstage on the final date of his US tour. Physically too, he was strong, playing all the lead guitar parts, leaving Steve Van Zandt mainly to rhythm work and backing vocals. The pacing of the first half was impeccable: after 'Freezeout' came a terse 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town', a passionate 'Independence Day', followed by an impromptu performance of John Fogerty's 'Who'll Stop The Rain?', then reached a peak with Springsteen's own 'Promised Land' which careered into Woody Guthrie's anthemic 'This Land Is Your Land'.

Springsteen constantly outdid himself: an epic 'The River' followed hard on the heels by 'Badlands' and 'Thunder road'.

The first bars of 'Cadillac Ranch'hammered open the second half. Then came 'Sherry Darling', an exuberant 'Hungry Heart', near-Vaudervillian 'Fire', a fiery 'You Can Look (. . . Not Touch)', a switch of gears for a haunting 'Wreck On The Highway', the numbing 'Racing In The Streets', followed by the splendid 'Backstreets'. The set ended with a cocky 'Ramrod', prefacing the inevitable 'Rosalita'. Two encores followed, one featuring 'Born To Run', 'The Detroit Medley' and another Fogerty original 'Rockin' All Over The World'; the other was a lunging 'Twist And Shout' with Springsteen donning a leather jacket.





Fogerty's bleak vision of America at the turn of the '70s is a pitch with which Springsteen now feels sympathy in this scary era of Reagan, the Moral Majority and mass demoralisation.The set often struck a vital balance between dealing with these issues — the music was far more than mere entertainment, harbouring a sense of desolation ('Wreck'/'Racing In The Streets') and fear and doubt — and still staying within the boundaries of 'rock' as a music that is not merely 'fun' but 'triumphant'.

The ICC audience sensed only the latter, but to them that was more than enough. It'll be interesting to see if Britain's current xenophobic bent doesn't blind them to Springsteen's real big picture.

Peter Koops
Nick Kent

Annabella takes a Bow Wow Wow. Pix David Corio.

Bow Wow Wow
Vic Godard & The Subway Sect

Lyceum

NOT BEING billed on the publicity posters, the sudden appearance of Vic Godard with his Subway Sect comes as a surprise to many in the building. The set which he proceeds to perform comes as an even bigger one — for Vic Godard ambles onstage in a tuxedo apparently on hire from Moss Brothers, and with a personality and repertoire apparently on loan from Frank Sinatra.

The man is mellow, the manner's nostalgic, the mood is cool. Loose finger clicking, patter on the hi-hat, tinkling electric piano: the music is subdued and late-night cocktail bar, songs for swinging lovers. Or something.

The material he's chosen to present is mercilessly unsuited to any but a rich, velvet voice, and this he simply doesn't have. Nor has he developed the kind of glib confidence exuded by a Tony Bennett, and as a result the act is a little awkward — a gesture in the direction of polished showbiz professionalism, but not the real thing.

At the same time, he deserves credit for trying: the approach is so unusual and risky that it does make a refreshing change. And at the odd moments where the group just about strike the right note of relaxed grooviness — particularly on the closing 'Anything Goes' (Harpers Bizarre!?) — the effect is undeniably entertaining. It seems a very earnest effort to revive style and glamour: all suggestions of camp or kitsch are strictly suppressed. My main reservation has to be that there are better Buddy Greco impersonators at work, crooning through pub PAs from Birkenhead to Bermondsey, who can't expect to garner a fraction of the attention that Subway Sect will get for doing the same thing to a 'rock' audience.

Bow Wow Wow time. As reported only recently in these pages, the spectacle presented by Annabella and her trusty lieutenants is currently one of the most intoxicating on offer. It's clear that they've been using their time wisely: for, from the uncertain and stilted beginnings of just a few months back, the group's live show is now supremely confident, a dazzling, fast-moving display that barely falters once. Tonight they looked superb and sounded great.

It was — or at least seemed — a short set, something I'm personally in favour of, meaning that they were able to rush on and deliver their act in one sharp, exuberant burst: no lulls in the excitement. In any case, it doesn't appear that the group have yet amassed any great wealth of material to draw

Continues over

UNFORTUNATELY, WE WERE AT THE WOOLWICH

UB40

Woolwich Odeon

BURNING and a-looting tonight in Brixton, but here in Woolwich it's all sweetness and light, the multi-racial audience displaying an almost bent-over-backwards complacency in the face of quite disgusting treatment.

First of all, doors which are supposed to open at 7.30 stay shut till almost an hour later, leaving a sellout crowd milling aimlessly around outside in a distinctly chilly early evening breeze, there being no unshuttered pub in the vicinity in which to take refuge. No one offered any explanation for the delay, but then, probably no one cared. These are only plebby rock fans, after all . . .

When we eventually get inside, a four-piece called Nervous Kind are quickly shoved onstage to keep us quiet. Nervous Kind specialise in a fairly straightforward 4/4 enthusiasm, and owe a lot to '60s American "punk", rather than the more usual '70s British variant. They even do a Thirteenth Floor Elevators number, for what it's worth, their bereted singer sounding uncannily like Lennon with his rock'n'roll hat on. They close with a spirited version of 'Shout', and go off to a fairly bright reception. If we'd known what was to come, they could have stayed on for another hour.

There then follows . . . nothing. A gap of quite intolerable length, punctuated only by a succession of ersatz Bob Marley records, each, as time goes by, greeted by more and more booing, restlessness and general disenchantment.

An hour goes by. The Woolwich Odeon gets vaster and more soulless with every passing minute, its shit-coloured walls and shabby decor a fitting setting for the smell of stale vomit which permeates the place. Once again, no explanation is offered for the delay. Still, there's plenty of time for the "punters" to purchase the over-priced merchandise, eh?

The boos get louder and longer. Some jerk appears onstage and *tells* us to be quiet, like a teacher with a rowdy class, as if it's all *our* fault! and *still* no explanation! He gets short shrift, and deservedly so; his diplomatic gift is such that he comes within a whisper of inciting a full-scale riot, the stupid bastard. Indeed, if this were anything other than a rock'n'roll audience, there would have been mass walk outs and demands for refunds, and quite probably letters to *The Times*. But no: just a slumbering, impotent beast of a crowd. How many times must people be told that as long as they *accept* being treated like vermin, they'll be treated accordingly? Fight back, for Christ's sake! *Demand* better treatment! It's your money, so vote with your wallet!

After an hour and a half of SRO, I'm just about to leave when UB40 finally take the stage. Apologies, but no explanations. Of course. They run through their hits and album tracks with undeniable warmth and friendliness, and more dry ice than a dozen heavy metal gigs. It's all very "big time", if you know what I mean. Thoroughly rockist, I'd imagine. Astro keeps telling everyone to dance, which under the circumstances is the height of stupidity, as everyone who'd been sat down is already dancing, whilst those of us who'd had to stand for the better part of two hours are just too tired to dance. Still, I don't suppose that matters much when you've got nice, relaxing backstage facilities . . .

I'm pissed off, and I have every right to be. I expect better treatment than this, especially from a supposedly populist, men-of-the-people band as UB40. The fact that their "show" was very professional, and all that, doesn't matter a tinker's cuss to me, as I've never been in the habit of selling my birthright for a mess of potage, especially when it consists mainly of buckets of dry ice.

But then, I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised. After all, the rich have always exploited the poor, and the *nouveau riche* are the worst offenders of the lot.

Andy Gill

Astro smouldering in ganja smoke. Pic Peter Anderson.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

upon: tonight's routine is essentially just the 'Cassette Pet' stuff, plus 'W.O.R.K.', 'Sun Sea And Piracy' and the climactic 'C30 C60 C90 Go'. For encores they're obliged to serve up straight repeats of 'Sexy Eiffel Towers', 'Uomo Sex Al Apache' and 'Giant Sized Baby Thing'. All in all, it wasn't quite as much as everyone wanted — which is to say, it was exactly the right amount.

The elements should be familiar by now: the ferocious beat of drummer Dave Barberossa (especially good for 'Fools Rush In'), Annabella's breathless over-acting and unaffected gaiety, the compelling energy of her two warrior-accomplices on guitar and bass. This time, in fact, we're treated to the sight of Annabella in triplicate — or so it looked, when she ran onstage flanked by two other girls in similar World's End fashion tropical togs. Together, the trio put on a spirited display of native choreography — although this routine did begin to look a little wooden by the time the girls had been trundled on for the fifth or sixth time.

Not to worry. On this evidence the Bow Wow Wow star is well and truly in the ascendant. You are hereby advised to shake a tail feather and get along to enjoy it while it lasts.

Paul Du Noyer

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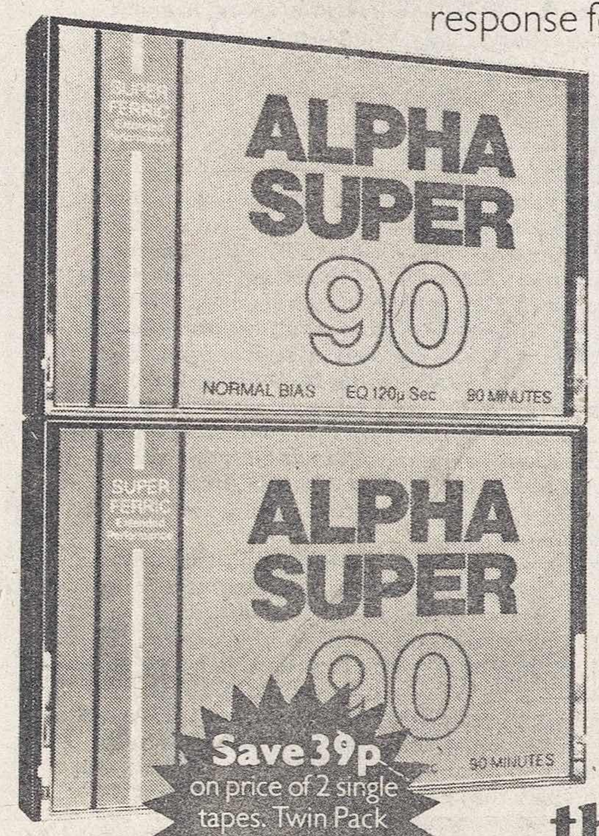

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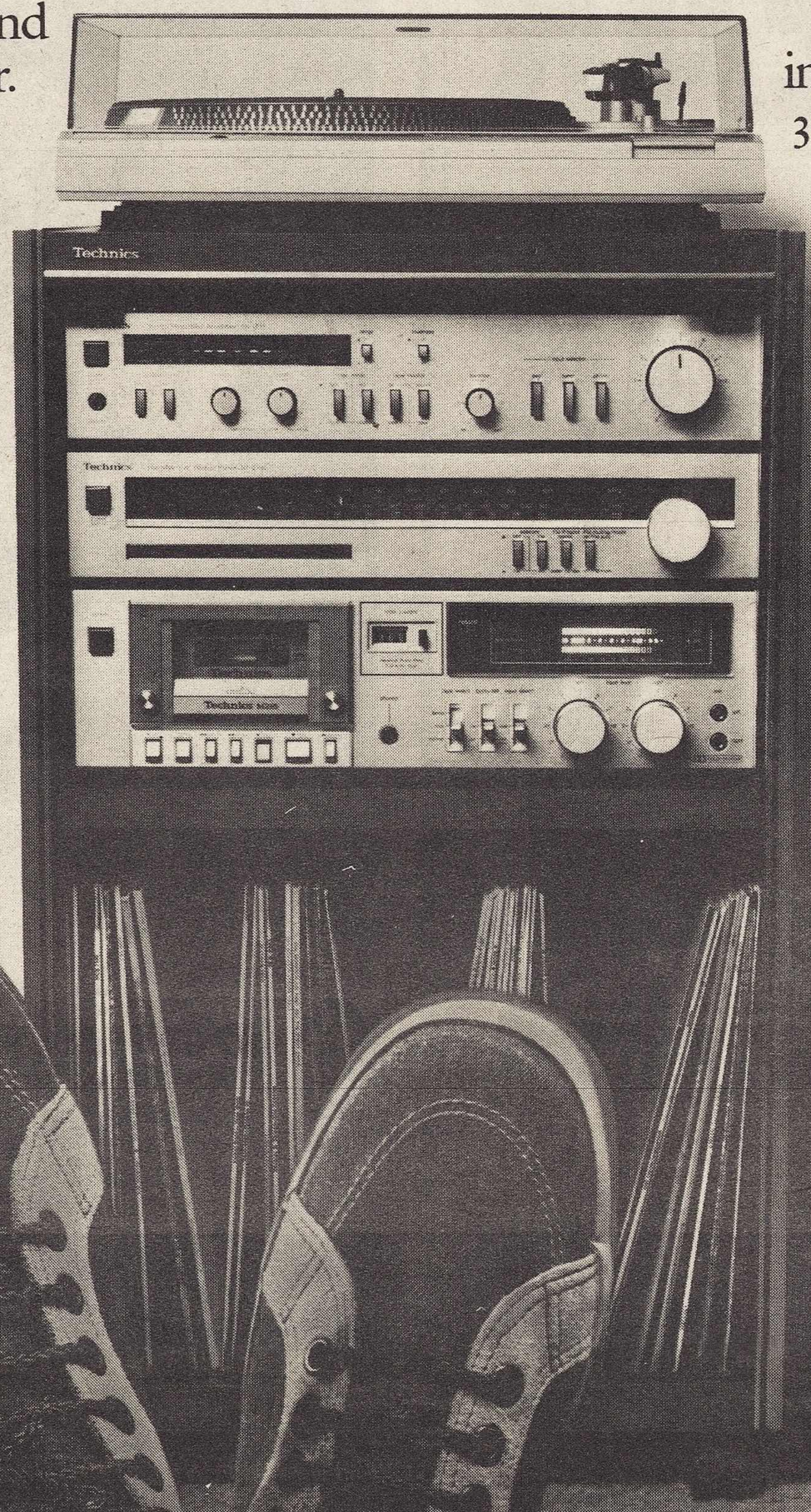

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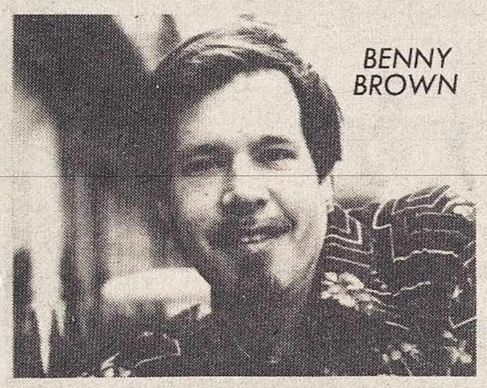
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Max Bell? Norman Bell? Nah — it's Jenny Belle! *Pic: David Corio*

Quelle Belles!

Belle Stars

Rock Garden

SO JUST what kind of effect do seven girls playing a combination of light funk, ska, blues and R&B have on stage? Magic. There is no other word for it.

It's ridiculous really; the Rock Garden is not the ideal place for a small group to play comfortably, but *seven?* Yet somehow the Belle Stars manage; no, not manage, triumph. It's crowded to death in the basement, onstage and off, and Jenny jumps from the start, leaning forward, ruffling hair in the front row, winking at those in the back as her outrageously deep voice caresses some old Bodysnatchers songs, some Belle Star originals and one or two covers like the 'Funky Chicken' encore.

Ian Dury meets Georgie Fame in her larynx and she holds the focus without hogging it — her irrepressible presence being simply the best way into the group.

Carefully ranged around the stage, using the cramped space to their advantage, there's someone for everyone — everyone, it is said, has their favourite Belle Star. Mine is Lesley who wields huge bass like a deadly weapon, licenced to thrill with her Hammer Horror good looks — long hair framing sucked-in cheeks and scarlet gash of a mouth.

The Belle Stars are sexy without being sex objects. They aim to please, tease and unfreeze. The beat is designed to loosen us up, a good time that is meant to be shared. Nothing too fast, nothing too slow and still there's a whole variety of rhythms on display.

"Does anyone like the Blues? No? Oh well, I do," says Jenny and heads straight into 'Nobody's Fool'. The cherokee skatalite beat of 'Hiawatha' (a Bodysnatcher original) fuels the fire and Sarah Jane's war whoops are a toe-curling delight. Over the top of Jenny's vocals Sarah Jane and Stella hit the high harmonies at just the right moments.

In fact, if The Belle Stars have learnt anything from The Bodysnatchers it is a sense of perspective which complements their increasing musical agility.

Miranda's sax comes forward when it's needed, an essential part of a song rather than a musical appendage, and the timing of her hitchhike routine with Stella during 'Take Another Good Look' is perfect. I haven't had so much fun at a gig since the early Cramps' dates — it's a perfect balance of premeditated power and spontaneous combustion. It's a real joy to see seven musicians so well integrated and yet so carelessly free to celebrate.

So the Belle Stars are all pop fun and party pressure? Well, yes and no. Their very existence breaks down the still present barriers of rock and roll. It has nothing to do with the 'Girls can rock and roll too' motorschool of thought *(thought?),* but it has everything to do with sex, race, class, creed and fashion.

Bold, brash and beautiful, Belle Stars prove that you don't have to be attractive to rock and roll — it just helps, that's all.

Neil Norman

Prince Far I
The Arabs
Musical Youth
Amlak And
Chanel

Birmingham

AN EMBARRASSING evening, and it happened like this: The promoter, an old friend of Far I's, was trying desperately to keep costs down but also put on some local talent, so a few of us volunteered to do the music between acts. Only an hour or so, he said.

So my mates turn up with their home record collections and we have a great time playing around with the flashy disco light. Except that delays mean we end up playing some three hours of last year's 12" singles and praying no one notices we've played the Prince's 'Cry Tuff Dub' albums twice over.

A Brummie band who show more enthusiasm than results at present, Amlak sound very empty in spite of their number, though it's hard to dislike anyone who enjoyed making their music as much as these. Saving grace is Chanel — the person, not the perfume — whose sugar sweet voice should soon make her a name.

Following are Musical Youth. The first product of the Saltley Music Workshop, they play one of their best performances to date. Their usual cabaret-style presentation, relying on the novelty of their ages, is thankfully botched when the amps go, leaving 14-year-old Junior to improvise a very competent drum solo. They never look back, and with teacher Freddy Waite gradually fading himself into the back seat, the future looks bright.

Most of this tour has rather deceptively billed The Congoes as support, this really being the Arabs with a change of headgear and with original Congo Ashanti Roy taking vocals as well as some wonderfully erratic rhythm guitar. This is apparently due to Mr Roy being more than a little miffed at Go Feet's release of the 'Heart Of The Congoes' classic, as he claims the cover photo is of an imposter who is also grabbing his royalties.

Still, the music is magnificent, Roy's high, tremulous voice having a strength and range of feeling hard to describe, and the Arabs coming across like a pious set of latterday saints, impeccable as always.

Enter The Prince, pacing the tiny stage like a caged animal, growling into the mike and jarring his gravelly voice over the words, snarling back at Ashanti's harmonies. He starts with a blistering variation on the old 'Deck Of Cards' routine — proving he has more soul in his little toenail than Max Bygraves has in his whole body — and then proceeds to tear up the house by breathing life back into more of his rather flat 'Jamaican Heroes' album. Not bad at all for a man who's supposed to be convalescing at the moment.

Sheryl Garratt

The Spectres

The Pits

GLEN MATLOCK'S Spectres were dogged by setbacks at the Pits last Thursday. The club's PA was in a mess, and three days before the gig ex-Little Roosters drummer Graeme Potter broke his leg. Undeterred, however, Matlock replaced him with ex-TRB Dolphin — he's now employed three ex-TRB — and, furthermore, played with enough conviction to circumvent even the most intractable of sound problems.

The Spectres work with a curious hybrid of styles, and amidst the dehumanised soundtracks of futurism stick out, if stick out they do, as singularly and engagingly naive.

But then Matlock is a musician who straddles the various phases of new wave with almost whimsical dexterity. Ex-Pistol, ex-Rich Kid, ex-Iggy, this absurdly talented individual has shifted and sorted through an overstocked warehouse of styles and influences and survived to keep the tale a secret.

To obtain a clearer idea of the essential Spectres' sound, imagine one of the better pub-rock bands of yesteryear performing a version of 'You Only Live Twice', replete with exotic, curling sax and pastiche '50s guitar. For Matlock does indeed include this song in his repertoire, and very successful it is too.

One hesitates to append the term "good-time" to an ex-Sex Pistol, but as the set goes into its last paces with an encore of 'Just Like Lazarus', the slight sense of regression is undeniable. Let us wait for more of The Spectres on record, however, before passing such hasty judgements.

Barney Hoskyns

The Comsat Angels
The Delmontes
Minny Pops

Sundown

MINNY POPS are Dutch. They're okay for a couple of numbers, then it starts to dawn on the listener that two minutes of material are being habitually stretched into four and five minute songs. The guitar, bass and keyboards might be sparing, but they're also numbing as only these instruments can be when they're backed up by a drum-machine — a wearying, enervating contraption at the best of times.

The band's strategy of mixing poppiness and doom is neat enough, but they end up getting the worst of both worlds.

The Delmontes were as nervous as the Dutchmen were oppressive. These nerves seem to be an essential part of the band's '60s innocence: a naive guitar stutters against limited but swirling keyboards, sometimes fairground, sometimes Doors.

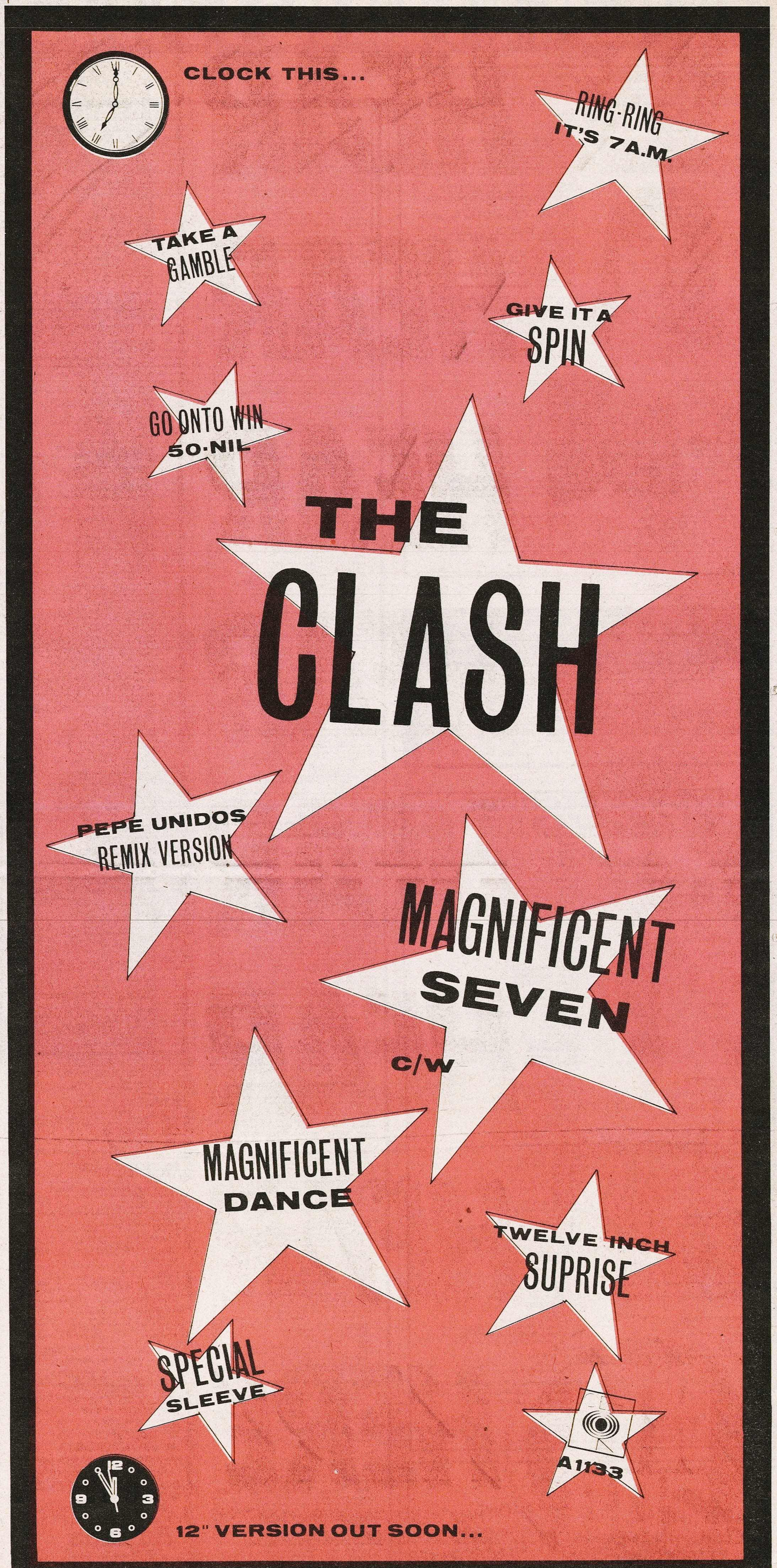
Here's a band who *do* get the best of both worlds: songs like 'Don't Cry In Tears' and 'Use It', with their contradictory directions, give the music a healthy feel, but nothing like, say, the pious freshness of Young Marble Giants. The Delmontes have more of a city sound: flowers dead and alive.

The Comsat Angels album didn't prepare me for the intensity of their live performance. Bass and drums are insistent and unflappable, exactly the right wide groundwork for Andy Peake's keyboards and Stephen Fellows' nagging but lyrical guitar.

Fellows has a good white soul voice: its warmth and the off-funk big beat of the rhythm section gives the band's gloomy psychedelic explorations a point. This means that in songs like 'Total War' and 'Postcard' The Comsats cover some uneasy, queasy areas but come out of them with a certain toughness and lightness. They never over-dramatise the violence which lies at the heart of some of their music: they kept 'Independence Day' — a sort of British 'Psycho Killer' — very tight-lipped.

The light show was effective and subtly disorienting, and between songs Fellows cracked jokes: you need a sense of humour writing songs about the strangeness of small-time mundane agonies — daily dread. Mind, the band go after bigger fish, too. One of the best songs — a fast new one, and an encore — was 'Goat Of The West', which puts the boot in on leathery old cowboy Reagan. You could dance. You could leave this gig a slightly different person. Is that what it's all about?

Paul Tickell



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Snakefinger

Dingwalls

AS THE purveyor of a non-anonymous and slightly more "normal" variant of Residential wierdness, Snakefinger possess certain populist crossover possibilities not enjoyed by The Residents themselves, not the least of which is his ability to actually take a band out on the road and reach people with a minimum of fuss and bother.

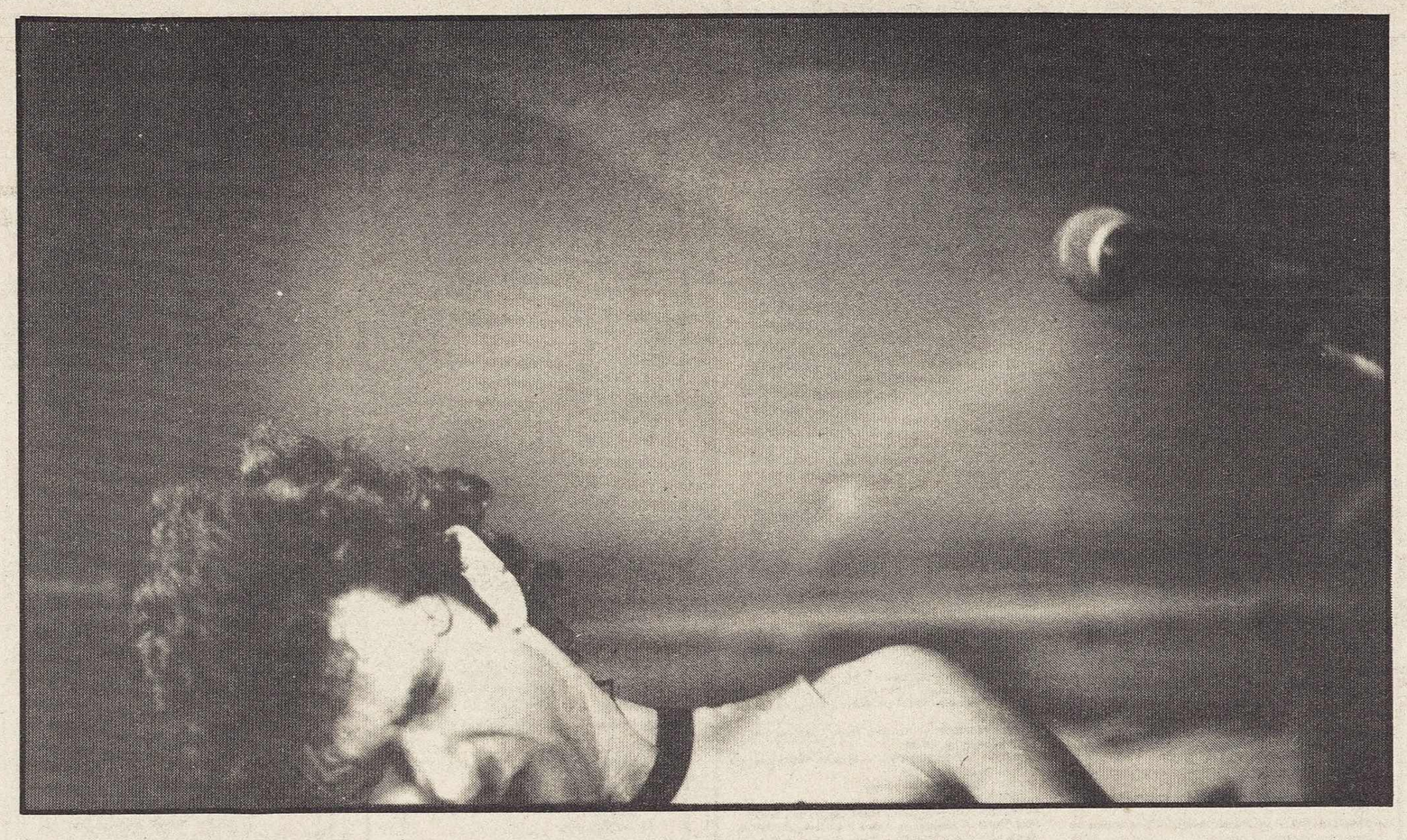
Tonight's gig was a bit of a disappointment, though, a little too near the rocky knuckle to display Snakefinger's idiosyncrasies to their best effect — but this could just have been the Dingwalls Effect, a determined dragging-down to the lowest common denominator. At his best, as on the slinky 'Golden Goat' and 'Don't Lie' (from the 'Greener Postures' album), he's capable of producing some of the most unorthodox, infectious dance music around, a strangely smooth, lop-sided funk shuffle overlaid with sharp curls of steel guitar. At other times, he can show sad tendencies towards the clumsily drab and leaden, though these are thankfully few and far between.

Snakefinger's range of musical influence is of a curious diversity, from his well-known affection for country and cajun music which provided much of the energy and source material for Chilli Willi & The Red Hot Peppers, to a penchant for the works of spaghetti western sound track writer Ennio Morricone, whose 'Magic and Ecstasy' receives a frenetic reading hampered somewhat by malfunctioning leads and the like. As if to emphasise this side of his interests, 'Magic And Ecstasy' was followed with an oddly off-centre version of 'I Love Mary', an instrumental of decidedly Morriconesque temperament.

With one short break for a number from Chilli Willi days — which wasn't 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie', but was nonetheless well received — the rest of the show is taken from the two available albums, the emphasis being more on danceable items like 'The Model' (which contained a delightfully elliptical slide break), 'Kill The Great Raven' and 'Man In The Dark Sedan', rather than the surreal little stories which crop up here and there on record.

His final encore, a particularly rootsy reggae number, highlighted what is perhaps Snakefinger's greatest gift, the ability to research and apply influences, not in a dryly academic manner, but with an unusually finely-balanced combination of originality and authenticity. It's a gift which unfortunately evades support act Freddie Frog And The BMTs, who served up somewhere in the region of 57 varieties of 'Sea Cruise' with what can only be described as dour competence. (But then, can any rock'n'roll revivalist outfit ever be said to be anything *other* than competent?) Enthusiastic but ordinary, I think.

Andy Gill



Snakeman pic David Corio.

MR SNAKEFINGER

He's the one with the sting in his tail

Michael Des Barres' Chequered Past

Lyceum

MICHAEL Des Barres has always seemed to be one of those non-personalities who lurk around the fringes of rock stardom hoping someone will let him in.

His original band, Silverhead, had a cult following for a while but failed to establish itself largely, one suspects, due to Des Barres' ambivalent identity. With his kind of sub-Bowie androgynous looks, it comes as a surprise to hear such a raunchy, powerful voice. At London's Lyceum he often gives the impression he'd like to be a macho hard rock balladeer like Plant or Coverdale.

Blondie members Nigel Harrison (another Silverhead original) and Clem Burke provide a vicarious sideshow of sorts; Burke, in particular, relishes his role as "Blondie's Drummer" and beats the shit out of his kit, eventually trashing it. It's a hollow gesture, leaving most of the audience bemused and slightly embarrassed.

Des Barres himself puts in a sterling performance; underneath the thundering roar of sound, I detected some good songs. But the power drill guitar and rhythmic thunder of Burke and Harrison is the unwieldy, indulgent racket that ultimately tore apart The Only Ones.

The best songs, 'Dancing On The Brink Of Disaster' and 'Boy Meets Car,' hold their own against the odds; 'I'm Only Human' just about pulls through by virtue of recognition, and 'Everlasting Love' is a terrible mistake. After a politely enthusiastic response, they encored with 'Nutbush City Limits' — a song which Des Barres is as much incapable of performing as the band.

Assuming that Blondie haven't split, Chequered Past are a temporary unit. On this showing, that's just as well.

Neil Norman

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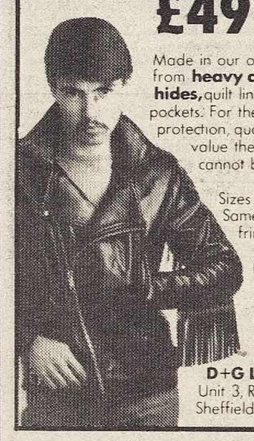

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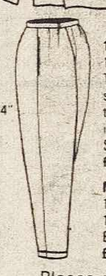

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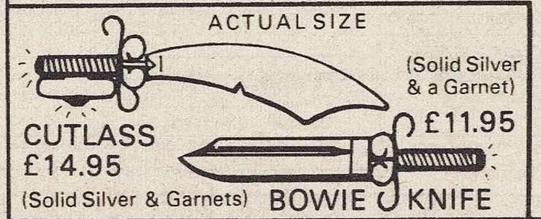

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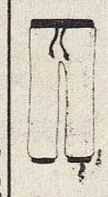

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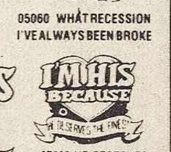

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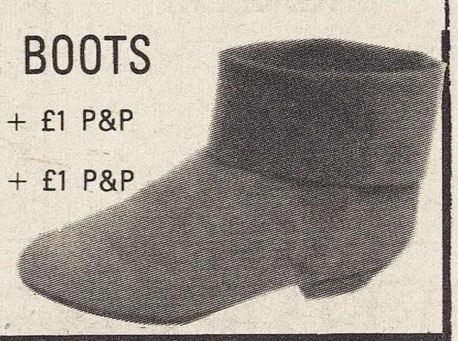

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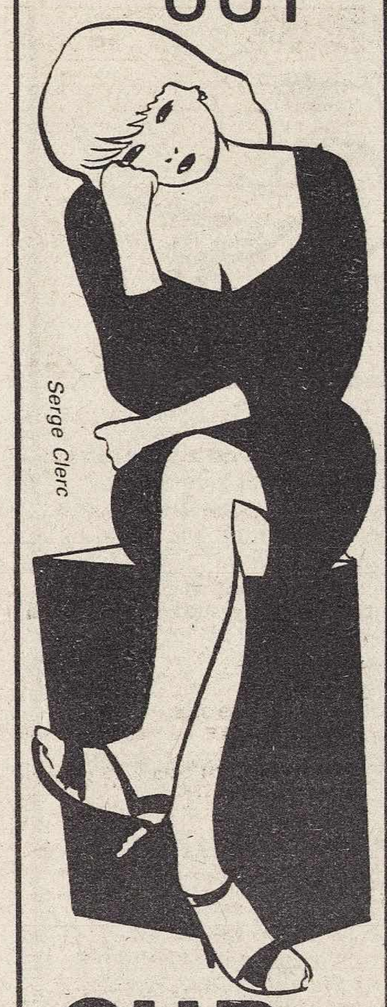

Serge Clerc

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Scars prove it

continued from page 17

He sings it happily when I ask why. "Dow dow dow dow dow dow dow dow dow — that is it! What more can anyone say? It just sends shivers right up my spine, I tell you. Julian Cope, are you listening — waaagugugugugugugugaah! That song! It's nearly as great as 'Rock On'."

Bobby King's first memory appears to be watching David Bowie play 'Starman' on *Top Of The Pops*. It was the first thing he saw on a colour television.

■ THE SCARS at the Paradiso is a compelling attack. Watching The Scars show off, sprinting with irrepressible fashion and purpose, it becomes obvious that The Time Is Right.

They fit, visually and physically, into the Spandau/Adam/Bow and Wow realm, but aren't manufactured, moulded, mannered. They're four keen personalities, they're for celebration, they're a force that has to be happening. They'll sweep past U2, Fire Engines, Orange Juice and yet set the way clear for them. O irony! They have the potential to make as much impact as Adam, and they have more to talk about, more to offer and more room to move. The Scars as stars makes a lot of sense.

They're as close as they're ever going to be to the acclaim they want and need. Just one HIT SINGLE. If it doesn't come, they say they're prepared for that set of disappointments — but I doubt it. They'd split.

The stage is theirs, and they're so ready it's beautiful, so willing it's dangerous. Give them a tea cup and they'll want to storm it. Give them a world and they'll want to conquer it. Give them your attention and they'll love you.

Research: "My commitment to The Scars is total. I put it in front of everything. I've put a lot of time into The Scars so I don't see any point in being half-hearted about it. I think this is possibly why we blew it after 'Adult/ery', because we were all coming and going. There has to be total commitment — you don't have a great time all the time, but that's the same with everything."

King: "When you were young, and walking home from school, you'd pass the apple tree in someone's back garden and you didnae just take one apple. You took as many as you could get into your jumper, too right. Why not? If you're going to sell a record to a thousand people, why can't you sell it to a million people? I'd rather sell a million records to grannies than be alternative . . ."

Research: "It's work — but the pain is pleasure. It's something that demands a lot of concentration if you want to do it right — and we very much do — and I don't see any point in being half-hearted. We want reaction."

King: "I don't like doing the things that I hate doing, right. I hate following rules. I can do what the hell I want and this is the way I'm doing it and no one is going to stop me. That's it. To be as committed to a pop group as this you have to be narcissistic to a certain level, cos you're wanting fame and you're wanting people to idolise you, to put it bluntly.

"Quite simply, we're a wee bit more egotistical than anyone else."

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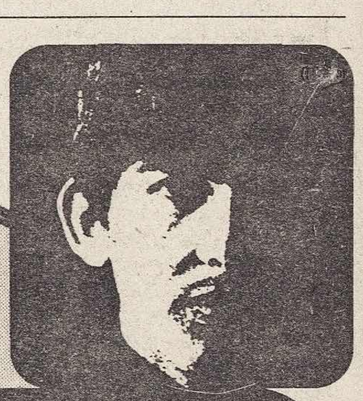

SHOUT!
THE TRUE STORY OF THE BEATLES
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'His grasp of his material is faultless'
George Melly, The Observer

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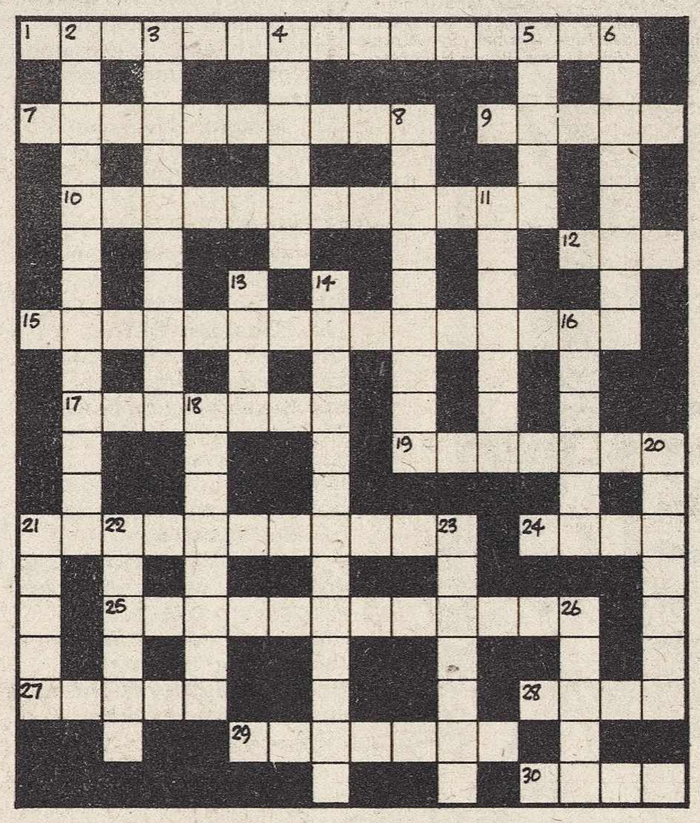


ACROSS

1 The brother who stayed with Motown (8, 7)
7 Two thirds of the man who was to Stones what Epstein was to Beatles (6, 4)
9 Peter or Jon, actors
10 & 20 I'll take the furniture, start all over again . . . (3, 7, 2, 7)
12 Iggy's dad?
15 A TV Personality (of sorts) (4, 11)
17 Beatles No 1 (3, 4)
19 See 30
21 'Walk Like A Man' and 'Big Girls Don't Cry' are two of their oldies (4, 7)
24 Levon, ex of The Band
25 Enid Westover following the operation! (6, 6)
27 Cylindrical objects?
28 What this is
29 See 5
30 & 19 The PiL Corps reassembled as a '60s personage

DOWN

2 The hit from the Tearooms of Uranus (8, 1, 2-2)
3 Liverpool music in the '60s
4 'Banal' Bill
5 & 16 & 29 Fife's still fretting (anag. 3 words)
6 Carlene's old man (4, 4)
8 The new Ant (4, 5)
11 Jean Michel Jarre Euro-hit
13 Ms Coolidge
14 Top Of The Pops 'rock'n'roller' (6, 7)
16 See 5
18 Wailers but not The Wailers
20 See 10
21 Jake's label (1, 4)
22 The British punk deterrent? (1, 1, 4)
23 Trains a crooner!
26 Residents label

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

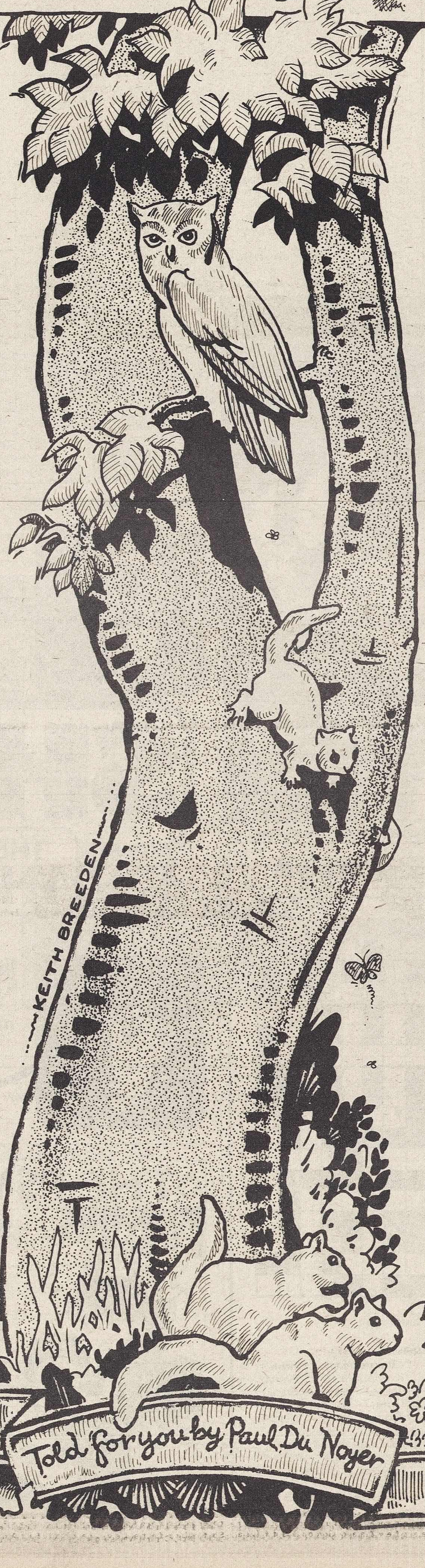
ACROSS: 1 Billy Connolly; 8 'Fame'; 9 Spencer Davis; 11 'Lodger'; 12 Echo; 13 '(Girls) Talk'; 14 'My Girl'; 15 (Ginger) Baker; 17 'If You Gotta Go'; 19 Move; 20 Kraftwerk; 24 Eddie (and the Hot Rods); 25 Amp; 26 Geno Washington; 28 Sonny (Terry); 29 Ryan O'Neal; 30 Elton; 31 Jeff Beck; 32 (Elton) John.

DOWN: 1 Buster (Bloodvessel); 2 Linton Kwesi Johnson; 3 Cheap Trick; 4 Ned Kelly; 5 Lesley Gore; 6 (Mick) Jagger; 7 (Sonny) Terry; 10 '(Is) Vic (There)'; 15 (Buster) Bloodvessel; 16 'Rust (Never Sleeps)'; 18 Glen Matlock; 21 (Francis) Rossi; 22 Family; 23 Rico; 27 Ginger (Baker); 29 Rush.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS

A UNIQUE 45

SpringBag!



MR YOSHI KAMIKAZI-JOKA: AN APOLOGY

How annoyed I was to be publicly derided in Danny Baker's article on The Jacksons! According to Baker, making a joke is the "cardinal sin of any press conference". But could I help it if everybody was so po-faced and impatient? I merely wished to create a more natural atmosphere; especially since the questions asked were so banal. We Japanese are renowned for our relaxed good humour. Actually, the joke was far funnier in the Japanese language — in which it was conceived. If only everybody at the press conference spoke Japanese! The laughter of those assembled would have made me the hero of the event. But what happened? Puzzled looks from The Jacksons and their aides; left entirely to my own devices by everybody else; struggling with my limited grasp of the English language. How lonely I felt in that hall!

Herein lies my annoyance with Baker. If he had such insight into the situation I was in, why did he not come to my aid? Instead he stood there in his leopardskin short-sleeved shirt with a smug expression on his face.

Since the press conference I have been at this sanatorium, performing zen meditation techniques in order to regain my mental health. Yes, Baker is correct: I do now have grey hair, I mumble occasionally and my twitching is incessant. However, as you may have noticed, my English is considerably improved. On returning to Japan I buried myself in textbooks and attended language courses, so as to be more prepared next time (if there is a next time).

But even with my expert knowledge of English, I would never work for a paper like *NME*, with such heartless journalists. So don't even consider asking me to join your staff.

Yoshi, Honda - Suzuki - Kawasaki - Yamaha Sanatorium, Tokyo, Japan.

PS At least I never mentioned astrology or The Osmonds.

I really think that your august journal is pretty good, but occasionally you run a piece that transcends the usual standard — a piece that aspires to the very heights of journalistic merit. CSM's 'Closer' review springs to mind, as does his 'Scary Monsters' overview. Then there's the intermittent Mick Farren essays and the "Nick Kent, Man Of Mystery" feature, and the near-legendary "Skids For Kids" scam. And now Danny Baker's superb Jacksons piece, especially the press conference episode. "I laughed aloud" — Bernard Levin. Thanks. You're welcome to my 30p.

Alick Odell.

PS Hey, is this unreserved compliment a first?

PDN: Yes, but not the last! Because . . .

HERE COMES THE NICE

I'm not one for bestowing compliments but I gotta say how good the C81 is.

Mick Jones, Gravesend, Kent.

I have been buying *NME* for quite some time now and believe it to be the only worthwhile music paper on the market . . .

Tommy

PS More Paul Du Noyer articles please.

Both these letters have been heavily edited. — PDN

SPRING!

Puff (The Magic Dragon) loves Lynn Hanna!! Lots of love and kisses.

Agent 550.

Spring! — PDN

SPRING?

We are in an unenviable position.

A fascist government, no hope for the young, people trapped in ever decreasing circles of poverty, misery and apathy . . . It makes me sick to see the extravagance and ostentation of my home neighbourhood, the desperate love of money and the same blithe acceptance of the system in all its manifestations — the lies and hidden aims of politicians, bland consumerism and commercialism.

What can we do? I don't know. A revolution? A Labour government? Is a militant church the answer? Well, whilst you're all pondering these serious questions I'm edging leftwards and continuing to find some degree of consolation in Bow Wow Wow, The Shakin' Pyramids and The Revillos. If only Captain Scarlet were around today . . .

N. Armstrong, USA.

Spring? — PDN

BOUNCE

How the hell do you keep the stylus from falling off your C81?

Hitachi O'Haircut, Cellardyke.

The tape revolution has a long way to go. — PDN

I have just arrived back from my local hi-fi shop and have been told for the second time that my cassette recorder has nothing wrong with it. It seemed OK until I played your C81 cassette and then it went slow and at one point appeared to play backwards. My friend also had the same trouble, although he had got a knackered cassette player, on which it almost sounded like something familiar — either an elephant being castrated or some poor sod with a hernia. Though on reflection it could have been the wild cry of a Gillingham fan when that Kentish team has won, though that occasion is so rare, no-one can be sure. In the end he decided to use it as a doorstop, but the door broke, so he's still trying to find some useful purpose for the wonderful *NME* offer. It is seldom such an offer appears in magazines, that we are still trying to convince ourselves that it must be good. Many thanks for the cassette, it will come in handy to tape over.

Yours Ho/lly.

See what I mean? — PDN

May I thank the *NME* for the cassette offer, but I think a more suitable offer would have been a magnifying glass to read some of the bloody ads.

The Charlton Supporter.

In reply to King Jon from EMI House *(Gasbag* last week) who talked about the inefficiency of Rough Trade over the C81 . . .

Na na nee na na.

A Tough Raider, London W11.

PS I think I'll home-tape your ten best-selling albums and send them to my grandmother in Glencoe.

Gosh, those dialectics. They go right over my head. Bounce! — PDN

BOINNGG!

I don't know who that person was, claiming to be Chris Hughes, then Kristo Hughes; but he and Paul thingy still haven't got it right. *I am Kristo Hughes* and play French Horn for the Goldsmith Orchestra. It's taken me a long time to get where I am; the last thing I need is an imitation plumber claiming to be me. One and only,

Kristo Hughes.

In your recent Gang Of Four article I see Andy Gill in a floppy hat! Now, I see also that another or maybe the same Andy Gill was on that new series called *Bread Or Blood,* but he played the part of Norse. Please Andy, tell me it isn't true. It wasn't you messing about with sheep in Wiltshire, was it?

By the way, I got my C81 three days after I had written complaining about its late arrival. Thanks, it's very good except for Ian Bory. Yours forever,

Jim, Woolton, Liverpool.

Sheep? Woolton? — Yet another Andy Gill

Hi, Tommy Berk here, TB on the radio. And just listen to this — last week's Friday Night Connection! The winner was "Guardian Of The Universe", from Bacup in Lancs, who correctly spotted that the connection between the three songs was that they were all played by lame-brained, beer-bellied buffoons with waist-length hair and sexual hang-ups!

A Sounds writer who used to write about weird groups but who seems to be writing about nothing but HM since the poll results came out.

Never mind; they might make you a futurist next year. — PDN

As far as I'm concerned *NME* is a pretty good mag. But there's one thing that's bugging me and it's the fact that you don't give the Australasian bands much of a go . . . Midnight Oil, INXS, Australian Crawl, Cold Chisell, Mi-Sex, Flowers and Angel City especially, and a New Zealand band called The Swingers.

Harry Hollinsworth, Bangaroo Street, North Balgowlah, Sydney.

Address of the week. — PDN

MORE CRAWLERS

Danny Baker and CSM do a joyful double act and liven up the *Singles* page. Julie Burchill gets disillusioned with life (why didn't The Sex Pistols cover the entire Tamla back-catalogue?) and writes the same article whatever the subject. Nick Kent's life story becomes worthy of a feature. Paul Morley regularly verbally beats up the complacent heroes of both the last and present generations, and falls in and out of love with Shelley and Sting. Ian Penman invents a new language, tells us about his drink problem, his paranoia, and even gives us his age (what about the telephone number?) . . .

And I love it! Ideals and humour, who could ask for more?

NME — The Motion Picture, I can just see it: 20-year-old without a future bumps into Neil Spencer down Carnaby Street, and suddenly the gateway to the golden world of social satire and musical muckraking opens to him. Directed by Martin Scorsese, soundtrack by Orange Juice . . . Now then, I have an immense talent with a tea-bag, and a touching humility. Any vacancies?

Sleekbeater, The Magic Pixie.

Unfortunately you blew it with your pathetic choice of pseudonym. — PDN

It's my life's ambition to write for the *NME.* Could this be my big chance?

A Smiling Boy, Ruislip and Cardiff.

You too. — PDN

MOANERS

Did Gavin Martin really go to the Adam And The Ants gig, or *(Edited — Ed)*

A very irate Tracy Ant, East Barnet.

Cut for not being positive enough. — PDN

The Morley/Garcia interview has to be the quintessential example of the arrogance of youth combined with the egotism of the critic. One learned more about the Morley ego in . . .

Astral Annie, Somewhere In The Cosmos.

Ditto. — PDN

HUMOUR?

May I be the first to say the new Comsat Angels LP is boring?

Ex-Comsat Angels fan, London.

PS. Are we to call them "the Commies"?

Definitely. — Erik Satie

Is funny! Is play on words . . . words. — Yoshi

Uh, not now, Yoshi. Not now. — PDN

Told for you by Paul Du Noyer

LOOK WHAT THE TIDE WASHED UP . . . JIMMY PURSEY DOWN AND OUT BY THE THAMES. PIC BY PENNIE SMITH

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

LET'S FACE it, the first bit is always the worst. So let's get that bit over with . . .

Bad news from Los Angeles where the ludicrously monikered **Ozzy Osbourne** was given a party in his honour by his new record company CBS/Epic. Oz arrived to greet the assembled flunkies with two white doves under his coat. He released one into the multitude and then bit the head off the other. Fat creep . . .

But that's not apache on the next item. An American Indian tribe has lodged a formal complaint against one **Adam Ant** of Great Britain for misappropriating their tribal colours. The white man Adam wears a white band across his ample nez which apparently signifies war. It's not to be taken lightly. Adam has already sold 100,000 records in the US and his up coming tour there is a sell-out. Maybe they can stop him (no Hopi). . .

Popular funksters **Linx** signed many millions of their new album last Friday in Oxford Street's Our Price, London. Grown men were weeping. . .

And the Linx gave **Danny Baker** a name check on that disc incidentally. Young Donny was thus forced to change his name to **Paddy McDee**. We think **Wavis O'Shave** should be told. . .

In the light of recent events will **J. Geils Band** re-release their fine cover of **Willie Dixon's** 'Dead Presidents'? . . .

The Tequila Twins, currently playing on the London circuit, are none other than those two girls who, er, used to advertise Elliot boots. Just thought you'd like to know. . .

AND NOW a rare *T-Zer* in defence of **Keith Richards**. Regarding rumours of an unseemly guitar duel twixt Keef and **Tom Verlaine** over a mysterious Ukranian beauty *(NME* 2/21/47). The girl was caught in a stormy battle between two explosive talents, and Keith merely stumbled in to rescue her. Simple. We apologise to Tom Verlaine and his family and regret the distress this *T-Zer* must have caused him. . .

Paul McCartney spotted in Rye High Street last week looking, ooh, ten years younger than the last time he was seen there ten years ago. . .

Mickey Gallagher recovering from a broken arm sustained whilst playing football wid da **Clash** two weeks back. . .

Belle Stars had to cancel their Herne Hill gig at the weekend because of police cordons in Brixton. . .

Incidentally, some of the best comment on the rioting was to be found in **Keith Waterhouse's** Monday *Mirror* column where he sagely points out that if you make people unemployed you can hardly blame them for hanging around street corners during the day. . .

Talking Heads played NYC recently billed as **Busta Jones & Friends. Tina Weymouth** was absent. . .

Confusin': another **Buck's Fizz** (or Fizzy as we call 'em) is doing the cabaret rounds at present. These three young bucks consist of a singer, a BBC researcher and a pianist. They're simply scandalous. . .

And if that isn't camp enough for you then remember **The Blitz Kids?** No, not those surrogate wimps but the original 1962 combo whose 'Mums And Dads' single was all the rage back in '62. They took their name from Lionel Bart's *Blitz*. . .

The Stardust Or Die Society (reported in this paper a while back) have just enlisted the membership of **Killing Joke's Youth** . . .

STEVE DIGGLE ran foul of the law on his way back from a **Fire Engines** show in Manchester last week when he was breathalysed and found wanting in the sobriety stakes. The rozzers took Diggle back to the station and proceeded to duff him up, according to **New Hormones' Richard Boone,** breathalysed him again and found he was negative after all. Funny that. . .

Naughty! A little bird tells us that while **Dexy's** date in Birmingham Odeon on April 18 has no bar licence (the band's wish for the night's festivities) there is provision in the group rider for a very large amount of dressing room alcohol. Never mind, the inside of a donkey jacket is big enough for a bottle of yer favoured beverage. . .

Echo and Zur Bunnypeople went down to swanky Peppermint Lounge in NYC after their recent triumphant Ritz show. There they met various heroes from yore. **Mac** swooned when approached by the lithe figure of **David Byrne** who is alleged to have cracked that the Bunnymen album was so good the **Heads** felt like giving up. Even as Ian blushed **Will Sargeant** was hobnobbing with **Tom Verlaine** (again). The usually articulate Will was heard to remark, "Tom's a lot taller than I thought". . .

The projected title of the next **Beat** album (finished last Friday) is 'Wha'pen', which apparently means "where is my pen?". Guest musicians include 'Heart Of The Congo' man **Cedric Myton** on vocals, a steel drummer and a trumpeter who is older than **Saxa (Miles?).** . .

Martin 'Zero' Hannett and manager **Nick Garnett,** having failed to stop **Pauline Murray** from using the name **Invisible Girls,** have decided to launch their own competition for readers and fans to RE-NAME Ms Murray's group for her whilst she's abroad on tour. All comp entries should be addressed to Messrs Garnett and Hannett at the former's office: 86/87 Wimpole Street, London W.1. And the prize gents? . . .

TASTEMAKERS of the week namewise: Birmingham's Welly Club with regular clients **The Acrylic Victims, Liberace Coughs Up Blood** (nice), **Johnny Solo And The Clones**. . .

As per that ancient rule of thumb. When a rock band gets successful they invariably kiss off the drummer. **The Skids** are no exception to this time honoured practice and so do we bid their **Mike Baillie** a fond farewell. Temporary replacement (phase two in the tradition) is ex-**Zone Kenny Hyslop** who thus rejoins forces with **Russ Webb** (who is also Scottish). . .

No danger of Skids telling **Jobson** where to get off of course. Bad for business. Dick meanwhile is *quite* content to feather his lavish nest. The bearded chancer makes his live acting debut in *Demonstration Of Affection* at Euston's Cockpit. Get your rotten toms ready for April 28, fight fans. Not content with the second oldest profession, young Richard is publishing his first (and, we trust, last) vignette of poetry under the title *Man For All Seasons.* The book may or may not have a foreword by **Paul Scofield.** Skid **Stuart Adamson** illustrates and Belgian company Crepescule publish (they can't understand his banter). . .

And talking of fiddles — when **PiL** broke with their word and played *TOTP* last week **Lydon** handed his Stradivarius to a member of the audience mid-song with the immortal words "I'm buggered if I can play this thing. Can you?" The cameras cut. "Why?" quoth John. "Is it because the geezer's not in the M.U.?" That was the case and so the violin w[illegible] away with it . . .

LET'S try that one again. Beware: the fake **Chris Hughes** (exposed in *NME* weeks back) is *still* on the loose. Latest target for the imposter who claims to be Hughes of **t'Ants was Roy Eldridge** at Chrysalis who was visited by the hoaxer bearing one of his own tapes for consideration. Without even listening to the artefact the Chrysalis man was just about to sign a blank cheque when the truth suddenly dawned upon him. Alarm bells went off and the charlatan made a hasty exit. Never mind, Bob, your CBS contract must run out sometime . . .

It was with the greatest surprise that a scout out on her rounds spotted **John Foxx** looking at antique fireplaces in London's Highgate at the weekend. Good taste, man . . .

Gang Of Four turned down an offer to appear in *Penthouse*. Now then, boys, we've all seen 'em before y'know . . .

And **Jon King** of the Four was involved in a minor crash in London's Holloway Road a few days back. He and his girlfriend received cuts and concussion. This didn't stop the hoary trouper from fronting the Gang on a Friday *OGWT* . . .

A wild weekend for **Linda** from **Ludus**. First the girl ran into **Nico** of **Velvet Underground** fame in a Notting Hill pub. They found much to natter about. Later Linda visited a Japanese exorcist who rid her of many demons "both physical and mental". **Mahakiri** was the person who laid hands to temples. Linda is alright now . . .

Will **Bruce** get hitched to actress tootsie **Joyce Heiser?** Friends wonder . . .

And **Clarence Clemmons** is producing **The Fab Thunderbirds** with **Gary Tallent** . . .

Nicholas 'Topper' Headon admitted possessing illegal powders at Horseferry Road court, London, last week and was conditionally discharged for a year . . .

Radio Lollipop, an airwave for children which broadcasts from Queen Mary's Hospital, Surrey, tells *T-Zers* that **Gilbert O'Sullivan** will be playing a benefit for them on April 26. We hope no one has a relapse . . .

Jamaican producer Lee 'Scratch' Perry made his American stage debut last week in New York at Irving Plaza, backed up by local white-reggae outfit The Terrorists, for whom the Upsetter will produce a single shortly.

Pic: Matthew Ma[illegible]

Linval Special starts to show effects of continuous 2-Toning

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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This Last Week			
1	(1)	Ceremony — New Order	20p
2	(2)	Ant Music	20p
3	(3)	Nagasaki Nightmare—Crass	20p
4	(—)	Mask—Theatre Of Hate	20p
5	(—)	Unexpected Guest—UK Decay	20p
6	(6)	Black & White — Toyah	20p
7	(4)	Ants Invasion '80	20p
8	(5)	C.N.D.	20p
9	(—)	Ants No 1	20p
10	(—)	Protest & Survive	20p

NEW RELEASES
Gang Of Four — "History" 1¼"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; Bow Wow Wow [illegible] 1"; Demob — Anti Police 1"

NEW FANZINES (inc P&P)
ID3 — Fashion Fanzine 85p; Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 — Arts Special 45p; I.D 3 85p; Story So Far 4 'Cramps/Joan Jett) 45p; Shake 11 (60's garage bands) 45p; ZG '81/1 (Image & Cult[illegible] 90p

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Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown o[illegible]ne cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers L[illegible] Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia), South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationary and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

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CLOSING DATE: 31st JULY 1981.